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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1883.

THE AMERICAN BARBISON.



THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BARBISON, the well-known resort of so many French artists and art-students, where Millet and a whole colony of painters have found inspiration and subjects worthy of their pencils, lies in the heart of the ancient forest of Fontainebleau, at an easy distance from the great capital. East Hampton, which we have ventured to call the American Barbison, is a village of Puritan origin, situated at the southeastern extremity of Long Island, in a little oasis of meadows and wheat-fields, that owes some portion of its attractiveness to its surroundings of sand and scrub. Its one wide main street is so prodigal of land that it could only have been

laid out by men with a continent at their disposal. Great elms and willows over-arch it, and beyond their vistas the eye rests on the broad bosom of the Atlantic, flecked by summer sails. Northward one looks on orchards and green fields. The dwellings that line it for a mile please by their endless variety. There is the quaint old Puritan cottage, with its gables facing the street, and flanked by the wood-shed and mossy well-sweep and bucket. There are square, roomy, old-fashioned farm-houses, some newly painted, some dingy and moss-covered, with low stoops opening directly upon the street. There is a quaint old village academy, the first opened in the State.

There are little shops that nobody knows the use of, an inn, a few summer villas, a fine old country-seat standing remote and grand behind a copse of maples and cedars, and at either end of the village street a windmill,—gaunt, weather-beaten structures, that at the merest suspicion of a breeze throw their long arms as wildly and creak and clatter as noisily as those that Don Quixote attacked. The old church built in 1717, in whose turret hung a bell presented by Queen Anne,—one of the historical churches of the land,—was pulled down in 1872, its demolition marking an epoch in the town's existence. The churchyard, once under the wing of the church, is now set lonesomely in the midst of the main street, its white tombstones looked down upon by all the neighboring dwellings and constantly reminding the villagers of the virtues of their ancestors. Still, it is an interesting spot, with its fence of palings, its quaint old-fashioned stiles, and mossy stones, whose legends tell of wrecks upon the coast, and of brave young spirits drowned at sea, killed by falling from the mast-head, crushed in the whale's jaws, or fever-stricken and buried in some tropical island. In a place so remote, it is natural that the quaintness and pastoral simplicity of country life a hundred years ago should still prevail. At sunset and sunrise herds of sleek, matronly cows, with barefoot boys in attendance, wind through the street; scythes and sickles hang in the willows by the wayside; and every morning the mail-coach rattles into the village with a musical flourish of the driver's horn, stops at the post-office for the mail-bag, calls all along the street for bags, baskets, and parcels, and at last rumbles away toward the railway-station, seven miles distant. Most truly rural are the orchard farm-yards, which abut upon the street without concealment, in front perhaps set thickly with apple- and pear-trees, and behind these showing open spaces covered with a deep green sward, with cart, plough, stack, wood-pile, sheep, and poultry, disposed in picturesque confusion.

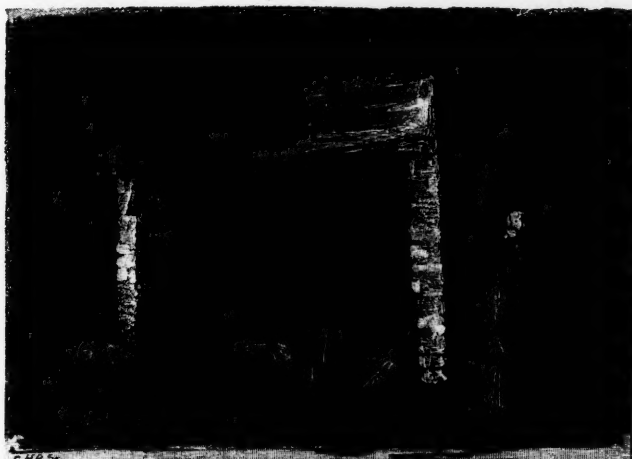
Our village, in its two hundred years

of existence, has gathered about it an atmosphere of legend and romance, and one may still see with the mind's eye some of the quaint figures and striking scenes of its early history. One can easily call up Parson James, the first minister (Gent. he is styled in the old records), walking to church in wig and gown,—the man of such conscious integrity that on his death-bed he desired to be buried with his head in a different direction from his congregation, in order that on the resurrection morn he might arise looking each parishioner in the face; or Mistress Abigail Hedges riding down on her wedding-church to Sagg, four miles distant, and on the way counting thirteen whales sporting in the surf. An excited throng in the streets, and Parson James led away under arrest to New York for denouncing in the pulpit the exorbitant tax levied on "whale's oyle and fins" by the governor of the colony; a detachment of British troops in possession of the town, and Sir William Erskine, Governor Tryon, Lord Percy, Lord Cathcart, Major André, in brilliant uniforms, pacing under the village elms; the old hunting tavern, in which the young officers made merry with the wits and roysterers of the village, even old "Sharper" the slave being admitted to add his shrewd pleasantries and unequalled powers of mimicry to the general hilarity; a drawing-room in the old Gardiner mansion, with Sir Henry Clinton present, and André at his request entertaining the company with a recital of the sparkling ballad of "Chevy Chase;" Parson Beecher on a Friday hieing away to the beaches for a day's shooting, forgetting the preparatory lecture, and, when reminded by the bell, hurrying to the church, setting down his gun in the porch, and preaching in his hunting-suit with an unction that never attended his written sermons; the old parsonage, and the parson in his study drawing strains from his beloved violin; Madam Beecher's pretty girl-pupils in the school-room above tapping their little feet in unison with the music, and at last breaking into the forbidden dancing step, causing the violin to cease with a

doleful screech; a low-ceiled kitchen, with deep fireplace and smoky walls, in which John Howard Payne composed the song that has excelled all others in popularity, and wrote love-letters to one of the village maidens,—letters still preserved in rose and lavender; President Tyler riding in a grand sort of way up the street to woo and win a maiden in one of the village mansions:—these are but a few of the old-time scenes that pass in review before the eyes

of the dreamer under the village elms. This charm of old associations combined with pastoral simplicity is evanescent, and will soon be gone. Already the railroad, rude iconoclast, is approaching, to destroy the relics of the past and change the whole aspect of the place. The limner, therefore, who succeeds in depicting such features as are best worth preserving will not have performed an unappreciated task.

The summer phase of the village is



ROOM IN WHICH "HOME, SWEET HOME" WAS WRITTEN.

almost entirely artistic. What painter first discovered it is a subject for speculation; but when discovered its possibilities in the way of art rapidly became known, and it has been for several years the summer home of many favorites of the public. Last season the little colony of artists had become fairly domiciled by the 1st of July: T—— in a cottage on the main street, whose interior and antique furniture were to yield inspiration for several studies of the olden time; "Dante" and his young wife in the old village academy, which had long ceased to be an academic haunt; "the Count" and "the Doctor" in sweet proximity to a confectioner's shop; "Mozart" at the inn; and the others scattered about in the boarding-houses of the village. Two sketching-classes added a progressive

feature,—one comprising several ladies of the Art Students' League of New York, who were domiciled at first in a cottage by the sea, and, later, in the village inn; while the other, also composed of ladies, met three times weekly in the former school-room of the academy. Dante alone achieved a studio. It was on the upper floor of the academy, and presented a medley of "studies," nets, rusty anchors, spoils of the sea, flowers, birds' nests, and trophies won from the village houses,—poke bonnets, stocks, perukes, faded gowns, arm-chairs, spinning-wheels, and other ancient furniture. This became a favorite gathering-place with members of the craft, and, during the summer, witnessed the reunions of many long-sundered friends. Besides the artists, a score or so of quiet families

made the place their summer quarters; but its characteristic features remained the same,—in every quiet nook and coigne of vantage an artist with his easel, fair maidens trudging afield with the attendant small boy bearing easel, color-box, and other *impedimenta*, sketching-classes setting out in great farm-wagons carpeted with straw, white-aproned nurse-maids, rosy babies, and pleasure-vehicles in the streets.

The routine for the summer was tolerably uniform. Out-door work was usually done in the soft light and shade of early morning or evening. In-door work occupied a part of the intervening hours if the artist was industrious. At eleven there was a gathering on the bathing-beach, and an hour's wild sporting with the surges of the Atlantic. There was tennis for those who cared for it, straw-parties and sailing-parties, moonlight rides to the beach, excursions to Saggs, Hardscrabble, Pantago, and Amagansett. The students of the sketching-classes were the most industrious, wandering about the village, selecting their subjects, sketching, painting, and returning to the inn at night with their spoils. Sometimes the great carry-all carried them out to Tyler's for a day's sketching. Arrived there, one drew the quaint old dilapidated barn, another the farm-yard, a third the mossy well-sweep, a fourth the crooked-necked duck leading her brood to water, a fifth the grain-fields, and so on, till all were supplied with subjects. At intervals the grave professor came to the inn and passed on the students' work with his pungent criticisms. There was a large wheat-field on the southern rim of the town, near the sea, that attracted many visitors and gave rise to more day-dreams than any palace of the genii. Its black mould closed on the white sand of the beach, and there was little interval between the bearded wheat and the coarse bunch-grass of the dunes. It seemed a novel sight, this strong young daughter of the West drawing life and nourishment from the grizzled ocean. Such points of similarity as should exist between sire and daughter were often noted by imagi-

native visitors. When the wind blew, there were waves in the wheat as well as in the sea; argosies of cloud-shadows sailed over it, and it never lost a low, soft murmur, that seemed a faint refrain of the vast monotone of the sea. What weird imaginations and startling effects, to be elaborated in the studio on the return to the city, were suggested by it, cannot be told. The beach, with its broad reaches of sand and foaming surges, its wrecks, sand-storms, mirages, soft colors, and long line of sand-dunes cut into every variety of fantastic shape by the winds, was equally prolific of wild fancies.

If this routine became at all prosaic or commonplace, it was soon broken by some ludicrous incident while at the easel,—the unearthing of a new character, or subjugation of a refractory model; all of which was sure to be related with gusto at the post-prandial reunions in the "birds' nest."

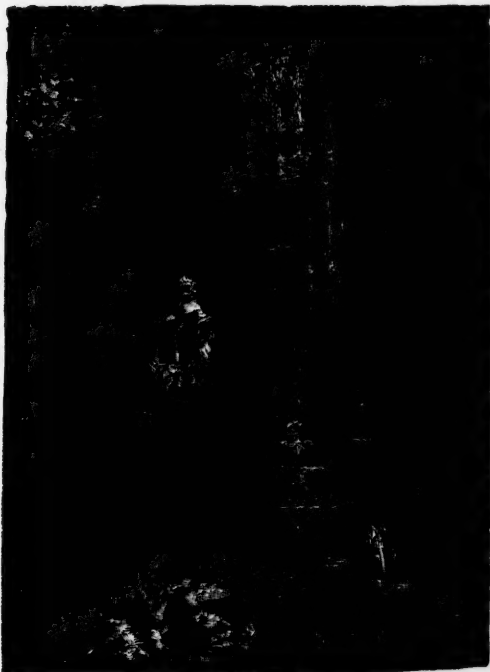
Wonderfully numerous and varied are the "characters" of the village; and this adds largely to its artistic value. Old farmers with their homely saws, grizzled whalemens, fishermen, and wreckers and life-saving men, may all be met here. There are "originals," indigenous to the soil. No one who has ever summered in Barbison will forget the Remus-like face of Uncle Pete, the childlike and bland countenance of "Old Zeb," the sly twinkle in the eye of Sam Green, the village joker, or the grim smile that rests on the face of "Old Hominy" in the midst of his 'cutest trick.

To give a perfect idea of the artistic features of our village, one must speak somewhat in detail of the relations of the artists with these characters. Uncle Pete, the village octogenarian, is the favorite and most troublesome model. The old man lives alone, in a little bunk of a cottage, on the outskirts of Free-town,—a settlement of colored people about a mile north of the village. Having made five whaling-voyages in his youth, Uncle Pete has acquired a store of reminiscences, which he has a Remus-like fondness for retailing to his numerous callers. His tall, almost majestic

figure, and black, shrewd, quizzical face looking out from a mass of snow-white wool, tickle the artistic fancy, and his lineaments have been preserved on more canvases than those of the most popular model in the Latin quarter. This popularity has made him extremely coy and uncertain; and the artist who would engage him, in addition to the offer of golden shekels, must often have recourse to personal blandishments.

The old man generally prefers to pose in the doorway of his little cottage: for ten minutes he sits quietly, and his outlines begin to appear under the pencil; then he grows restless, and begins to fidget, whereupon his employer, scenting trouble, blandly asks for a story. Uncle Pete readily complies, entertaining his auditor with a graphic account of his descent into the whale's jaws once upon a time in Delagoa Bay, his countenance meanwhile assuming an animated and expressive cast. The tale concluded, the sitter again becomes restless, and is asked for another story, which he readily narrates. A third or fourth perhaps will be required before the sitting is finished. Old Zeb, another model, is what the villagers call a "natural," although he has wit enough to gain a living without much labor. He is a great favorite with the ladies, and, being quite susceptible, has made several propositions of a matrimonial nature to engaging young damsels visiting the village, which are understood to be under consideration. At sunset on pleasant evenings, when his fair friends are sure to be found on the front porches, Zeb is seen wending his way through the street with a rose in his button-hole, roses in his hand, and a basket on his arm. The ladies greet him graciously, and in their sweetest tones beg for a song. Zeb complies,

seated on the ground, nursing his knees with his hands, and chanting in a weird monotone some hymn or ballad of the olden time. The song ended, his fair patrons bestow small coins, and, murmuring his thanks in a fine feminine voice, he moves on to another coterie. It generally happens, however, that, while the song is in progress, some deft knight of the brush has transferred his linca-



OLD ZEB'S SATURDAY SHAVE.

ments to the sketch-book for future use. Often a party goes down to Zeb's cottage at the "Harbor" to sketch him at his weekly "shave." The old fellow is very proud of his smoothly-shaven face, and takes great pride in its preservation. His Saturday "shave" is a marvel of the tonsorial art. While it is in progress he is seated in the doorway of his cottage, with a little hand looking-glass before him, and a great Mambrino's helmet of a wash-hand-basin filled with hot water by his side. His razor, "bor-

tered" for the occasion, has been through several whaling-voyages. Having honed it on the door-sill, he assaults his stubby beard vigorously, grubbing and grubbing with an expression on his face that convulses the spectators. He explains "that it don't take hold well, somehow," and stops to sharpen his instrument on the grindstone. The entire operation is enlivened by a running fire of comments and queries from the spectators, to which Zeb returns the most amusing and innocent replies. Pat's "childers" are desirable but most refractory models. There are several of them running wild about the street, little Patseys and Bridgets, red-haired, freckled, snub-nosed, barefooted, so humorously and grimly defiant that they tickle the artistic fancy and are much coveted as models. Mrs. Pat, however, when approached on the subject, discovers a feminine quality which has time and again brought the artist into difficulties. "Begorra," she declares, "ef yez artises are after the childer, it's not in thim dirty clothes they'll be taken. If the'r picters are taken at all, it must be in the'r Sundays best." This is entirely inadmissible, and the painter is obliged to waylay his models as they run, and induce them to sit by a liberal supply of taffy and popcorn.

An old weather-beaten dwelling at the upper end of the village street has been so often sketched and painted that it is a witticism of the guild when a new artist comes to town that Dominy's is going onto the canvas. Its clapboards are warped by over a century's exposure, a few bricks are missing from the chimney, some of the window-panes are gone, but all such disfigurements are hidden by a luxuriant growth of climbing plants. Two workshops, one flanking each side of the cottage, present curious interiors,—low ceilings, dusty, cobwebbed windows, tools of various callings disposed on the walls or in cribs in the ceiling, and a medley of articles scattered about,—old-fashioned clocks in long cases, a photographer's camera, a Damascus blade, with gold-inlaid hilt, fashioned into a chisel, nets, spears, lances, har-

poons, and similar paraphernalia. In this dwelling lives one of the marked characters of the village, a universal genius, a master of all trades. He is the village miller, a farmer, a carpenter, a shipwright, a clock-maker, a tooth-puller, a photographer, a whalerman, a fisherman, and an office-holder. With the artists he is a prime favorite, and generally accompanies them as courier and guide in their sketching-excursions, whether by land or water. His shop is a favorite lounging-place of the guild. The old man receives his visitors with a queer mixture of fatherly kindness, assumed carelessness, and "chaff." "You fellers," he observes, "git a thousand dollars in York for a picter of my back door, and I git nothin'." To the modest request for leave to paint his shop he replies that "there's been paint enough wasted on it a'ready to ha' painted it inside and out," but gives a grudging permission. Sometimes he "fixes it up" for the artist. Sometimes he poses; again it is his dog Jack, the ugliest of canines, or his boy Zi, that is in request. A thousand tales of our hero's adventures and eccentricities are current in the studios, in not a few of which the narrators were the actors, and in some the victims. To turn the laugh on his protégés is the height of the old man's ambition: not unfrequently the artist, sketching his shop, on returning from dinner finds every article in it removed to a different position, and some even hung outside. His fishing-trip to Na-paeague last summer with a party of artists is embalmed among the traditions of the colony. Question the old man on the subject, and his only reply is a chuckle. The victims when approached manifest extreme reticence: it is known, however, that they caught no fish, that they rowed instead of sailing, owing to a dead calm, and that returning they reached the inn at one in the morning and forced a surreptitious entry through one of its windows, the grand finale discovering the hungry tramps in a fierce attack on the pies of the pantry.

A town-meeting is sure to bring a rich harvest of "studies" into the village,

especially if the questions to be discussed are of a broad public interest, such, for instance, as the pasturage of cattle in the village streets, or the extension of farm-lands into the wide highway: these questions concern the commonalty, and there is a general hegira of the male portion of the outlying districts to the village. They come on foot, on horseback and muleback, in buck-boards and in great farm-wagons with a capacity of ten or more. Some are barefoot, some attired only in check shirt and corduroys, with heavy sombreros for head-gear. At these gatherings, as in all popular assemblies, the two great orders—patrician and plebeian—are represented; and while the leaders gather in the old town-hall to discuss the matter, the rank and file are disposed about on the church steps, under the elms, in the stores, smoking, spitting, lounging in a thousand picturesque attitudes. From this repose they are routed by their respective leaders and hurried into the hall whenever a vote is to be taken.

The annual spring meet on Montauk was the occasion of another influx of strangers into the town. This "meet" was held usually on the 20th of June, to enable the owners to select from the herds the cattle intended for fattening, which were then turned into the fattening-fields. Barbison was the rendezvous for the "proprietors" of all the districts to the westward, and, as they came riding in in detachments, but for the diverse regimentals one might have fancied that André's regulars had reappeared to storm the town.

No features of Barbison the past season were more pleasant than the impromptu receptions—artistic *séances* in the best sense of the word—held in Dante's studio. Artists, scholars, and journalists met here on common ground. The discussions, however, were brilliant rather than profound, and the reminiscences generally of a light and humorous character. Many of them detailed the ludicrous incidents and adventures met with on sketching-excursions. H— had a truly bucolic experience. He was in a wide field, putting in the

sheep, daisies, and a particularly fine clump of maples, when, as he had nearly finished his work, he was suddenly prostrated by the old ram of the flock, who had evidently tired of the artist's presence in his demesnes. H—

picked himself up, and, seeing the ram still warlike, made a quick retreat to the fence, which he succeeded in reaching only to witness Aries march back to the easel and trample painting, brushes, and etceteras into the dust. C—, while walking along a country lane with his color-box in hand, had met a native who took him for a spectacle-vender and inquired the price of his wares. "I am out of spectacles," replied the artist, and went his way. Next day, returning to finish his sketch, he met the same man, and was again asked the price of "glasses." "The fact is, friend," said he, "I don't sell spectacles."—"What dew yeou sell, then?" queried the rustic. By way of reply, the artist opened his box and showed the neatly-ranged vials of color. The querist gave but a look, and exclaimed, in inimitable tones of disgust, "Homeopathy doctor, by thunder!"

D— called at a farm-house one morning and asked permission to make a picture in the yard. "Yes, sir," replied the farmer; "go in. The's fifteen in there a'ready; but I tell 'em all I keer for is a drift-way." G— claimed the honor of having sketched a queen. She was scrubbing the floor of the village grocery at the time, and as the sketch was completed a negro lounged in with the news that King Pharaoh of the Montauk tribe was dead. "That makes me queen!" exclaimed the woman, who proved to be the old king's widow; and, straightening up, she discarded mop and brush and at once set out for her new kingdom amid the wastes of Montauk.

Such is Barbison in summer. As the season advances, however, its aspect rapidly changes. Visitors depart with the first chill winds of autumn. The forests of scrub take on their autumnal tints, the grass withers, loads of golden corn and rich-yellow pumpkins rattle up to the farm-house doors. The life-saving men leave their snug homes in

the village and take their places in the stations, which are opened, warmed, and furnished in readiness for the possible shipwrecked mariner. Every night the patrols keep their lonely vigils along shore. By and by it is seen that a storm is imminent: the sun sets behind a mass of gray, watery vapor, the ocean chafes, a strong wind, damp and rheumy, comes murmuring up from the

southeast. At midnight, perhaps, the tempest breaks, howling down the chimneys, rattling the panes, swaying the little willows till they snap like a farmer's whip, and sending great waves up the beach to the base of the sand-dunes. Not unfrequently on such nights the villagers are startled by the booming of a gun, telling that a wreck is on the bar.

In old times this was a signal for the



OLD WHALER'S HOME, EAST HAMPTON.

most active preparations. The church-bell was rung and a great horn blown to rally the surf-men to the beach. The housewives built fires, made coffee, and prepared stores of lint, comfortables, and flannels. If the surf permitted, the men rowed out to the ship and rescued the shipwrecked seamen, who were brought half dead to the village homes and tenderly cared for; but too often this was impossible, and windrows of dead bodies were gathered on the beach in the morning and laid stark and stiff in the corner's office to be prepared for burial. As might be expected, some gruesome tales of the sea are to be heard in the village. A storm or wreck brings out a flood of such reminiscences. There are stories of similar incidents, of pirates and hidden treasures, of false lights set on the

headlands; but quite as often the tales turn on wreckage and the flotsam and jetsam of the sea,—how a stately East-Indiaman would lay her ribs on the beach and spill her precious cargo of silks, cashmeres, pearls, teas, spices, and sandal-wood in the surf, a part of it, at least, to be gathered up by the daring wreckers. When a full-freighted whaler came ashore, great cakes of pure white spermaceti were thrown far up the strand, and the whole country-side hurried to the scene with carts, wagons, sledges, and hand-barrows, to remove the precious product before it should melt. Sometimes it was coals from a lumbering collier that the men gathered up, sometimes lumber from a Maine bark, and again the ivory and gold-dust of Africa.

CHARLES BURR TODD.

THE JEWEL IN THE LOTOS.

CHAPTER XI.

SETTLING INTO PLACE.

THEY went in to dinner, and Aurora explained the elegance of the table, which Aurelia at once observed. Her mother's father had been a collector of old Japanese ware at a time when very few persons had begun to think of it as valuable. He had employed several men to search it out for him in the country-houses about, and had himself frequented old shops and public fairs in the great cities.

"Mamma says that he bought this for five soldi," she said, touching a little blue-and-white bowl from which she had just been sprinkling grated Parma cheese into her soup. "Now it could not be had for ten scudi. He found it in the Campo di Fiori, in Rome."

"Why, can one make such bargains?" asked Aurelia, with great interest.

"Oh, not now. People have learned that they have sold treasures for nothing, and now they go to the opposite extreme of setting an enormous price on all the old rubbish they possess. The moment one looks at a thing in their houses they immediately conclude that it is of value; and they are very cunning in detecting a desire to possess it. While they know nothing whatever of the value of such objects, their penetration enables them to guess it from the desire shown by a purchaser to possess it. No pretended indifference will deceive them."

Glenlyon left the two girls to talk, and himself remained silent. He knew nothing of ancient porcelain, and cared nothing for it; and the idea of bargains made in such a way was displeasing to him. It only added an item more to the oppressive, mountainous sense of a crowd of human beings preying upon and deceiving each other, destroying all mutual trust and sympathy, each one rejoicing in a gain which is another's loss.

The conversation turned presently to the Cagliostri; and, having been in-

structed by her mother, Aurora intimated that the duchess would probably expect an early visit from them. She was at home every evening informally.

"We will go to-morrow evening," Glenlyon said.

When they returned to the drawing-room, they found a cluster of candles burning on the centre-table. The windows had been fastened, but the shutters were open, and disclosed a softly-shadowed landscape, where everything was faintly visible like objects sunk in dark transparent waters, while a scattered host of large stars burned above the yet orange-colored horizon, and a flickering path of intense silver running along the undulating surface of the southern mountains told that the moon was rising in the unseen east. All these varied lights and shadows melted into each other, forming a new element which the alchemy of nature endowed with the power of enchantment.

Glenlyon took a paper from the table and seemed to read. The two girls looked out of the window, whispering their comments on the scene, till Jenny came in with the tea, which brought them to a familiar household chat. Aurora had never drunk tea, and wished to know how to make it. She studied the niceties of its preparation, and tried to appreciate the flowery Pekoe which Aurelia proudly displayed, a present made to Glenlyon by some friend just returned from the East. The English girl set her flowery Pekoe against the Italian's Japanese porcelain.

"It is seldom to be bought, and then only at a very high price," she said. "One has to give ten shillings a pound for it, if one has the good fortune to find it at all. Only once in a while a small lot of it is sent over in some cargo of tea, and then it is all done up in pound packages. The Russians usually catch it out of the market. They are great lovers of tea, and they are very rich.

See, now that it is steeped, what tiny little stems and leaves it is made of. We do not drink this every day, you know; but I am now celebrating our arrival."

"You must give the duchess a cup of it when she comes to see you," Aurora said. "She also makes tea. They have many English customs. The duke's mother was an English lady. And, oh! I have an idea! Wait a moment!"

She ran away to her own room, and presently returned with a small box, or casket, made of a pistachio-green semi-transparent glass, bound with gilt bronze bands, and fastened with a tiny lock. "This shall be the tea-caddy for your flowery tea," she said. "This can be used when there are visitors. Is it not pretty?"

The two pretty heads close together, and the fair hands and arms interlaced, they carefully poured the tea into its new receptacle, making soft little exclamations at the beauty of it.

Glenlyon looked at them with a pleased smile over the top of his paper, but said nothing.

Then they spoke of their school-days, and of their favorite studies, Aurelia seeming to have finished her studies, Aurora to have only begun hers. In a definite, orderly way, the English girl seemed to fold and lay aside like outgrown garments these changing periods of her life, while the Italian looked upon such changes as a constantly-enlarging view of a whole, later-acquired lights explaining earlier uncertainties, and all pressing forward to some unknown solution. But, neither having any theory, their differences being the effect of a difference of nature and intuition, they were scarcely aware that they did not agree perfectly in anything, and found the variety in their views interesting as variety, but otherwise of trifling importance, and most certainly no ground for discord. It might be observed, however, that Aurelia's opinions were more clearly defined and reasoned out, and that she was more firm and positive in expressing them, while Aurora, after some ardent proposition, which

she advanced without dreaming that it was controvertible, faltered into silence on being ever so gently challenged to explain.

Hearing Aurora say that she had always detested grammar and rhetoric, which she could not understand, and that she had loved mathematics above all things, Glenlyon looked up with an expression of interest and surprise.

"I understand your being confounded by grammar and rhetoric," he said. "We do not see that which is a part of ourselves. You are evidently a mistress of both those arts, and you must have been so early taught to speak well that it became a second nature. But I am surprised to hear you say that the mathematics pleased you."

"Are you?" she replied, surprised in her turn. "Why,"—hesitating, as if to know how to express herself,— "mathematics alone leads always to sure and lasting results. One does not have to go backward there. It is all progress. Besides, in following out mathematical laws you are going in the same direction as the supernatural laws, because it is the path of order and of harmony. I always had a sense of hearing music when I was on the way to solving a problem; and when it was solved, there it was forever! Then every little success was so much more than it seemed. I touched the perfect figure which answered the question, and it was like touching a note in an organ, when you know that the octaves answer up and down to the very limits of music. Just above my solution was a higher truth, and above that a higher, answering each other, till they reached God himself. It seems to me that when one touches any truth, one is for the time in tune with heaven."

She paused, and blushed. "I am, perhaps, talking nonsense, signore," she said. "I do not know how to explain myself, for no one ever explained these things to me. In the convent my studies did not go far in the classes; all beyond I had to pursue by myself, and the nuns did not think it necessary that I should know any more. I knew that truth was

there, but I had to follow it as a child follows a new path. I saw only tiny fragments, but I am sure that they are all parts of a whole. The nuns said that I made a medley of contradictory things; but I think they did not understand me."

"No," said Glenlyon, "they are not contradictory. They are simply too large to grasp. You have, apparently, an intuitive perception of a philosophical truth,—the relation between mathematics and metaphysics, to which you add spirituality, and so complete the mystic trinity. There are truths which the highest intellects can see only by flashes, which dazzle for a moment across the abysses of the unknown."

"Oh," said Aurora, enchanted to have some one speak seriously to her of such things for the first time in her life without condemning those glimmering lights in her mind as will-o'-the-wisps, "I am almost glad that you say the mind cannot grasp the whole, for it is a torment to try, and it is out of the question not to try when success seems possible. I will wait."

"Till when?" asked Glenlyon.

"Till the next life," she replied, looking at him with a wonder at his question in her bright transparent eyes.

She dropped her glance again, and smiled a moment in silence over the help he had given her.

"The advantage of your system of octaves," Glenlyon said, with a smile, "is that you will not despise the lowly, since you may find your key-note in some very humble place."

"I despise nothing," she replied half absently, occupied with her own thoughts. Then, with animation, "I found out so many things which I suppose everybody else knows. They became clear to me as I studied. They opened out like daisies beside the way. I found that the equilateral triangle, which is the figure of God, is perfection at rest, while the circle is perfection in motion. If such a triangle could be cast out at white heat in an orbit, it would whirl itself into a circle, and, resting, it would naturally subside into the triangular

shape again. But," she added, with a sudden bashful feeling that she was talking too much, "pardon my egotism. No one ever spoke to me of such things before, and it makes me forget myself. It has put my head all in confusion." And she turned to Aurelia and began to smooth and arrange caressingly the little netted shawl on her shoulders.

Glenlyon mused a moment. He found something charming in this Psyche that went fanning with her bright wings along the inflexible ways of science, rejoicing in their inflexibility, and ever expecting to find that Jacob's ladder of ringing octaves answering upward from some newly-discovered Bethel.

He glanced at Aurelia presently, and she rose and brought him a large Bible from a side-table. It was their custom to read a portion of the Scriptures and say the Our Father together every night. To-night, for the first time, he hesitated. "I should like to have her join us, Aurelia," he said, in English; "and she cannot, unless we make some concession. If you are willing, bring me the Latin-and-Italian Douay out of my room, and she shall read in it."

While Aurelia went for the book, he explained his wishes to Aurora, and found her less reluctant than he had expected. "I have never read the Bible; but mamma says that it is beautiful," she said. "I see no reason why I should not join you. But what am I to read about?" she asked, as Aurelia opened the volume at random and placed it before her. "What is the situation?"

Aurelia had opened at the prayer of Solomon at the dedication of the temple, in the second book of Chronicles. Standing with her hand on the open page, she described, in a cool, exact manner, the splendors of the golden temple, the crowd that filled the courts and swarmed around the brazen scaffold in the midst, whereon the king had mounted, the royal priest himself kneeling with his arms upraised to heaven, and the dazzling cloud that filled the holy place.

Then Aurora read the prayer in her own sweet-flowing language, so that it seemed to be a song, with its ever-recur-

ring "then hear thou from heaven," as each need of the people of God and the stranger within their gates was foreseen. As she read, her own hands were unconsciously raised, and, instead of a dry repetition of words uttered thousands of years backward in the past, the words became an impassioned prayer in the present. Her voice grew tremulous at the last invocation, "Now therefore arise, O Lord God, into thy resting-place, thou, and the ark of thy strength;" and, having finished, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"You dear, sensitive creature!" said Aurelia, putting an arm around her.

"Is it not sublime?" exclaimed Aurora, hastily dashing the tears from her cheeks. "Mamma has told me; but I did not know what it was. She says that Solomon and his father David were poets, and that David's voice was sweeter than a lute, so that he charmed the evil spirit out of Saul; and that when Saul hated him, and would have killed him, David had only to speak one gentle word, and the king burst into tears and loved him again. She said that Solomon must have had a voice like his father's, because he was great of heart like him. Mamma says that the voice tells what the heart is." She said, too, that Solomon was as tall as Adam, who was as tall as a palm-tree, and that he had golden hair. Oh, I must read every word that is told of him!"

And, having poured forth her enthusiasm, Aurora sighed, and smiled, and sank back in her chair, a little ashamed of having said so much. "I have never talked so much in any day in all my life as in this day," she thought. "My silence is broken up all at once, like the dam across a river."

"You can read it all at your leisure," Glenlyon said kindly, then smilingly added, "You can admire him as much as you like, you and the queen of Sheba." He drew the book toward him, and turned the leaves. Decidedly, he thought, this girl was interesting. She would prevent his being dull. He found a place, and read: "And he spake three thousand proverbs; and his songs were

a thousand and five; and he spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes."

"You see," said Glenlyon, closing the book, "that Solomon must have been a very fascinating man. But you must also remember that he fell into idolatry at last, and we have no record that God forgave him."

"Oh, pardon me, signore, but God must have forgiven him. Do not you see that in this very prayer he asks pardon prophetically for himself? Besides, Dante saw him in Paradise." Aurora uttered the last words with the air of one proposing a conclusive argument; and probably most young Italians just out of school would have thought it unanswerable. For Dante may be called the Bible of the Italians. The Divine Comedy is studied in their schools as no literary or religious work whatever is studied in any English-speaking school; clever boys quote it as no English-speaking boy quotes either the Bible or Shakespeare; orators would think a discourse unfinished if they did not cap some climax with a verse from Dante; and when in church one sees the preacher ascend the pulpit on some grand occasion, it would be safe to wager a large sum that he will not descend therefrom without having strengthened an argument or pointed an arrow of attack with a quotation from the dark-browed visionary who taught Italy how to speak.

While we have been thinking of Dante, our little family of three have knelt and said the Our Father together in French, have bidden each other good-night, and separated.

They slept, or, waking, heard through the solemn silence of night the approach of the future, which the soul hears as the sound of many waters. They waked with another day, finding everything more beautiful than before, the travellers letting slip a little more of England and taking on a little more of Italy. Jenny superintended the preparation of breakfast, to the stupefaction of the

whole household, which, instead of sending cups of coffee on trays with a roll to each room, saw itself called on to prepare a table as for *colezione*, and boil or fry eggs and fish and ham. What monsters were these Inglesi, who could seat themselves to such a table when they were just out of bed! Aurora took her cup of black coffee and crust of bread at this wonderful table, resisting all persuasions to eat more. The room was now full of sunshine.

Then they went down to see the vigna before the grapes should be gathered. Some men and women had been called, and were now waiting in the court, where Glenlyon had ordered coffee and bread to be given them.

Aurelia dropped her handkerchief on the stair, and smilingly thanked Giovanna, who hastened to pick it up for her.

"The duchess never thanks a servant," remarked Aurora.

"I am accustomed to being civil to them," Aurelia replied rather stiffly.

"They do not respect people who are civil to them," Aurora said. "They are accustomed to being commanded. If you thank them, they will think they are doing you a favor."

"I should counsel you to be guided by her in these little matters," Glenlyon said to his ward, in English. "Don't try to introduce any new customs here. The people would either laugh or be offended. Nothing is so intolerant as Italian customs."

"I am afraid it will take me a good while to learn not to thank a servant," Aurelia replied.

"You pay them," said Glenlyon, whose philanthropy did not by any means admit that his footman should slap him on the shoulder, or his cook seat herself in the drawing-room. "You are bound to be just to them; but I think experience will teach you that compliments are out of place between master or mistress and servant. It is a mere question of duty, not of favor. Our Lord says the same. 'Doth he thank that servant because he did the things that were commanded him? I

trou not.' So he said. You will find it in St. Luke."

They went round to the western terrace and gazed at the view, so fresh in the cool morning air, with long stretches of golden light growing along the plain, and every height wearing a sunny crown.

Then they went down and walked among the heavily-laden vines. The air was full of the harvest glory and triumph. The earth had done her best, and waited to be praised. All her treasures were outspread in silence under the smiling skies. Even the birds were silent. Neither Glenlyon nor his companions felt inclined to talk.

Presently the men and women came stepping down the narrow stairs with baskets on their heads. Gian, bursting with self-complacency, led them, and made them retire in a many-colored group into an angle of the rocks till the signori should have finished their inspection. They stood there, casting bright glances at the strangers, and showing their white teeth in smiles as they whispered to each other their comments.

"He looks like St. Peter," murmured one, gazing at Glenlyon.

"Yes," said Gian,—"like St. Peter in Vinculis."

He was thinking of the Moses he had once seen in that church.

All agreed that Aurelia was an angel. A pretty blonde woman may always calculate on being called an angel a good many times in her life.

Glenlyon felt a sweet breath of consolation and restfulness blowing over his soul. Nature so tenderly adopts the old and ruined in this caressing land that his bitter sense of being past all use was soothed by what he saw. A ruin may support a vine as well as a new trellis may, and the crumbling stones add a fairer charm to the flowers that bloom against them. It seemed to him that he might sink peacefully away here under his own vine and fig-tree.

The people were set to work, and half the morning was spent in watching them carry up the grapes to the roof, where they were spread out to the sun. They

would not be pressed till after a few days' drying.

Aurelia, assisted by Jenny, unpacked her own and her guardian's boxes and put their possessions in order. They had begun to feel a holiday charm in this life, which was so little like their dry Northern existence. They found something more genial and gracious in the air.

Then in the evening they went down to the palace, where they were expected.

CHAPTER XII.

NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

THE villa life of the Cagliostro passed in the simplest manner. In the morning the duchess went to mass, wrote letters, and read novels, and the duke shut himself up in his study; in the afternoon they went out to drive in a large white-curtained carry-all which resembled an omnibus; and in the evening they were at home to whatever presentable person might be found in Sassovivo. At these receptions few persons were so happy as to have more than half a dozen words with their hostess, who sat sewing for the poor in the midst of a group of ladies of the town. The duke was more social, but usually passed the greater part of the evening playing chess with the sindaco of Sassovivo, Signor Passafiori. At ten, or half-past, the duchess rose, and everybody went away.

There was an hour between the drive and dinner, which was jestingly called the Conclave, because at that hour those clergymen whose habits did not allow them to go out in the evening were in the habit of coming to the palace. This was the most intimate of all the receptions.

The house had been for a week or two rather more gay than usual, for the eldest son, Don Leopoldo, Marquis of Vannosa, and his betrothed wife were there. His mother had succeeded in arranging a marriage between him and the American heiress, Miss Melville. She had not, however, succeeded in her plan to have

the marriage solemnized at Christmas, the young lady remaining firm in her intention of waiting till Easter.

"I wish to see how Leopold will behave this winter," said the bride-elect coolly. "If in six months he does not change his mind, I shall feel more secure for the future. I should not be pleased, duchessa, if the world were to see me neglected before the honey-moon is over."

The mother could make no defence of her son; and, besides, she stood somewhat in awe of this young lady, who knew her own value to a farthing and had the air of condescending to become a present marchioness and a future duchess.

It was the hour before dinner, and nearly all the family were in the garden in front of the palace. There were chairs and benches on the green and on the gravel, and a group of palm-trees stood between them and the beams of the sinking sun. The duchess, the Donna Clotilda, a thin and almost sickly-looking girl, and the Countess Emilia were gathered closely together, listening with great interest to a Franciscan monk who was describing to them his life and adventures in Africa, whence he had just returned after a five-years' mission. At a little distance the duke conversed with the Bishop of Sassovivo. This prelate was a vivid, high-spirited-looking gentleman, dressed with the utmost elegance of which his clerical costume was capable. His habit was of the glossiest black, his violet stockings of the finest silk, his shoes and silver buckles glittered, and a white hand, on which sparkled a fine emerald, held a shining hat of the most satin-smooth beaver with a green silk band and tassels. He was not more than forty years of age, his eyes were black and bright, his hair black, and his cheeks fresh with color. As he talked, his teeth flashed whitely through a frequent smile, and he moved his head and gesticulated softly and gracefully.

The duke, who listened to him with the most polite, though languid, attention, was a man of marble in comparison. Tall and slight, with a face of

exquisite refinement, he looked colder than snow beside that nervous and abundant life. His rather thin and perfectly-regular features were colorless, the blue eyes he had inherited from his English mother were as calm as cloudless skies at early morning, and, though he was but little over fifty years of age, his thick and beautiful hair was a silvery white. His air was elegant and lofty, and those calm eyes rested with a singular weight where they were fixed.

Little exclamations of interest were heard from the three listening ladies. The good Franciscan, a man of simple birth and education, who might have been shut up in a stone since the Middle Ages and only just released, was giving them a lifelike description of the customs of those wild desert tribes, and of the loyal kindness and respect with which their chief had treated him.

"And to think," he concluded, with a sigh,—“to think that with so many virtues they have all to go to hell because they do not believe as we do!”

The three ladies sighed in concert; the two gentlemen exchanged a swift glance of amusement.

"He means well," the bishop said, rising, "but he might have expressed himself better." And he went to take leave of the ladies.

The Franciscan came to make his compliments to the duke. "It is a fortune for Sassovivo to have you here," he said. "And as to Madama, she is a benediction of God. She is so pious! She has such faith!"

"Yes," said the duke, glancing at his wife, who was chatting brightly with Monsignore, "the duchess has the most unbounded faith in her confessor."

"It is an excellent virtue," declared the unsuspecting *frate*.

"If he were to tell her to give me hemlock instead of coffee, she would do it," the duke pursued calmly. "I do not think that he will, though, for we are very good friends. I always take pains to be on good terms with my wife's confessor."

The bishop took his companion away before he had found a reply or knew

well what to think. Those low, caressing tones, which expressed irony as if uttering the sweetest of compliments, confounded his ideas.

"I am afraid, monsignore, that the duke is a little—" he began, then broke off and left the other to pick up his meaning.

"The duke is an excellent man and a devoted Catholic," the bishop replied, with decision. "He has, however, a keen sense of the ridiculous."

The duke also had made his little comment to the ladies.

"Those dear *frati* are so good, but also so severe," his wife said. "I think that Count Mirami would have made his Easter this year if his confessor, that saintly Fra Giuseppe, had not ordered him to lick the floor of the chapel of Santa Rosa with his tongue. When I first came here after my marriage, I thought of having one of those dear Cappuccini for a confessor; but I could not stand it. If I were only ten minutes late at mass, or if I happened on a Friday to even put the wing of a thrush into my mouth, he would wring his hands: '*Oh, figlia benedetta, sei dannata! sei dannata!*'" And a light laugh rippled like a bird-song over her lips.

"I respect him for it," her husband said seriously. "If not hearing mass on holidays and if eating meat on days of abstinence are mortal sins, then he ought to tell you that you are damned for committing such sins."

The duchess stared at her husband. "Well, Marc Antonio Cagliostro!" she said. "There is no possibility of knowing what you really do think. One moment—"

"I think that consistency is a jewel," he gently interrupted. "And I also think that you are wearing a very becoming dress."

"Do you like it?" she asked smilingly, turning about and admiring herself. "I have worn it before, but that was when you were in Paris. Reds always become me."

The duke took in his hand her half-uncovered arm and held the fringe of

her red sash over it. The color was reflected in a soft blush on that surface as white and polished as alabaster.

The large bell rang for dinner, and at the same moment the young marquis came hurrying across the gardens from the Campagna, with a rifle slung across his shoulders and a soft mass of birds' wings and heads half bursting from the game-bag at his side. "I will be down in five minutes, mamma," he said, and flung the bag to a servant with orders to cook the birds at once.

"I thought that he came an hour ago and was somewhere with Teresa," his mother exclaimed angrily. "Is it possible that he will not even be ready to accompany her to dinner?"

Her husband attempted to soothe her.

"You cannot know how offensive such neglect is to a young woman," she exclaimed, "or what it is for a mother to see her son on the point of sacrificing an excellent match to some foolish caprice."

The duke led his wife to the dining-room with every tender and soothing attention; but her words had called up a poignant memory. A scene flashed before his mind where his own mother had knelt and prayed him not to cast away his heart on a poor young poetess when a noble heiress awaited his hand. It was becoming that there should be a gay and elegant lady at the head of his house, and he had almost made himself believe, after years of persistent assertion, that women are pleasant, ornamental creatures from whom one must not expect too much. The poetess was a widow now, sad, sorrowful, and plainly dressed, and she seemed to be quite in her place as governess to his daughter. Yet there were times when her face and eyes would light up with a more than youthful splendor, and some noble thought or beautiful fancy would break in music from her lips, making his wife's gayety sound like the "crackling of thorns under a pot" and his own life seem as ashes to him. A vague and thrilling vision would rise of heroic possibilities moving like angels or like armed

warriors through the thick mists that enveloped all outside his actual life: he saw children such as would have made his heart bound with love and pride, instead of those whom he forgave and sighed over and sometimes blushed for; age shone golden and purple before him like the corn and grapes of a full harvest, and the hand that ever lay in his was as the hand of an angel. If but that radiant Aurora had been his child, with what splendors and honors he would have surrounded her! what sun and shower of all the world's helps should have waited on the development of her genius! what fame should have trailed after her down the centuries when at length she should set as a star sets!

Well was it for the Countess Emilia that the duchess never suspected this romance hidden in her husband's life, and well perhaps that she herself did not know, for under all her ashes smoldered all her fires. The duke had been to her one of those ephemeral admirers who had sighed about her when her poems were the fashion, and by no means the most ardent one. His very sincerity had defeated itself with the silence of fear.

"Papa," said the Donna Clotilda, coming close to his side as they passed into the dining-room, "you have not spoken to me to-day."

"Have I not, *figlia mia*? But I have thought of you."

He put his arm around her shoulders, drew her closer, and kissed her on the pale and delicate forehead. The girl, who was proud of her father, blushed with pleasure.

The presence of visitors till the moment of dinner, and the absence of Don Leopoldo, had made their going in to dinner very informal. As the family entered by one door, Miss Melville, who had come down from her room and gone to seek them in another direction, made her appearance from the opposite door. They went to her at once with excuses and explanations.

"What!" she exclaimed, glancing about in surprise; "are we to dine without a clergyman at table?"

"As you see, Donna Teresa," the

duke responded, drawing out her chair. "We invite you to dinner *sine pavone*. But it is not my fault. I begged Mon-signore to stay."

Miss Melville was tall, slender, and exquisitely pretty, with bright hazel eyes and a face like a pearl. She was far more habitually lofty of manner than the duchess, and was notably unsmiling. Like most American women who have long had plenty of money, she was beautifully dressed and she was not too much dressed. A rose-colored embroidered muslin, with a quantity of cream-tinted lace, threw a delicate color on her fine pallor, and she wore soft pale-blue ribbons tied around her lovely arms and throat instead of jewels.

"You are colored like the last melting away of a morning cloud," said the duke, who always observed a lady's dress.

The family already gave her the title that she was expected to bear, and she was known in the house as the Marchesa or Donna Teresa. She accepted their compliments quite coolly, as one whose path was strewn with rejected coronets might be expected to do; but she half atoned for her half-superciliousness by haughtily maintaining their consequence with other people. If she did not herself bow down to them, she expected every one else to do so. Moreover, she comforted their anxieties by showing that she was not too sentimental on the subject of her marriage. Apparently, she did not mean to take the part of Juliet nor expect Leopold to play Romeo, though she exacted from him the most scrupulous respect. It seemed to be her pride and not her tenderness which required satisfaction. Yet now and then one might have detected those proud eyes resting on her betrothed with a wistful and searching expression which betrayed a troubled heart. She had forgiven much in him, and in forgiving had already begun to love him. She secretly hoped that her generosity might touch his heart as it had entangled her own, and, with a seeming indifference, was yet constantly watching for some sign of grateful affection. Knowing something of life, though her own had

been of a stainless purity, she fancied that a man who had exhausted every dissipation might prize more highly a pure and sincere devotion, and be more faithful to it, than one of untried life, for whom the future might hold temptations of unknown and irresistible force. It did not occur to her that, in the course of this dissipation which she had permitted herself to overlook, her betrothed might have lost the power of appreciating or even believing in a pure and sincere devotion.

The marquis came hastily into the dining-room, and with a murmured excuse took his place beside Miss Melville. "I had no idea that it was so late," he said. "My watch stopped."

The son resembled the father strongly, but with a notable difference. Both had an air of elegance and of gentle languor; but the duke's was that languor of the intellect which finds no new thing under the sun, while Don Leopold's was the exhaustion which follows excitement and intoxication. The father was taller than the son, and scarcely more pallid, but the young man's good looks were accentuated by dark hair and eyes and moustache.

Miss Melville was not deeply offended by her lover's tardiness, for she had had a short interview with him at noon in the winter-garden, and, though she had frowned on all attempts at sentimentality, they had parted very good friends.

"We must be good friends," she had said to him when they first came to Sassovivo. "Don't let us pretend to be in love, because we are not; but let us be good friends always."

"But indeed I am in love with you," the young man had declared, and for the moment with a degree of sincerity. Nothing was easier than for him to be captivated by a pretty face.

"Nonsense!" she had replied; but maybe his words had left a certain sweetness with her for the short time when no other pretty face had been in sight.

And then one day Aurora and her mother had passed them in the garden, and Miss Melville's lover forgot for a

moment to answer her, while his eyes followed that bright and graceful figure. Later he proposed to go up to see the old castle, and was only deterred by his mother's sharply remarking that the countess did not wish to see visitors. For a day or two he had looked and wandered in that direction, and in going to the town had taken the path by the rocks instead of the longer Serpentino. He soon gave up what proved to be a vain chase; but meantime his lady's illusion had faded.

"They are shocked at us," she said to him that evening after dinner, as they sat apart in a distant, half-screened corner of the long double *sala*. "We are almost hidden from the company. What do they think us capable of doing? And here come half a dozen more visitors,—the women to make flannel petticoats with the duchess, the men to sit and twirl their thumbs. They will all cast occasional suspicious and watchful glances in this direction. What dreadful thing are we expected to be guilty of? Do you know?"

"They are afraid that I might kiss your hand," said her companion. "They know that I wish to."

"Come to think of it, that is the proper thing for you to do," she said. "Am I not your liege lady?"

Leopold bent forward and took her hand. She snatched it back with a kind of anger: "You must make believe, as they do on the stage, where they kiss six inches off. Now they have seen and are scandalized. It is a success. They are all remembering their own sins, and thinking that they knew enough to be a little more sly. Now what other dreadful thing can we do?"

"We might slip out into the garden and disappear," the young man suggested.

"We will do nothing of the sort," she replied with decision. "That would be a real impropriety; and I am never guilty of such. I never mock at real delicacy, but only at the counterfeit. Be careful what you say to me, please."

"Now, don't be angry, Teresa mia!" her lover pleaded in a very lover-like

way. "You know I wouldn't displease you for the world."

"Probably not," she began, then broke off abruptly, furred with a snap the great flowery fan she had been waving, and said hastily, "Here they are!"

Glenlyon entered the farther *sala* with Aurelia on his arm. Aurora remained in the anteroom, and her mother presently slipped out to her.

The duchess rose, and the duke left a half-finished game of chess.

"She has given him her hand!" exclaimed Miss Melville.

And in fact the duchess was so impressed by the venerable and dignified aspect of her visitor that she displayed an unaccustomed cordiality. After their first greetings she gave him an arm-chair near her sofa, and laid her work aside to talk with him, while the duke, presenting his daughter to Aurelia, seated himself between them and gracefully devoted himself to the fair stranger. He spoke English fluently, which won from her a bright look of pleased surprise.

Aurelia was looking very pretty, and the simplicity of her dress, which had something of a Greek character and was of pure white, gave her a picturesque and even distinguished appearance. Her companion seemed to be pleased with her. Her faint, flitting smile and childlike cool sweetness kept his eyes riveted upon her face.

"She is very pretty," Miss Melville said to her companion, who was earnestly gazing at Aurelia.

He started slightly. "Is she?" he asked carelessly. "I was doubting if she were."

"She is very pretty," she repeated proudly, sweeping her wide fan open with a whirring sound. "Any one can see that. She will have a host of lovers in Italy, and will probably end by marrying some count or marquis who takes his title from a hen-coop."

"What are you angry about?" asked Don Leopoldo, with an air of surprise.

"Because you would not say what you think,—that is, if any one here

ever does say what he thinks," she said, with a bitter inflexion and emphasis.

"Why! do you find us insincere?" he asked, opening his eyes with wonder.

"Insincere? Dear me! no. I think you almost believe yourselves. You quite lose yourselves in your parts."

Leopold did not reply. He seemed to be languidly puzzling himself to know what she meant.

"Leopoldo mio, I wish that you would be more sincere with me!" she said, turning toward him almost imploringly. "You can trust me more than you know. I would forgive a great deal, almost anything, if only you would trust me and tell me the truth. I am not selfish, and you would find me generous to any fault or weakness of yours. I know something of life, and what it must have been to you. I am twenty-eight years old, almost as old as you, and I have always been in society. I do not expect too much. Is my friendship of no value to you? Do you care nothing for my peace of mind? Do anything; but do not try to deceive me!"

She leaned back in her chair, and raised her fan to hide two tears that fell from her suddenly downcast eyes.

"Dearest Teresa! I value your peace and your friendship above all things!" her lover protested fervently, — and lied. "I will never deceive you in anything. Only, you must try to trust me more yourself, and not be too ready to doubt."

He had not believed her. He did not dream of confessing a fault to her. But for a moment she half believed him.

Meantime, the duchess was talking with Glenlyon. At the first glimpse of him she had determined to be very gracious.

"We do not look upon you as a stranger," she said; "you are one of our own," and immediately began a series of reminiscences of his mother's family and of the old duke. She prided herself on having sentiments; and, as she fluently exposed all the emotions with which he had probably returned to the home of his birth after such a lapse

of years, Glenlyon felt as though some deep in his soul which had lain in solemn and inaccessible silence reflecting the stars were being suddenly churned up into a froth which reflected nothing. For a trivial affirmation is more damning than opposing thunders.

"But the signorina is all English," she said, glancing at Aurelia. She had already cast several looks in that direction, and marked the snow-drop fairness, and the firm mouth with its delicate smile.

"Yes, Aurelia is all English," he said.

"Is she *promessa*?" asked the lady.

"She is considering a proposal," Glenlyon replied slowly, not sure that he ought to tell so much, and wondering a little at the question.

The duchess perceived his reserve, and asked no more. "It is the hardest question with us, that of marriage," she said, leaning back and fanning herself, as if exhausted by matrimonial complications. "When there are title and estates to keep up, so many things have to be taken into consideration." And she entered with great frankness into the particulars of the negotiations which had resulted in her son's engagement. "Of course it is not what we would have wished," she said; "but it is the best we can do."

Yet even in speaking the duchess bit her lip as if she had received a sharp retort. For Miss Melville had risen and was entering the front *sala*, followed by her *fiancé*. To her natural pride anger and awakening jealousy had added a new fire, and she was for the moment daz-zling. Her ordinarily cool cheeks burned with a rich rose-color; her eyes, often downcast, glanced over her shoulder at her companion with a bright look which was half disdain; her lips, usually so unsmiling, wore a beautiful mocking smile; her whole carriage was imperious. "Look at us," she seemed to say, "and judge which is the superior."

Leopold, suddenly swept away, was unable to conceal an expression of annoyance and mortification. He followed his lady's swift step with an effort to

overtake her without seeming to hurry, his eyes downcast and his head slightly bent, giving him the appearance of being even less tall than she, though he was, in fact, a line taller.

Two exclamations greeted their entrance.

"Insolent!" muttered the duchess under her breath.

"What a splendid creature!" murmured Aurelia. "She walks as if she had wings."

"She is a splendid creature," replied the duke, looking at his prospective daughter-in-law with pride, and without glancing at his son, whom he despised.

If Miss Melville had meant to present her lover in the light of an inferior, the very brilliancy of her appearance detracted from her success; for in the first moment no one looked at him: every eye was fixed upon her. In this moment he had recovered his coolness; and that coolness which conceals feeling, or is without feeling, has always an advantage over emotion. The young lady perceived instantly that she could not maintain the position she had taken, since there was no one to support her and she was in the presence of the master and mistress of the house. It would be better to be thought a little abrupt and unconventional than to have it believed that she had been angry and forced to check herself. Changing her attitude and expression instantly with a swift grace, as if she had been jesting and were checked by seeing so many eyes fixed upon her, she courtesied with a charming smile, paused to be overtaken by her companion, as if her modesty needed his support, and murmured a few words to him which seemed to be full of confidence and affection.

"Um!" said the duchess to herself, nodding her head. "Not badly done."

"It must be difficult to preserve family distinction in these days," Glenlyon said, after a moment, during which his eyes had absently followed the two young people as they went to a whist-table at the other side of the *sala*. He seemed to be considering the subject. "The drift of modern life scarcely allows

of any but individual distinction. And, indeed," he pursued, "the genius of Christianity suggests only individual prominence. However, a family which was founded by some heroic ancestor, and which has preserved those heroic characteristics unmixed with baser motives and elements, has a right to be proud of itself. There is a certain poetry and romance in the idea; and it must stimulate a noble ambition in others."

"Good Lord!" thought the duchess, staring at him. "Does he mean to patronize *us*?"

"Our family has always resisted encroachments," she said haughtily, "and it will continue to do so. We exercise the only heroic virtue which is now possible to us,—a passive resistance. We gather ourselves together and shut our doors against intrusion. Having promised that he would not again destroy the world by a deluge of water, God has allowed it to be overwhelmed by a flood of democracy. We wait for this also to subside, and for order to prevail again."

Glenlyon turned his head and looked at the speaker with his gaze that seemed to weigh her in a balance. "You are, then, in the ark?" he said, in a tone which could scarcely be defined, so faint was its interrogation.

"Are we not?" she demanded, coloring with pride and astonishment.

"I congratulate you," he replied, looking away. "I wish that I were as sure of myself. Sometimes I seem to be in deep waters, with drowning people all about me, catching at me as they would at a straw."

"What an uncomfortable fancy!" exclaimed the lady, who was tired of the conversation and could not see whither it led. Apparently, much philanthropy had made this man mad. Why could not people be content to do the small charities which waited at their doorstep, and not go wasting themselves on humanity at large? She thought with complacency of those flannel petticoats which carpeted her path to heaven and never gave her nightmare fancies. "We have heard of your good deeds," she

added, with a complimentary smile, becoming charming again. "But I hope that you will now take your repose tranquilly, and leave to God those evils which you cannot yourself remedy."

Glenlyon turned to her again, this time with a smile. "You could not have given me a wiser counsel or a more deserved rebuke, madame," he said. "I thank you. It is true that I am too much inclined to forget that the world does not rest on my shoulders."

The duchess was radiant. She had merely uttered what was to her a very stale truism, since she always left God to do that which she did not wish to do herself, and she was enchanted to find herself a prophetess in the eyes of this old man whose respect and admiration she valued, though she would have scorned his blame.

"And now tell me how you like the looks of my American," she said airily.

"She is a very beautiful young lady," he replied, glancing across the rooms to where Miss Melville sat overlooking a game of cards and murmuring smiling confidences behind her fan to Leopoldo, who leaned on the back of her chair. "She might be painted, and the picture named America."

"Americans have a very confident air," the duchess remarked.

"They are too confident," replied Glenlyon. "Their confidence in themselves and in others will be their ruin. I am troubled in mind for America."

"Why! you do not think them in danger?" exclaimed the lady, with a sudden terror. War, financial distress, loss of fortunes, all started up before her mind. "She must have her money down before they marry," she was saying to herself when Glenlyon replied. "I am sometimes almost afraid that they are doomed," he said.

"Good heavens!" she whispered, waiting breathlessly.

"They are a noble and generous people," he went on. "They are at that period in their national existence where their whole style of thinking is large and frank. They are without rivals on their own continent, and they laugh at

the idea of danger from Europe. If it were only from fleets and armies, they might well laugh, for they are invincible to any force from without. But they are open at every pore to subtle attack, and at this moment their whole national life is eaten through and through by inimical foreign influences. Boastfully conceited, they will not see that the army which they laugh at is already landed on their shores and recruited by dupes from their own ranks. In the whole fabric of their politics there is scarcely a single solid block of what made them a nation. With a mingling of generosity, short-sighted self-interest, and vanity, they open their doors to all the world and share everything with the first-comer, and they think that naturalization-papers make patriots. At this moment there is more influence exercised in the United States by foreign than by American ideas. It has been, and still is, for the most part, only an influence; but the time is not far distant when it will be an acknowledged power. They are like little Red Riding-hood, who thought that the wolf in the bed was her grandmother because it wore her grandmother's night-cap. When they begin to find the eyes and the mouth too large, it will already be too late to save themselves."

"You think that there is a plot, then?" said the duchess breathlessly, trying to understand what was being said to her.

"No," he replied. "If there were, it would be easier to detect and defeat. There are plotters, undoubtedly; but many who will be, and are, most dangerous to America believe themselves to be perfectly honest. They have a different view of life, that is all. If they could have the same money and liberty and power in Europe, they would prefer to live in Europe; but, since they cannot, they would be pleased if America should become a second Europe."

"And is there no help?" asked the duchess, perfectly mystified.

"It has sometimes seemed to me that the effort to introduce women into politics might be providential," Glenlyon said slowly. "They will either kill or

cure. Women are always more subtle and less generous than men; and if American women should be really and intelligently patriotic, they would be good counsellors. It is the mother of animals which defends her nest and her young most fiercely. So these female eagles may have a keener sense of coming danger and less foolhardy generosity."

The duchess had listened with terror and impatience to this discourse, of which she did not understand ten words. She seized on the first opportunity to ask, with a consuming anxiety, "Do you think that there will be trouble very soon? Do you think that this year, or within a year or two, the crash will come?"

"There may not be a crash for a hundred years, if ever," was the reply. "I do not predict a crash, but a silent and lamentable change. The United States might remain a republic, yet have no relic of the spirit of its founders. There may not be even a notable change in twenty years."

"Oh, then," said the lady, with a smile of relief, beginning to fan herself, "that is one of the things which we will leave to God, Signor Glenlyon. And now will you allow me to present my son to you?"

The son was anything but obliged to her for the proposal. Nothing could have been less congenial to this friend of French and Italian *danseuses* than the serious old man whom he had already named Signor Mosé; and though Glenlyon, always kind and condescending to young people, imposed on him as little as he could, their conversation was brief.

"Please present me to that dear old man," Miss Melville whispered to the duchess, who was about to separate her husband from Aurelia. "I foresee that I am going to admire him. How genuine he looks!"

"He is clumsy, Teresa," was the whispered reply. "He has been talking politics to me, and I haven't an idea what it is all about. I believe that he thinks property in the United States

is not very safe. You had better ask him."

And so Glenlyon found himself seated between the two lovers, one of whom availed himself of the first opportunity to slip away.

"Signor Glenlyon," said Miss Melville, as soon as they were alone, "I have heard every word you have said about my country."

"Is it possible?" he said in some confusion, glancing across the *sala* at the table where she had sat. "You must pardon me."

"I am one of those eagles who see and hear a long way off," she replied calmly. "Don't mind my having overheard. I am glad of it. If I had wings, I should be inclined to fly away to-night across the ocean and help protect my nest."

The duchess hardly liked to do it, but the duke seemed to her so unnecessarily gallant to the young Inglesse that she could see no other way than to present her son, especially as he stood at her elbow.

"You must go and speak to Signor Glenlyon," she said to her husband, and herself took his chair.

But, seeing that, instead of obeying her at once, her husband had paused at the door of the anteroom, through which Aurora's bright face was visible, it occurred to her that the countess and her daughter should join the company, and she went to bid them do so, first giving her daughter a significant glance.

But before the Donna Clotilda could occupy the vacant chair, her brother had slipped into it.

"You make me think of English snow-drops," he said, in a low, tender voice. "You bring back some of my happiest recollections. I seem to be again in England." And he sighed.

Aurelia's scent for a lover was perfect.

"You have been in England?" she asked quietly, aware of two pairs of feminine eyes upon her, and seeing the Donna Clotilda lean back in her chair in order to hear better.

"Yes, signorina; we have relatives there. I spent a month there three

years ago, and it seemed to me the ideal life and country. I was in London three weeks in the spring, then accompanied my friends into the country for a week. What a country! What a people! But I cannot conceal from you that I should be unhappy if I were obliged to spend my life there."

"I can easily believe that," Aurelia replied, without a glimmer of a smile. "The climate is not bright, the people are not gay. It is not Italy."

"Oh, but that is not the reason," the young man said earnestly, lowering his voice still more. "If I lived there I should naturally marry an English lady, and she would make me the most wretched man in the world."

"And why, pray?" asked Aurelia, in unaffected surprise.

"Ah, signorina, you do not know the fervid heart of the South," he replied. "We require love; friendship does not satisfy us."

Aurelia's eyes, which had been wide open with surprise, drooped a little. "Our family affections are very strong and enduring," she said coldly.

"Family affections!" he repeated, as if to himself. "Well, it is useless to explain. You would not understand."

She was glad that he did not explain, since his sister was listening; but she answered as if he had: "Foreigners mistake us so much. Our manners are usually calm; but that is custom and self-control. I think that our feelings are quite as strong as those of Italians. The sole difference is the habit of reserve."

"If it were so indeed!" he breathed out, in a voice of thrilling melody. "If one could believe that love exists underneath that frozen exterior, there might be hope that it would one day break through its silence. But there is the very difficulty,—the delay. An Englishwoman thinks, reasons, doubts. She will not smile upon her lover till she has known him months, perhaps years. While an Italian—Signorina, this is the land of the God of Love, and his arrows slay in an instant."

"That must be rather startling," re-

marked his companion, with a faint smile.

"I told you that you did not understand," he sighed.

"I believe that the love which begins in haste goes in haste," the young lady said. "One needs to know the person well, to become in a measure familiar with his character, and then the affection which he excites has a lasting foundation."

Leopoldo had been bending slightly forward, and had scarcely looked into his companion's face. He now lifted his head, and looked at her with a smile and a brilliant piercing glance, in which were blended incredulity and a tender mocking. "May I ask, signorina, where you learned your definition of love?" he said, in a voice that was the very voice of love itself.

"My reason taught me," she replied steadily, though her heart fluttered a little under that sudden look and tone, at which, as through some suddenly-opened door in her Northern nature, all the South seemed to blow in over her. "And I have the experience of those who are older and wiser than I."

His face dropped again. "Gods of Olympus!" he breathed out, as if to himself. "She has never loved!"

Aurelia blushed and bit her lips. Then, seeing that Glenlyon had risen and was looking at her, she gladly rose, and, going to her guardian, laid her hand on his arm, and looked up at him with a dimpling smile which both the duke and his son mentally pronounced adorable.

The duchess graciously accompanied them to the door of the *sala*. When she turned back, Miss Melville was beside her.

"Duchessa," whispered the young lady, slipping her hand into the other's arm, which she pressed closely, "Leopold is going to fall in love with that girl."

"Nonsense, my dear!" said the mother, but without concealing a sudden alarm. "Leopold has fallen in love with you, and that girl is not to be compared with you."

"She has one, and the greatest, superiority over me," murmured Miss Melville.

"And that?"

"He is not sure of her."

"But, Teresa mia, that is a mere caprice," insisted the duchess. "You must not take those little fancies seriously. Why, I might complain that the duke talked with her an hour this evening. The question is not how many pretty faces a man admires, but which he prefers. However, leave it to me. You may depend on my not allowing any trifling."

And when the company broke up she called her son aside. "And so you are at your old folly again!" she said. "You have made Teresa angry."

"It appears to me that Teresa is very easily made angry," he replied carelessly.

"Your conversation with that English girl justified her anger. I do not blame her, Leopold."

"And, pray, what could I do?" he asked mildly. "You presented me, I talked with her ten minutes, and she went away with scarcely a good-night to me."

"You talked of love to her," his mother said, with unappeased displeasure.

"Love!" he echoed, with an air of astonishment.

"Oh, don't pretend," said the duchess scornfully. "Clotilda says that you talked of nothing but love, and she heard every word."

There was just an instant's pause. Leopold had seated himself between the two, and, turning his back to his sister, had presently forgotten that she was

there. "But, mamma," he said, spreading his hands out argumentatively and looking at her with a childlike candor, "what on earth is a man to talk to a girl about, if not of love?"

"You must not neglect Teresa," repeated the mother, with a gesture of impatience.

"I will marry her to-morrow," he declared.

"She will not consent, and you know it. I have warned you, Leopold, and will say no more. If you lose Teresa, I will never forgive you, and I will punish you. Be sure of that."

"*Felicissima notte*, mamma," said the young man sweetly, as his mother turned angrily away.

She did not reply.

"Cursed little spy!" he muttered, still standing where she had left him, and looking after her, while thinking of his sister. "I remember now that Clotilda always was a spy."

A servant was closing the windows, which had been open all the evening, for the night was like summer.

"Leave this open for me, and I will close it," the marquis said, and, lighting a cigar, stepped out into the garden. "Pretty life, this!" he muttered, walking up and down the green. "I wonder how long I can bear it."

He walked until his cigar was smoked to the amber, then threw the end away with a toss into a palm-tree, where the spark touched and ran down a long floating leaf. He watched it drop on the grass, then drew a deep breath. "She is a snow-flake that I would like to melt," he muttered.

MARY AGNES TINCKER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PILGRIMAGE DOWN EAST.

TO live in Newport is like living in a picture. There is nothing like it on this side of the Atlantic. A townful of idle rich people, with their servants and purveyors, all bent on amusing themselves or others, on being as pleasant, gracious, and obliging as possible, the permanent inhabitants happy in fleecing their visitors, the visitors in being in a position to be fleeced,—such is social Newport. All day long a continuous stream of carriages, some of them with crests and mottoes, blesses the plebeian eye. The streets are full of the handsomest men and women of two continents, walking, riding, or driving. All the newly-famous people are here,—the author who has made a hit, the inventor whose patented contrivance has saved millions of dollars to the nation, the architect whose fancy has evolved the latest eccentricity in bricks or stone or wood,—here they are, with their blushing honors thick upon them, many of them learning for the first time how pleasant life may be.

As to the town itself, it is as charming as its population. The streets run mostly up-hill, contracting and expanding, winding and zigzagging, in the most picturesque manner, fringed with wooden houses of the "colonial" type, with carved lintels, hand-wrought iron railings, and shining brass knockers, and buried in thick-foliaged trees, such as seafaring people everywhere delight in. Some of these houses turn their gables to the street, others are set in the midst of old-fashioned gardens. Church-spires crop up above them as thick as golden-rods in an October meadow. And back of all, laced by dark lines of masts and rigging, stretches the long island of Conanicut and a slab of sea as blue as lapis-lazuli.

Great brindled oxen drag watering-carts or heavy stone rollers up and down these hills. Carriages dash about through the steep and narrow lanes at a sharp

trot. Fruit-girls, with their wares in small wagons drawn by goats, sailors from the foreign vessels in the harbor, soldiers from Fort Adams at its entrance, and an old blind fiddler, white-haired and bareheaded, who sits in a chair on the sidewalk and fiddles away unconcernedly amid the noises of the street, are among the every-day sights of the place.

The impression which one receives, that he has been walking about among the decorations of a great and well-appointed theatre and that every one whom he has met has been playing a part in a comedy, if not deepened, is at any rate not effaced by a turn in the new quarter of the town, which has been laid out along the cliffs. Instead of crooked, narrow streets, there are here wide avenues, and staid mansions of Revolutionary times are replaced by the vagaries of modern villa architecture. But here, where everything is the newest of the new, where houses, lawns, and flower-gardens, no less than dress and equipages, are of the latest fashion, and where there are no legends of Rochambeau or Malbone to nourish it, the whimsical operative spirit of the place is as strongly established as in the older town. It is really a peculiarly modern spirit, artistic and capricious, bent on mixing up old and new, on bringing extremes together, on giving to luxury the savor of simplicity. It is the spirit which robs the Moslem of his prayer-carpet and the Catholic of his Madonna, which opens Indian tombs for water-pitchers and denudes old Maryland mansions of their carved wood-work, to rig out a proper home for itself. These wonderful cottages, whose forms are borrowed from Swiss chalet, Bedouin tent, and Chinese pagoda, are of its creation. It has laid out these miles of flower-planted lawns in the teeth of the Atlantic storms, smoothing over all obstacles, or letting the gray rock crop out

to furnish one of those trenchant contrasts in which it takes pleasure. It is the same harlequin spirit which opposes the dark-red roofs to the background of blue sea, and composes its artificial landscapes on those sweeping canons of art which we owe to the Parisian milliners, that is responsible for all that is odd and fantastic in the life of old Newport. The natural features of society in the reduced New-England trading-town have been seized upon by it, sophisticated and ameliorated by the power of greenbacks, until the island has become a veritable land of Cockaigne, where nothing is rude or real, where all is clean, proper, and shining like a good conscience or the cook's galley on a pleasure-yacht. Here, too, some picturesque roughnesses have been retained and heightened by systematic petting. The fishing population of "the Point," for instance, is as bluff and bold and hearty as any fishing population that we have seen upon the stage.

The peculiar landscape by which Newport is surrounded adds immensely to this effect. Over against the city on the cliffs—with the bathing-beach between—is a broad promontory dotted with strong-scented brown hay-stacks and intersected by ruinous walls of rounded pebbles, the débris of the conglomerate rock of which the ridge is composed. Beyond this promontory, between it and a similar but lower one, lies the "Paradise," about a hundred acres of as varied surface as can well be imagined. It contains wood- and pasture-land, big rocks, valleys, streams, pools, and marshes, huge groups of boulders, clumps of oak and butter-nut and willow, one or two farm-houses, an old apple-orchard, and a grave-yard of ancient date. In front, barred from this Eden by a barren tract of land, is the sea, which nevertheless manages to insert itself into every view. A rather steep slope, commencing at Whitehall, Bishop Berkeley's former residence, falls into it from the interior of the island, and the land rises again in two great dikes of conglomerate which run through it parallel to each other toward the sea. They end abruptly in the middle of a salt-marsh, and hold between their ex-

tremities a pool of brackish water, half filled with fallen masses of rock, and more than half covered with a thick cloak of yellowish scum, which has been accumulating there for years and which shifts about with every change of wind. The rocks on one side rise sheer from this pool to a considerable height, covered with lichens and supporting in their crevices hanging groves of cedar and dwarf-oak. The end of this wall of rock shows a cut as clean as in a geological section. The pebbles of which it is made up are neatly split in the general line of fracture. At about the middle of the cut they proved refractory, and some of them separating in a mass have left a notch or groove with corrugated roof and floor across the face of the rock. It will hold ten or a dozen persons, and in it Berkeley is said to have written his "Minute Philosopher."

The country is in general more bare of trees than the Paradise, but otherwise that tract is a fair sample of Rhode-Island landscape. The sky above it frequently assumes, even in summer, that peculiar greenish cast which tells of chilly currents overhead. Standing on a height, the distance is often clearly distinguishable while the immediate foreground is blurred with haze. This curious landscape and tricky atmosphere have found in Mr. John La Farge a genius who, like Hawthorne and Lowell in Massachusetts, has filled them with faint nineteenth-century shadows of Old-World myths and romances. Mr. La Farge brings the Venus Anadyomene into Newport waters and peoples the coverts of the Paradise with Greek philosophers. His brush, it is to be feared, can no more naturalize them here than Hawthorne's pen; but it is remarkable how strong the feeling is along this New-England coast that intellectually we are exiles still, after our hundred years of independent national life, yearning for closer contact with the traditions of our race. The New-England literature and art are like what might be proper to the ghosts in Hades,—unsubstantial, visionary, regretful of the ill-remembered past.

La Farge's studio is an old wooden dwelling on Prospect Hill Street, unchanged externally, save by time, but completely transformed within. Its rotting front stoop is carpeted with woody nightshade, which covers with its dark leaves, red berries, and purple flowers the entire corner of the house. On the easel, when I entered, was a picture, almost finished, in which a young girl in Greek costume was peeping between some wild-rose-bushes at a male figure reading in the shade of an oak. On the wall hung another picture, roughly laid in, but telling its story plainly enough. A mermaid has half risen out of the sunny sea to the right,—a decidedly fishy mermaid, though only the human half is shown. She has a slightly-swaggering air, like that of a handsome young fishwoman who has just laid down her basket. She is combing her yellow locks and singing,—trolling a rollicking fol-de-rol caught up from some jolly tar half-seas-over in more senses than one. Crisp little wavelets are leaping up about her. In the foreground, glued to the rocks like a barnacle, is the nude figure of a man. His dog standing beside him is almost as intent as he in watching the strange phenomenon. It is a humorous though somewhat salty satire on the creation, for even the dog and the waves appear to be by no means impeccable. Mr. La Farge is too subtle and too discursive a thinker to be judged by any one work, and especially by one which may when finished have quite lost the meaning which was obvious at the time of my visit; but these very qualities of discursiveness and subtlety generally make it impossible for their owner to believe much or deeply, and to such a mind it may well be a question whether the sum of things makes for good or for evil.

The wall-paintings in the new Trinity Church at Boston give one the same impression of him. This nonchalant Christ, those prophets of indifferentism, are not the outcome of a profound belief of any kind. Compare them with Millet's pathetic picture of Sara and Tobias watching for the return of their son, in

the Museum across the way, and you will see how far we still are from having a great painter among us. For, after all, La Farge is the best that we have produced in this generation; and in expressing the hopeless complexity of much of our modern thinking, or rendering the delicate tints of sea and sky and land that surround him, he is without an equal. The general effect of the interior of this church is worthy of all the praise that has been bestowed upon it. It is rich and restful to the eye, as the full, round, sugar-and-buttery Bostonese of the girl who opened the door to us was to the ear.

The journey from Newport to Boston showed Massachusetts to be still a well-wooded country, if that epithet can be applied to many square miles of growing hoop-poles thickly crowded together. There were no large trees. We left Newport late in the afternoon, and in the gathering dusk flew past one green clearing after another, each with its shallow stream following its crooked course, as supremely indifferent to our straight cut as we to it. There was a black-and-crimson sunset as we ran into Boston.

On the horse-cars between Boston and Cambridge conversation was about equally divided between the subject of Mr. Dennis Kearney's campaign (he was then in town) and Mr. John Fiske's philosophy. As much subtlety was thrown away on Dennis and his party by two professor-like gentlemen opposite me as that worthy wasted of vehemence in attacking the "college consumptives." It was hard to say which was the more pitiful, the agitator's speeches or the discussion of them by his cultivated critics. What I afterward saw and heard led me to believe that nowhere are "classes" more strongly marked and gulfed asunder by prejudice and ignorance than in this part of Massachusetts. Nowhere else are educated people so intent on projects and employments of interest only to themselves, never thinking of those who should look to them for intelligent guidance, and nowhere else are these latter so ill-conditioned, irrational, and seditious. I have heard more hard

swearing and foul language in one Boston street in an hour than need be heard in New York in a week. If Kearney had had a little method in his madness, subsequent events have shown that his success in Massachusetts might have been almost as great as in California.

I had occasion to call on the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table and all Boston at his residence in the "Back Bay." It is incomprehensible how a people of the artistic and antiquarian leanings of the Bostonians, having before their eyes the fine old mansions of the upper part of Beacon Street overlooking the Common, —a street as fine as any in the West End of London,—should have made of their new city nothing better than an up-town ward of New York. Yet many of the "first families" have deserted their old mansions on the hill for the dead level of this flashy and stupid quarter, where everything, from the land itself to the majority of its inhabitants, is "shoddy." Dr. Holmes is one of these sinners; but he, I suppose, can plead the necessities of his profession. He, at least, takes a lively interest in his ancestral home at Cambridge, where he did much of his best and least unsympathetic literary work. The house now belongs to Harvard University, and its interior has been very much changed and disfigured by successive tenants. The doctor is a dapper, bustling, talkative little man, who fills, and barely fills, the outline he has drawn of himself in one of his essays, where he describes himself as taking a walk in the country, poking his cane into all dark corners and overturning every settled and embedded stone for the purpose of disturbing the poor slugs and beetles that seek to hide their ugliness in such places. He would have more butterflies and grass-blades, more sunshine and circulating air. Why, bless your soul, doctor! not everything that loves the shade and seclusion is obscene. The loveliest little tineids with opalescent wings, and others with fairy bodies of indigo and ash-gray, are fond of just such habitations as you demolish with your stick. And many species of butterflies spin their cocoons there.

And what have the poor devils of beetles done to you, anyway? Did one ever run up your trouser-leg? It is something to be thankful for that Boston people are not altogether carried away by the rage for destruction and renovation. They have faithfully preserved many of their old monuments, old houses, old churches, and old grave-yards, keeping them in decent condition,—neither ruinous nor "improved." I visited Copp's Hill Cemetery. It is surrounded by old houses, dingy, lugubrious,—those on the lower side of the hill permitting a glimpse of the harbor and the masts of vessels between their blackened chimneys. Here lie many old Boston merchants, and here they are likely to remain till Doomsday in undisturbed repose.

In Cambridge I met H. D. M——, who was in that neighborhood sketching. He called on me one evening at dusk, and we walked into Boston together, the object of the expedition being to get a glass of beer and to brace ourselves by contact with a highly-organized civilization. M—— had fixed his summer head-quarters at a "scrubby little tavern" at Concord, and the unnatural wear and tear of life in that centre of transcendentalism had become too much for him. After an hour's stroll under the gas-lamps of Tremont and Washington Streets, he went back to Concord on the night-train, capable of renewed exertion in the way of boating, sketching, and lying full length upon the grass. A few days later I went down to see him.

The road from Cambridge to Concord passes through a very beautiful half-wild country, with rocky hills, well-grown woods, and small streams winding through deep-green meadows. Just before coming in sight of Concord we got a glimpse of Walden Pond, a breadth of pale-blue water surrounded by wooded hills which were just beginning to show some faint tinge of autumn coloring. Not finding M—— at the tavern, I walked back to Walden along the Cambridge high-road, which I left for the woods as soon as I came to them. My intention was to strike right across for

the pond, where I had been told I should find the remains of Thoreau's hermitage, and then return to Concord by the railroad-track. On the way I came upon a smaller pond,—a lovely little lake set in woods apparently as wild as before the first settlers had come into this part of the country. It was noon, and the whole landscape was shimmering in the heat. There was not the faintest trace of a path, and the only sounds were some bird-notes from the opposite shore. Two little islands in the middle of the lake, one grassy, one rocky, but both shaded with a few trees and bushes, looked as if they had never been approached by man. The whole scene seemed as though it might have been taken out of one of Cooper's novels. The temptation to swim out to one of the little islands was irresistible. I undressed upon the bank and waded out so far that I was satisfied I might wade all the way across, when suddenly I found myself in deep water and was compelled to swim. The bottom of the lake is covered with thick moss growing to the height of two or three feet, out of which rise the slender stalks of water-lilies, whose leaves cover the surface in some places. Even in the deepest part of the pond I could scarcely swim a stroke without breaking some of these fine thread-like stems. Shoals of silvery "shiners," and a few black catfish, all of them perfectly fearless, swam about among the weeds near the shore of the smaller island. I landed upon it,—there was no sign of anybody else having ever done so,—and then swam back. I could not identify this pond with any described by Thoreau, though of course he must have known it.

About half an hour's further tramping brought me to the larger pond, and I soon came to the site of Thoreau's hut, marked not by any remains, but by a cairn of loose stones, a rough wooden cross, and a tin sign,—a comprehensively symbolic monument, at once Pagan, Christian, and Rationalistic. The hut itself, I was afterward informed, had been removed to the village, where it flitted about from street to street, serving

as temporary shelter to half a dozen different poor persons; and finally all trace of it was lost. It will probably turn up after a century or two, when the world takes to relic-worshipping again. It would, doubtless, make a first-class shrine, and Thoreau no mean saint. The garden-patch where he hoed his corn barefoot is not now to be distinguished from the surrounding wood. The path, however, still leads down to the bay where he kept his boat. The maples are there, the red leaves of which his friends used as visiting-cards, and the chipmunks are as tame as in his day. If you sit long enough quietly in one place, you may have them scampering over your boots.

When I got back to the tavern, H. D. M—— was there, up to his elbows in a litter of sketches, volumes of Hawthorne, Emerson, and the rest, meerschauts and Japanese tobacco-pouches, desiccated apples which had been stowed away for their color and scent, and the other *impedimenta* which landscape-painters usually carry about with them. His trunk was open before him, and he was rummaging in it by the light of a kerosene lamp, for the village is (or was at the time of my visit) destitute of gas. The windows were open, and through them came the gentle rustling of the drooping elm-branches and the spattering noise of the fountain in the square. It was the last day of the annual fair, and some young farmers, who had managed to get more liquor than was good for them, in spite of the strict temperance by-laws, were singing, with characteristic indifference to the possibility that there might be people with ears in the neighborhood. M——, who had got to the bottom of his trunk in search of something which he had carefully laid away in his bureau, anathematized them soundly, and then informed me that we were to go spend the evening at the house of Mr. S——, moral philosopher, and one of the men who have made the village famous.

"You will have an opportunity," said he, "to see what Massachusetts culture is like. You have just heard what un-

cultivated New-Englanders can do in the way of music. Now you will learn how one of their educated and practised thinkers is affected by art. I don't quite know how it is," he continued, "but it sometimes seems to me that a good painting does not necessarily represent a foolish and criminal waste of human effort; still, whenever I get into close quarters with one of these fellows I find myself driven to the opposite conclusion. There seems to be no room for art in their philosophy. Funny, isn't it? John Fiske, who considers himself something of a materialist, can enjoy a good picture, appreciates what we call quality, values, etc.; and here is a man who prides himself on the spirituality of his views, and who is invincibly ignorant of everything relating to art."

In Concord the use of oil-lamps instead of gas produces some novel street-effects. M—— assured me, however, that it was economy and a contempt for material progress, not any artistic consideration, that prompted the retention of oil. Mr. S—— and his associates governed the village with the absoluteness of a Laputan conclave, and it was a fixed maxim with them that it was well to be a generation behind the age in things material.

At his garden gate we met this conservative potentate, who straightway ushered us into a typical New-England parlor, where everything was the newest of the new. As M—— had surmised, he quickly turned the conversation upon art, with the air of a man who was eager, for the sake of the mental exercise involved, to talk about nonentities. Its existence, nature, and properties were discussed as if it were some purely metaphysical quiddity. M——, in spite of himself, warmed to his work after a while, and with each glass of wine became more luminous and eloquent. The profoundest aphorisms, the clearest and most apposite illustrations, the most impassioned descriptions of great works of art, were thrown away upon his calm and smiling host, who lost at once his factitious interest in the subject and be-

came engaged in watching the play of the other's emotions.

Concord people spend a great part of their time in summer upon the river. It floats almost as many boats as lily-pads. It is a sluggish stream, half choked with waving grass, and has somewhat the appearance of an enfranchised canal released from service and turned loose among the fields and orchards. There is an incipient legend connected with it of a young servant-girl who, being enamoured of learning (as servant-girls not unusually are in this part of the world), and lacking opportunities for study, grew tired of life and threw herself into a deep pool in the river. There are evident indications of a budding myth in the way in which this "ower true tale" is usually told to strangers. The modulations of our informant's voice as we paddled across the fatal spot, the tenderness with which he handled the sad theme, made it plain that something of an æsthetic nature was expected to blossom out of it. A full-blown ghost-story might, perhaps, be too much to hope for in this prosaic age; but the sentiment and fancy of the place were brooding upon the matter, and the odds are that at this moment a search through the garrets of Concord would reveal a score or two of poems on the subject.

One evening S—— accompanied us some distance up the stream in his boat, which we had confiscated. He went ashore where there was a rich, grassy bank skirting a pebbly reach of the river, and prepared for a swim. We continued on our voyage. His gaunt figure, bathed in the yellow evening light, lost all harshness of tint and contour as our boat proceeded, and every stroke of the oar placed between him and us another thickness of crystal air. His ungainly peculiarities disappeared, and he was left a type of humanity surrounded by nature. The effect was almost precisely that of a picture, abstraction having been made of nearly everything that a painter would, either of necessity or voluntarily, omit. A scientific person would object to such

a picture of our friend, and require the removal of the softening and unifying air. I would as soon wish him skinned. A great painter, on the other hand, would invest S—— with his third integument, or exocarp of relations to things unseen and supersensuous. So, without intending it, our philosopher illustrated in his proper person the opportunities and the capabilities of modern art.

The Concord is just broad and deep enough to afford plenty of sea-room to inexperienced navigators. We became such valiant oarsmen that M——, who had had canoe-practice in the Northwest, undertook to "shoot" the boat between the close rows of piles that sustain the trestle-work of the railroad-bridge, and came through triumphant. We had the conceit taken out of us, however, the first time we ascended the Assabet, or north fork of the Concord. This is not quite so Quakerish in its habits and appearance as the other river. It is full of rocks, islands, shallows, sand-bars, grass-beds, and fallen trees. It is, accordingly, much frequented by the young ladies of the village for the purpose of sketching. Their boats, half drawn up on the bank in the shade of some group of oaks or chestnuts, add to the dangers of the route. Ours, which showed an extremely affectionate disposition to rub noses with every rock and rush into the green embraces of every tuft of water-grass, was constantly running foul of them. The stream is likewise a favorite haunt of the kingfisher. He sits on the mud-encrusted rotten limb of a submerged tree and watches the water gliding past, absorbed, no doubt, in that gentle reverie which all fishers say is induced by their occupation and is one of its chief attractions. Heaps of fresh-water mussel-shells left along the margin of the miniature beaches betrayed the presence of the otter, who seems to be a confirmed pot-hunter, not open to the gentler influences of the craft. One more *habitué* of the Assabet we found, a mud-turtle,—more mud than turtle,—who, like us, had drifted ashore on a stony point about two miles from the

mouth of the river. I could not believe in such an earthy creature. With a jack-knife we scraped off layer after layer of mud without even coming to his shell: so that, afraid we might scoop the life and soul out of the beast, we desisted, and threw him into the water, when he went to the bottom like a stone.

We had been obliged to make some remonstrances to our landlord about the more than Spartan simplicity of our fare. One morning, on coming down to breakfast, we found seated at the table before us a specimen of that peculiar genus which is sometimes supposed to belong only to the Bowery stage,—viz., the "low-down" Yankee. He was as dirty and as careless of outside appearance as our mud-turtle. He was not merely unwashed, but unwashable. His dusty-brown hair seemed to have gone unkempt for a fortnight. It would be useless to attempt to reproduce his dialect, which seemed to be in no small measure original with himself. He kept a "hotel," he informed us, some distance off in the country, and had made a bet that morning with one of his boarders that he would come, as he was, to town, and be well received by his friend Seth, our landlord. Seth was astonished, he let us know (as well he might be), but Seth was a right-down good fellow, and would not go back on a friend, if he did happen to cut a strange figure. On the contrary, he had asked him to breakfast, which, as he had started away from home, on the spur of the moment, fasting as well as hatless and coatless, was manifestly the friendliest thing that Seth could have done. From this the transition was easy to a rather extravagant eulogy of the meal, for, notwithstanding his starving condition and his long and early walk, he talked rather more than he ate. There was one thing, however, that he blamed Seth for: he did not keep his knives sharp enough. "They did not do justice to the tenderness of the steak." "Why, sir," he said, turning to M——, "the other day I ran out of fresh meat and killed my old ox,—pretty near one age with myself; he was tough, sir,—

• tough as his own hide, right through to the bone. I was rather scared that he might be jest a leetle trifle too tough for *my* boarders. But I jest sharpened up every knife in the house until they cut like razors, and they swore they never ate primer beef in their lives. They thought I was getting extravagant, and bound to take a short road to bankruptcy, and, to keep me in the humor, they have been treating me ever since. Yes, Seth ought to keep that grindstone on a twist, he ought. 'Twould save him a mint of money."

The Assabet joins the Concord at a point just above a little red-painted wooden bridge, which is the principal means of communication between the town and the opposite bank. Our boating-excursions brought us below this bridge only once or twice to the famous battle-field and Hawthorne's "Old Manse." Another bridge here crosses the stream, connecting the area around the monument with a long avenue of cedars forming part of the old Boston highway, where the first British soldiers fell. They are buried under the rough stone wall which fences off the grounds of the Manse. An old tame raven hops gravely from stone to stone or whets his bayonet-like beak upon them. The Manse must have suited Hawthorne like an old coat. Heaven knows from what odd ends of the earth its materials have been swept together by a whisk of a witch's besom. Its gaunt ash-trees, its snowberry-bushes, the two granite monoliths flanking the gate, seem to bar the entrance of any orthodox Christian thought or sentiment. Those must have been strange sermons that were concocted within it. The artist Darley was staying there. He was out every morning before the fog had lifted from the meadows, fishing, shooting, or sketching.

The fogs thickened evening after evening and morning after morning during our stay, overflowing all the level meadow-land, as if marking out the limits of the coming autumnal inundation. M—— was making a drawing of the valley from a high hill between

the two rivers. In the evening, looking toward sunset, fold upon fold of fog lay between the hills, marking the windings of both the streams for many miles.

After spending some days in Amesbury and getting tired of inland Massachusetts, I determined to go to Newburyport and ask M—— to meet me there and rejoice our eyes with a look at the sea. It is a long ride from Amesbury to Newburyport, and before I had got half-way it was raining in torrents. The water poured in unbroken sheets off the roof of the car. The wind drove the rain in through the slightest crevices; it dripped upon us from above; passengers put up their umbrellas. Two men, shining and flowing wet, got in at a turn of the road and made things still more uncomfortable. The horses went splash, splash, fetlock-deep in running water. We crossed over the Merrimac by a complication of wooden bridges. There was an ordinary stationary bridge, a covered bridge, and two draw-bridges. The yellow tide was pitted into opacity by rain-drops. At last we reached Newburyport. The car stopped within four or five blocks of the hotel; and that distance had to be walked. It might as well have been four or five miles. I had hardly made a step forward before I was completely incorporated with the elements and felt like a rain-drift with a gust of wind for a soul.

M——, who had arrived before the storm reached its height, was taking care of the office fire while waiting for one to be built in the room he had ordered for us both. As soon as I had had dinner, we took possession of that. The room was a large one, situated in a corner of the building, the walls covered with a paper of a staring blue and drab rococo pattern. There was one window, looking upon the slate roof of a shed, down which a torrent was dashing from a badly-arranged spout. Some tall elms, barely discernible in the darkness, were toughening their fibres and parting with their ripened leaves in the gale. M—— had heard that there were some vessels outside the harbor bar afraid to venture in, and, starting

with this scrap of news, we entertained each other with tales of shipwreck and ghosts until we both fell asleep. In the middle of the night we were awakened by a noise such as sailors make in scrubbing the deck. It was the tin spout from the gutter, which was shuffling, scraping, rattling to and fro, gurgling and swashing in a furious manner. The rain was still pouring in torrents, the wind unchanged in force and direction, the sky as black as pitch. There was a dismal prospect of being imprisoned in the hotel all the next day, and we had only the one day to stay in Newburyport.

A different noise aroused us in the morning,—the clanging, booming, and jangling of church-bells. From some church near by there came floating at intervals through the tumult great bubbles of sound, which swam into the room through the window and burst there, shaking the air and making the walls vibrate. A jolly little chime farther off kept dancing, to judge by the sound, from the city to the salt-meadows across the bay, and back again. For a long time the silence was broken only by the tolling of a solitary bell in the distance, and we were beginning to get used to it, and sleep was about to return to us, when the whole pack of bells burst forth again in full cry and chased it away effectually. However, there was no reason to grumble at being awakened early on such a morning. The storm was over, but there was still an exhilarating breeze coming in from the sea, fluttering the remaining yellow leaves on the elms and sweeping the torn fleecy clouds across a bright blue sky incredibly clear and lofty. Our plans for passing the day, which had been tacitly shelved overnight under the apprehension that we were to be kept in-doors by the weather, were brought up for discussion, and we decided to walk to Squan Beach, near the mouth of the harbor, feeling that a sight of the surf tumbling in after such a night must be worth a ten- or twelve-miles' tramp.

Along the water front a few old sailors and fishermen were standing, with their

hands in their trousers-pockets and short pipes in their mouths. A squad of small boys were more actively engaged in baling out a couple of boats which had been nearly swamped by the rain. Besides these, the only persons abroad were some countrywomen crossing the long bridge on their way to church, it being Sunday. The road was firm and dry; all the rainfall had been absorbed by the sandy soil or swept away by the stiff sea-breeze, except where it was gathered in little rippled pools or held shining in the deep ruts. The color of the meadows beside it, patched and mottled with vivid greens and reddish browns, threw M—— into an ecstasy. He declared that he would some day come back and have a hack at it, if he could previously secure a good rain-storm to bring it out. The road makes a considerable détour, which we thought we might avoid by cutting across the meadows. M—— was rather opposed to this, and with good reason. Long, winding creeks running into the meadows forced us to make our way through some exceedingly difficult thickets at the back, after which we followed a track leading over a succession of shell-mounds covered with a growth of pines and bringing us back to the high-road at a point about a mile from where we had left it, although we must have walked at least three in our endeavor to be original and to shorten our journey. So much for assuming that our predecessors must have been ignoramuses. A long walk through pine woods brought us in sight of a gap in some sand-hills, where a few wooden buildings were clustered together. The gap was filled with a tumult of white foam and dark-blue waves, and M——, who had not seen the ocean for a year, quickened his pace and burst into adjectives.

The sea was swept clear of sails, and the sky of wings, and the shore of all living creatures. The thundering white wall of surf, the breaches in which were continually being masked by new erections, proved how shallow a thing the human soul is, by stirring the stuff which lies at the bottom of it. The chaos of

waves beyond made all orderliness of thinking or of conduct seem priggish; and so, by way of greeting to the sea, we yelled like wild Indians going to battle, and tumbled ourselves in the sand.

We undertook to walk along the summits of the sand-hills to the mouth of the harbor. M—— was disappointed in the dunes: he had expected something like the huge sand-heaps of Lake Erie, and he soon tired of walking through the fine sand and scaling their shell-like sides and edges, so returned to the road. I, however, kept on, and found a boat and a boatman willing to row to the town, four miles, for half a dollar; but I had to wait some hours for the turn of the tide. The landscape hereabouts was peculiar. In the extreme distance the roofs and steeples of Newburyport scintillated in the sun. Nearer, one or two schooners, their white sails relieved against the opposite green shore, were tacking out to sea. In the foreground great salt-water pools of steel-blue, belted with brown reeds and yellow sand-hills, slowly dwindled away through hidden channels as the tide went out, and then as slowly began to steal up toward their former limits when it turned. The coppery full moon rose astern of us when we had got well out into the bay. Notwithstanding the inflowing tide, the outward current from the Merrimac was so strong as to cause a perceptible change in our rate of progress when we entered it, and it was quite dark when I landed at one of the wharves; the houses were shut up, and nobody was about.

In the morning, M—— left for Amesbury. I remained some days longer at Newburyport. One of my walks was to Oldham grave-yard, a short distance from the town. It is across the road from the church, which, being on a hill and topped by a tall white steeple, must make a conspicuous landmark out at sea. The graves which irregularly emboss the hill-side all face seaward, and in very few instances are those of young persons, most of the departed having lived upward of seventy years. A large pool lies at the foot of the hill, fringed

about with old English elms, their trunks pierced with cavernous hollows or split into strips so thin that they strained and groaned like cordage as the wind moved the great mass of foliage that they sustained. A path from this place leads over another green hill and past some cultivated fields to meet the road to the beach at the south side of the harbor, opposite to Squan Beach. The dunes at this side are much more imposing than the northern ones. They rise along the coast, southward, for many miles, and between them and the inland hills a narrow, tortuous lagoon winding among the salt-marshes affords a landlocked channel navigable by sail-boats. Keeping on past the grave-yard, the road brings one into a tract of bare, rocky fields, broken by low granite hills and dotted with boulders. Willows abound here, shading the few farm-houses, leaning over the little streams, or standing on the borders of the little swampy valleys between the hills. A few beeches and maples were brilliant in gold and red, and a very few white pines and hemlocks opposed their dark foliage to these. There was gold in the rocks, too, it seemed, as well as waving over them. Some parties had started mining-operations, and every now and then a loud explosion, startling the half-wild cattle, testified that they were hard at work.

I met M—— again at Danvers, and in the midst of another rain-storm was taken to see Mr. Whittier, who resides in the neighborhood. The talk was of the old homestead at Haverhill and the changes it has undergone. He doubted if he should care to see it as it is. Yet when M—— showed him the sketch he had made he was greatly pleased. He expressed himself as fond of trees and scenery, not, like a painter, for their effect, but with a more special and intimate fondness. He likes to make pets of animals, too; and they know it. All the improvident squirrels in the vicinage come to scratch at his window-panes in winter for crumbs. His poorer neighbors, we found, regard him as their peculiar property, and the cynical ones among them, who believe society above their

own class to be composed of rogues, look upon him as the exception which from its singularity proves the rule. They feel, however, that, being so abnormal a person, his dictum in politics should not be too readily accepted. Speaking of General Butler's campaign for the governorship, which he was afraid would prove to be a successful one, the people of Massachusetts, he remarked, though in general the most quick-sighted in the Union, are particularly apt to be run away with by any novel form of political insanity. He instanced the havoc that Know-Nothingism had made in the State, and recalled the efforts which he and Emerson and others had made to check the progress of that movement. He thought the present endemic as causeless and absurd, but believed that it, too, would have to run its course.

In the village, also, Butler's chances were the most prominent subject of conversation. Our landlord at the Danvers House was a partisan of the general. He had been a ship-carpenter in the

Brooklyn Navy-Yard, and told numerous stories of Republican corruption even in the early days of comparative purity. He had seen a transport out of which, after a long voyage, the rotten wood was shovelled like snuff, leaving a shell so thin in some places that it might be broken by a tap of a hammer, and yet it was patched up and sent to sea again. He had known of lieutenants stealing copper bolts, of contractors getting paid for rotten material, of jobs in patent testing-machines, etc. The rascality was not confined to the officers of the yard. The employes were in no way behind them. Some of them, to spite the inspector who had to pass upon their work, planed off the marks which he had made where the outer sheathing of the vessel which they were repairing was unsound, and it left the port in that condition. All this to show that the country needed reform so badly that practical politicians like Mr. Butler, and not poets like Mr. Whittier, should be intrusted with the ordering of the job.

R. RIORDAN.

THE GERMAN ELEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE census of 1880 found in the United States 1,966,742 persons born in the German Empire. Adding to this number 38,663 who are natives of Austria, we have a total of a little over 2,000,000 of citizens born in German-speaking countries. This figure, however, by no means measures the full strength of our German population. To arrive at this we must take into account all the persons born in this country of German parents, because they are, to all intents and purposes, as much Germans as their immediate ancestors, speaking, as they do, the German language, and accustomed from infancy to German manners and ways of thought. The census returns warrant us in nearly doubling the number of the foreign-born to ascertain the number

having both parents of foreign birth. Applying this rule to the Germans, we arrive at the conclusion that this element of our kaleidoscopic population numbers at least 4,000,000 souls, without including the old German element, like that of Pennsylvania, the Mohawk Valley in New York, and Eastern Ohio, which must go back nearly a century to reach a foreign ancestry. Here, then, is a German population equal to that of a second-rate European power,—a population double that of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, and almost as great as that of the kingdom of Bavaria,—a population about as large as that of the State of New York. What part is this immense Teutonic element playing in the development of our national life? To what extent is it modifying our habits

and ideas? What is its influence upon our art, politics, manners, and religion? Is it destined to keep its identity, or to mingle with the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic elements and form a new, homogeneous American race? These are questions which have been hitherto much more discussed by the Germans themselves than by us. We have been content with the general notion that they are an industrious, orderly people, who add to our national wealth and keep out of our poor-houses and jails. We wish that they would not drink so much beer and would pay more regard to our American Sabbath; but, on the whole, we think well of them, and look without apprehension upon the rapid increase of their numbers. Now that we have settled the questions concerning the unity of the nation, the equal rights of citizens, the honest payment of the public debt, and the redemption of the paper currency, we shall soon have time to look more closely and with more interest to the structure and material of our composite population, and may begin to study the influences of the different race-stocks upon each other and upon our social life and political institutions. Literary material for such study is scarce, and in this paper on the German element I can only hope to present a few surface-facts, such as will, no doubt, already have come to the notice of most observant people who have travelled much in the United States and been brought much in contact with our German population. I know of no work on the subject in the English language. In German there are a few works, most of them local histories, which treat briefly in their prefaces of the general subject of the German immigration and the German-American population. The best among them is Friedrich Kapp's "History of the Germans in the State of New York" prior to the year 1800. There is also a recent publication of considerable merit, — Gustav Körner's "German Element in the United States, 1818-1848," — a book very rich in details as to the careers of prominent German immigrants, classified according to

the States of their residence, but lacking in general information.

The distribution of the German population in this country is a curious study. Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont are almost entirely free from this element; so is Central Massachusetts, and also the portion of that State lying southeast of Boston. Eastern Connecticut too has been skipped by the Germans; but in the western part of the State, in the manufacturing towns along the Connecticut and Housatonic Rivers, they are somewhat numerous. With the exception of this district, which is practically a dependence of New York City, the population of the whole of New England is almost destitute of a Teutonic admixture. Beginning at New Rochelle, there is a narrow belt of dense German settlement embracing New York City and extending across New Jersey to Philadelphia. In the interior of New York Germans are scarce, but in the western part of the State, at Buffalo, along the Niagara River, and on the Lake shore for twenty miles west of Buffalo, the country is full of them. Eastern Pennsylvania has a moderate quota, but at and around Erie they abound. In Ohio they constitute a large portion of the population of Cleveland, Toledo, Sandusky, and Cincinnati, and the country surrounding those cities. On both sides of the Ohio River, from Cincinnati to its mouth, they have many settlements; but the regions where they are most numerous in the West are Eastern Wisconsin for a distance of a hundred miles back from Lake Michigan, Chicago and its vicinity, the Mississippi Valley in Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri, the country for one hundred and fifty miles west of St. Louis, and the neighborhood of Kansas City, Leavenworth, and Omaha. In the South there is scarcely any German population worth taking into account, save in Western Texas, where there are several large and prosperous communities, and in the city of New Orleans. California has a moderate German population around the Bay of San Francisco. A noticeable feature of the German

settlement outside of the large cities is its preference for the vicinity of lakes and rivers. The shores of Lake Erie and Lake Michigan, and the banks of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri, are the favorite abodes of our rural German population. Perhaps the facility with which the grape can be cultivated had something to do with this choice of locality; but this could not have been the case with Wisconsin, which is a rather frigid and fruitless region. The charms of natural scenery are keenly appreciated by the German mind, and this characteristic may have led to their preference for the picturesque valleys of Western rivers and the shores of the Great Lakes.

The number of German-born inhabitants of the chief cities of the United States was found by the census of 1880 to be as follows: New York, 163,482; Chicago, 75,205; Philadelphia, 55,769; Brooklyn, 55,339; St. Louis, 54,901; Cincinnati, 46,157; Baltimore, 34,051; Milwaukee, 31,483; Buffalo, 25,543; Cleveland, 23,170; San Francisco, 19,928; Newark, 17,628; Louisville, 13,463. To the native German element in these cities we must, as I have shown before, add all the children born in this country of German parents. Making this addition, we shall find New York ranking after Berlin and Vienna as the third German city in the world, and Chicago, Philadelphia, and St. Louis coming close up to Frankfort, Hamburg, and Dresden. Boston, it will be seen, makes no figure in the above list. It is the only large city in the country where the Germans are not found in large numbers.

The Germans take an active part in our politics; but they are much less clannish than the Irish, and rarely vote in a body, unless it be to defeat a party or a party-leader responsible for some measure of legislation affecting their personal liberty. Two things they insist upon as a class which are contrary to the dominant opinion among the native American element,—the right to drink beer and wine in public places at all times, and the right to amuse them-

selves on Sunday in the ways they were accustomed to in their own country. Most of the hostile feeling which has arisen between them and the native population has grown out of differences on these two points. Beer and wine the German looks upon as good gifts of God, to be enjoyed in moderation for lightening the cares of life and adding to its pleasures; and Sunday afternoon is devoted, by all who do not belong to the stricter Protestant sects, to recreation. No party supporting a Prohibitory Liquor Law or a severe Sunday law can get the German vote. These two points aside, the Germans differ about as much on questions of State and national politics as do their native fellow-citizens. In some localities a large majority of them are Republicans; in others an equally large majority are Democrats; but there is everywhere a minority belonging to the opposite party. The influence of local circumstances or local leaders often controls the drift of opinion among them. In the East, as a rule, the Germans vote with the Democrats. In that section their political bias dates from a period when the foreign immigrant, of whatever race, found in the Democratic fold his natural shelter. The old German element in Pennsylvania is stubbornly Democratic. It got its set about 1830, when the land-policy of the Whigs looked to the sales of the government domain in large tracts, and that of the Democrats favored breaking it up into small parcels. This Pennsylvania Dutch element, so called, can scarcely be included, however, in the scope of the present paper, which aims to treat only of that portion of our population which is of German birth or born of German parents. The Pennsylvania Dutch can make almost as good a claim to being native Americans as can the New-England Yankees, for some of their ancestors came over in the early part of the last century. Their language is a corrupt *patois*, which a German can understand only in part and with great difficulty, and their customs are a curious mingling of those of the Rheingau two hundred years ago and

those acquired by their ancestors after their settlement of the finest districts between the Delaware and the Susquehanna.

In the Western States the Germans are for the most part Republicans. They emigrated after the revolution of 1848, and, finding the questions of the freedom of the Territories and the restriction of slavery paramount when they began to take part in our politics, they espoused the Republican side. The war confirmed their allegiance. It was slackened a good deal by General Grant's administration, and large bodies of them left the party in 1872; but the financial agitation of recent years brought most of these wanderers back again. It would probably not be far from the truth to say that two-thirds of the Germans west of the Alleghanies are Republicans, and two-thirds of those in the East Democrats. In the South the German element, which is small and almost wholly confined to the cities and large towns, acts pretty solidly with the Democratic party. The Germans take as much interest in current politics as the native Americans, and value the ballot rather more highly. The discussion of public questions in their newspapers shows as thorough a knowledge of our institutions and as high an order of thought as are exhibited in the party papers printed in the English language. In their ideas of government most of them go a little further than do our people of old American stock in the direction of applying authority for the benefit of the citizen in the regulation of transportation lines, sanitary conditions, the construction of buildings, etc. Yet they are great sticklers for the largest liberty of individual action. They would like to have railroads compelled to treat the public fairly, and builders forced to put up structures that will not prove death-traps, but they want no interference with the right of every man to dance on Sunday and drink beer all the week if he sees fit to do so.

The early emigration from Germany to America was profoundly religious in its character, and, as in the case of the New-England Puritans, received the im-

pulse which sent it across the sea from its desire for greater freedom of worship than was allowed in the Fatherland. The emigrants who settled in Pennsylvania and New York toward the close of the seventeenth and in the first part of the eighteenth century belonged to Protestant sects which were not recognized by the home governments, such as the Mennonites and Anabaptists. Later there came a stream of Lutherans and Reformers from the Pfalz, driven to emigrate by the destructive French wars. These people had the fervent piety of the Reformation in their blood, and transmitted it to their descendants, who form the powerful Lutheran and German-Reformed church organizations of the present day. The American Revolution, followed by the Napoleonic wars, interrupted for a generation the tide of German emigration to this country, and when it began again after 1818 it was industrial rather than religious in its character, and included a strong representation of the Catholic population of South Germany, as well as of the various Protestant sects of Prussia, Hanover, and the lesser Northern States. The revolution of 1848 brought us a new class of German settlers,—educated young men from the universities, full of enthusiasm for liberty and human progress, and imbued with all the philosophic scepticism of that period of intellectual unrest and upheaval. Since then the German mind at home has become saturated with rationalistic and materialistic ideas, and the Germans in this country, being in close sympathy with their kindred in the Old World and depending on the Fatherland for their literature, have shared in this movement away from the old faiths. It has not much affected the older element not of German birth or immediate German ancestry, like the Pennsylvania "Dutch" and their kindred in Ohio, Maryland, New York, and New Jersey, but nearly the entire body of late-comers, dating their American citizenship no further back than 1848, save the Catholics, are strongly influenced by it. The terms "mucker," "bigot," and "fanatic"

are freely applied by this element to all who believe in authoritative revealed religion. In their own faith they are for the most part advanced rationalists, tinged with a little with some form or other of the cloudy German philosophy which prevailed in the first half of the century, and which has lately been almost destroyed in Germany by pessimism. Such pious phrases as *Der liebe Gott*, *Unser Herr Gott*, and *Mein Gott im Himmel*, are constantly in their mouths; but if they have any belief in God it is only in a pantheistic sense. Still, they are not so aggressively irreligious as the French. The Teutonic mind, while speculative, is naturally reverent, and these German free-thinkers transfer their respect from a personal Providence to the impersonal laws of the universe. In spite of their lack of formulated religion, they hold strongly by the moral law, have high standards of the duties of the parental and filial relations, and are kind neighbors and good citizens.

Upon the social life of the country the Germans have exercised a more important influence than we of English ancestry can readily realize, unless our memories go back to a time before their presence was much felt. Probably we should in the end have got rid without their help of the old Puritanical idea that amusements of all sorts are devices of the devil, and that a sense of physical and mental enjoyment is essentially sinful; culture and progress would have brought us out of that dismal delusion; but the example of their hearty and harmless diversions helped us along rapidly. The sombre seriousness of the New-England ideal of life, which was reproduced in the Western Reserve of Ohio and to some extent in the whole belt of country peopled by the New-England element clear through to Iowa, has been modified by them to a marked degree. The austere Presbyterian, Methodist, or Congregationalist condemned the levity of "the Dutch," but his children looked with less prejudice upon their picnics, shooting-festivals, singing-societies, and other social gatherings, and, if they were not drawn

into them, the example was not lost upon them. The German notion that it is a good thing to have a good time has found a lodgment in the American mind. Except in isolated rural localities where the Teutonic immigration has not penetrated, there is no longer any such feeling about dancing, social games, and dramatic performances as was almost universal among respectable people thirty years ago.

Possibly we shall borrow also from the Germans something of their idea of the relations of husband and wife to correct our recent tendency to place woman at the head of the household and make man her servant. The American woman of the better classes has come to look upon her husband as a useful but rather inferior being, whose place in life is to work hard all day to get the money for her comfortable maintenance and devote himself to her entertainment in his leisure hours. She must have servants and nurses to relieve her from household and maternal cares, so that she may have time for calls and shopping; and if her husband does not think she has a right to enjoy herself while he is toiling for her support, she looks upon him as a brute. Not so the German woman. The husband is the bread-winner, and she gives him reverence and service as well as affection, expecting in return fidelity and devotion, but no sacrifices to her whims, her love of dress, or her fondness for society. She takes her full share of the burden of life, and in a hundred little ways shows that it is her pleasure to aid him in the struggle for existence. We may also borrow to our advantage something of the respect and obedience given in German households by the children to the parents. A little more deference to the opinions of elders, and a good deal more sense of obligation toward those who have brought them into the world and nourished and educated them, would be a good thing for our rampant, independent, self-sufficient American youths.

In their domestic habits our German fellow-citizens have probably borrowed more from their American neighbors

than they have given in return. Their pinching, paring economy yields somewhat to the influences of plenty and prosperity; the women imitate the cleanliness and order of American households, the men come to understand that they have no right to make other people breathe their tobacco-smoke, and the children readily adopt the language and manners of their American playmates. The fondness of the Germans for substantial things in food and furniture, their affectionate ways with the members of their households, their cordial sociability with friends, are characteristics of their home-life which we might well imitate, and no doubt do to some extent insensibly acquire from contact with them. To our tables they have added one inestimable article, — brown-bread; not the bran-bread known as "Graham," which is an American invention, harsh to the taste and irritating to the digestive organs, but the wholesome, nutritious "*Schwarzbrod*," made of a mixture of rye and wheat flour, which can now be had in every village where there is a German baker. They have given us many forms of the sausage that were unknown before they came, and which are far more digestible than the combination of chopped pork, pepper, and summer savory which used to be the only thing eaten here under that name. Many excellent varieties of cheese have also been introduced by them, and ways of cooking meat other than putting it into an oven or a frying-pan just as it comes from the butcher.

Their influence upon our drink has been far greater than upon our food. They have made us a beer-drinking nation. Within the memory of men of middle age, lager-beer was almost unknown in this country; now it is the national beverage. That the beer-drinking habit we have acquired from them is a good thing in itself I will not contend, though something might be said of the beneficial sedative influence of this decoction of hops and malt upon our excitable, over-active American temperament; but it is unquestionably a great improvement on the whiskey-drinking

habit it has replaced. If we must drink any stimulating fluid, beer is the best, except light wine; and we are only beginning to learn how to produce a good, sound, light-bodied wine like claret.

We are greatly indebted to the Germans for the advance we have made in the cultivation and appreciation of music during the past thirty years. They are our music-teachers, our band-masters, our orchestra-directors, and to a great extent our professional musicians. Our American element did not get much beyond simple, old-fashioned English songs, marches, dancing-tunes, and negro-melodies in its musical culture until the Germans spread themselves over the country and organized their orchestras, their "*Gesangvereine*," their "*Liedertafeln*," and their "*Männerchöre*." Opera, which a few years ago was a foreign exotic that could scarcely be kept alive outside of New York, now flourishes in every city, big and little, from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. Poor indeed in musical resources is now the town which does not possess a fair orchestra, and every village boasts a brass band. The quality of our music has improved as much as the quantity. Many educated people used to sneer at everything but the simplest melodies, and rather prided themselves on having no appreciation of operatic airs or fine orchestral pieces. To make a concert pass off successfully it was necessary for the soprano to sing "*Old Dog Tray*," or "*Way down upon the Swannee River*," or something else of the sort. Now no music that is well received in the most cultivated capitals of Europe fails of a ready welcome here. Of course the whole credit for this great change does not belong to the Germans, but a great deal of it certainly does. They are a musical people, and we are only just becoming one. They come of a musical ancestry, while our forefathers thought it worldly and sinful to sing anything besides psalm-tunes. We should realize forcibly how much of the music that cheers and brightens our life is furnished by the Germans if every man of Teutonic birth or parentage should suddenly "lay

down the fiddle and the bow." Such a strike would disable nearly every orchestra in the country.

The Germans support two excellent theatres in New York, with larger and better-trained companies than can be seen at most of the other houses. The performances at these theatres embrace in the course of a season a wide variety, ranging from opéra-bouffe and jolly little farces up to the plays of Shakespeare and Schiller. Modern comedies are given with a finish, balance of parts, and naturalness of acting very rarely seen on the American stage. The best actors and singers from the boards of Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, and Hamburg come over to see the New World and gather a harvest of dollars. Outside of New York the German drama is not well sustained. German plays and operas are given every winter in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Cleveland, and Buffalo; but the performances are intermittent, and the travelling stars (called "guests") must put up with a support organized from amateur local talent or drafted from the variety companies of the beer-halls.

In art the Germans have not accomplished much in this country; but in the artistic handicrafts, such as wall-painting, engraving, designing patterns, gold and silver work, bookbinding, etc., they have done a great deal. Upholstering, cabinet-making, and house-decoration are favorite trades with them, and, while they do not originate much that is graceful and tasteful, they are omnivorous copyists, and draw upon the whole world for their forms and color combinations, imitating a Pompeian wall, a French stuccoed ceiling, or a Flemish carved mantel, with equal facility. There is no trade, or occupation in which they are not represented; but there are some vocations which they almost monopolize. Wherever a bakery is found, the chance is about ten to one that a German runs it. Butchers and market-gardeners are pretty sure to betray a German origin. It is the same with tailors and watch-makers,—the latter coming chiefly from the German cantons of Switzerland.

The trade in fancy goods, toys, and "notions" is carried on principally by German Jews, and in many parts of the country this is also true of the trade in ready-made clothing. In certain lines the importing business, naturally enough, has fallen almost exclusively into German hands.

There is no such thing as a German-American literature; and there never will be, because the German language is destined to lose its hold upon the populations of Teutonic origin settled in this country. The few books published here in German—mainly issued by the religious publishing houses—cannot be said to constitute the beginnings of a literature. In every town containing a considerable German element there are, however, booksellers who keep on their shelves the German classics and the works of favorite novelists, and who receive from importing houses in New York all important new works appearing in Germany: so that the German-American need not be cut off from knowledge of, and sympathy with, the literary movements going on in the Fatherland. A prosperous and influential German press exists in the United States, numbering nearly three hundred periodicals. Nearly every large city in the Middle and Western States has one or more German daily newspapers. Some of these, such as the New York *Staats-Zeitung*, the Philadelphia *Demokrat*, the Baltimore *Correspondent*, the Cincinnati *Volksblatt*, the Chicago *Staats-Zeitung*, and the St. Louis *Westliche Post*, compare well for size and ability with the principal American dailies, and surpass, in enterprise and in the amount of news they print, the leading dailies of Berlin, Hamburg, and the other German cities. In their tone they are thoroughly American. They are ardent admirers of the best features of our political system, sharp critics of its shortcomings, and steadfast champions of public order and personal liberty. Their influence in our public affairs is unquestionably a wholesome one. In their editorial writing they discuss questions rather more at length than is the custom

of the American journals, and with rather more effort at literary style and finish. German weeklies devoted to news and politics, and made upon the model of our country weeklies, are numerous in the West and in Eastern Pennsylvania. Several excellent weekly and monthly publications, devoted to stories, sketches, and poems, are issued in New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis; and there is in New York a German comic weekly,—*Puck*,—which prints an English edition that is well known to most American readers.

The destiny of the German element in America has long been a theme for argument and speculation among the more cultivated and thoughtful representatives of that element. Naturally, the great mass of peasants and handicraftsmen who have come to our shores are content with their improved condition, and do not trouble themselves with ethnological or philological problems; but in the German newspapers and the German clubs which are found in all our principal cities the questions, Will the Teutonic race lose its identity in the New World? and, Will its language become extinct here? are often discussed with much feeling and interest. After the great immigration which followed the revolutionary upheaval of 1848, and included a large number of men of superior education and exceptional intellectual force, the idea of a new Germany in America flourished for a time. It was hoped that one or two of the Western States would be almost wholly peopled by German settlers, that German cities and towns would spring up, German universities be established, a German literature developed,—in a word, that the German race would accomplish there what the English race accomplished in New England two centuries ago. Wisconsin, Missouri, and Illinois were the States usually selected as the field for the realization of this ambitious dream of planting German culture in a fresh soil and engrafting upon it American liberty. The idea was a noble one, but it did not take account of two insurmountable obstacles,—the eager, in-

domitable enterprise of the Anglo-Saxon race, which pushed its pioneer columns out into the West in advance of the German settlement, and the lack of practical, persistent patriotism and unity in the Teutonic stock. Germany was not united then, and the people who came from Prussia, Bavaria, Hanover, and the score of petty principalities, had no bond of union save their language. It is a curious fact that although the Germans are an emigrating people and have spread over the four portions of the globe, making themselves as much at home in Australia as in America, they have nowhere founded a colony or built up an independent state. They swarm like the bees, but it is to make honey in other hives already established, and not to found separate communities of their own. If there were a large unoccupied area somewhere on the earth's surface, with a favorable climate, it would perhaps be possible now, with a powerful Germany to nurture and defend a colony, to build up a new Teutonic state; but there is no such place, and there will, consequently, never be a second great German-speaking nation. The hope that a new free Germany could be developed in America was long ago abandoned as visionary; and those who used strenuously to contend for it now see that it is the fate of their race to be absorbed in the older Anglo-Saxon element and thus to contribute toward the formation of the future American race. There is no reason why they should regret this manifest destiny. We of English stock do not mourn that we are no longer English save in speech. We are proud to be Americans; and this is the feeling which will soon take the place of the German spirit among our Teutonic fellow-citizens.

Their language is a tender point with them, however. They see that it can be kept alive only by a continual struggle, and so they make sacrifices to keep up German schools, churches, and newspapers, and make constant appeals to each other not to let the *gemüthliche Sprache* of the dear Fatherland die out in America. But, in spite of all these

efforts, it will die out in the course of the next century. No people speaks two languages. Either English or German must give way here. If the struggle for existence were an even one,—if the German were spoken by as many people in the United States as the English,—the latter would certainly win the victory in the end, because it is simpler, more direct, more forcible, and more cosmopolitan. It borrows from all languages, while keeping its sound and fruitful Anglo-Saxon kernel. The German is richer in many respects, and is equally well adapted for poetry and oratory, but it is cumbersome and complex in its grammatical forms, vastly more difficult to speak correctly, and not adapted to the needs of a quick, vivacious, and energetic race. The children of German immigrants quickly learn English, and show such a decided preference for it that they can with difficulty be got to speak their mother-tongue with their parents. They choose instinctively the language in which they can get their thoughts into words with most ease.

I cannot better close this article than by translating from the chapter which Friedrich Kapp added to the last edition of his "*Geschichte der Deutschen im Staate New York*" a few paragraphs on the question of the destiny of the German element in this country,—a chapter abounding in keen insight and sound judgment. He says, "The two related Germanic stems, the Anglo-Saxon and the German, after a separation of five hundred years, meet upon the American continent and unite in laboring for the extension of the domain of freedom. The German contributes his rich intellectual and social life to the elements of culture which freely unite upon the soil of the New World to develop a higher civilization. There is still need upon the vast territory of the United States for a united struggle against the rudeness of nature,—the battle of civilization against rawness. Here is room for all,—for every honorable effort, for every

thoughtful brain, for every industrious arm; for the task will not be accomplished by one pushing another aside, but rather by every one standing in line and struggling with all his strength toward the high goal. Therefore the good of the German settlers does not lie in separation from the elements of American culture, nor in fantastic dreams of founding a German state in America,—a German Utopia. Not on one side of the road, but in the midst of the life and effort of their American fellow-citizens, is a successful and happy career marked out for them. A German nation in the American nation they cannot be; but the rich fruits of their genial social life and the treasures of their world of thought they can throw into the scales in the battle for the political and general interests of humanity, and their influence will go the deeper and win for them the greater field the less they follow a peculiar national tendency and the more firmly they hold at the same time to whatever of great and beautiful Germany has given to the world. Every German has, therefore, to take care in his own circle that the end is not lost sight of in the means, the ideal in the real, the enjoyment in the labor, the beautiful in the useful: he must beware lest humanity loses itself in the cross-currents of so many great movements. If the German element understands its position in this way, it will allow the excellencies of the American character to work upon it and aid it. It will imitate the energy and activity of the Americans, and will seek to appropriate to itself their healthy materialism and upright manliness, their adaptability to circumstances and their political good sense, so strikingly contrasting with German dogmatism and fault-finding. As soon as the German and American minds are united in this sense, the absorption of the distinctive German element in the American element will give no cause for sorrow, for it will prove an intellectual resurrection."

E. V. SMALLEY.

AN EVERY-DAY AFFAIR.

ONE bright winter afternoon, Mr. Floyd Gwynne, of the State Department, entered his room, one of a fine suite in a fashionable house, with rather more than his customary easy and well-pleased air. There were obvious enough reasons for his evident satisfaction with himself. In the first place, he was young, sound of body, and as handsome as a man can afford to be, possessing an athletic figure, a well-placed blond head, and agreeable features. Then he was well dressed, and, to judge from his surroundings, in a position to gratify the elegant whims of a young bachelor to a pleasing extent. There were other and more immediate reasons. The red rose held between his white teeth so airily was one from a huge basket of its peers which he had just despatched (at the cost of a day's salary) to Miss Hilda Van Oppen, in whose charming society he also expected to pass the evening. He had been favored with a glimpse of that regnant beauty on the avenue a half-hour previously, —only a glimpse, but an alluring one. She had smiled at him from the window of her coupé in a way to dazzle an older and more experienced man, and she had uttered a word—"To-night"—which had all the potency of a spell or a command. Its influence was still upon him.

The red window-shades were down, and a rosy glow filled the room, giving richness to the commonest objects and investing the many pretty articles of use and ornament which filled every available point with a splendor not their own. Even Gwynne was struck by it, and stopped to enjoy the effect. It reminded him of Miss Van Oppen's own little parlor behind the great drawing-room, where, sometimes in the society of a few of the elect, but oftener with herself alone, he had passed many evenings during the past three months. It gave him a little thrill now to think of that

room, with its ruby-tinted shades and fire-light and sumptuous furnishings, and the dark-browed girl, with her low laughter and soft contralto songs of tender significance.

He stepped forward to get a nearer view of the last photograph of himself, much glorified just now by the intense light, and as he did so the red rose dropped from his lips to the floor, for conspicuously placed upon the mantel was a square envelope bearing his name, written in a pretty, feminine hand which was by no means an unfamiliar one.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Gwynne, biting his under lip, and, tearing the envelope open with a gesture savoring of impatience, he read the following little missive:

"DEAR FLOYD,—Professor Steiner has sent me tickets for 'The Messiah' to-night. Come early and go with us.

"As ever, yours,
"M. J."

With a deep sigh of despair he threw the note from him and began walking the floor, turning his back on Truth and objugating Fate, as men are apt to do when they find themselves entangled in a mesh contrived by their own vanities and passions.

Then followed a quarter of an hour spent in revolving plans of escape. At last he succeeded in effecting a compromise with conscience which he acknowledged to himself, not being quite hardened, was a mean and unworthy one. He could not forego the evening he had promised himself, not even for the sake of his promised wife; but he would start early and spend an hour in her society before going to Senator Van Oppen's. Margie would excuse him, as she had done many times before. She was always reasonable and forgiving.

This plan he carried out faithfully, even stopping on his way at a florist's

to procure some of the fragrant violets Margie was so fond of. Yet, even with these allies at hand, it was not without misgivings that he mounted the steps of Mrs. Joyce's residence.

It was a plain old brick house in a quiet street. It had been built and furnished by Margie's grandfather, a distinguished jurist, for the reception of his bride, and had remained almost unchanged up to the present day. Margie's mother, a little old-school lady, would have resented scornfully any effort at ousting her household idols, and no one had ever dreamed of doing so. The wall-paper, carpets, and furniture of the large square parlors were obsolete and ugly; the pictures, some of them good ones, were ruined by execrable framing and bad hanging; there were pencil-drawings of the weakest description, and mouldering wax flowers and fruit dating from Mrs. Joyce's girlhood; and there were two large shells, one at each corner of the hearth-rug, where a couchant lion glared at Gwynne with a faded air of ferocity as he entered and took his place by the ugly iron stove.

There had been a time when these very rooms had impressed Gwynne with a sense of elegance and high tone. The portraits of Margie's ancestors, who had been hand in glove with the great families of their day, had inspired him with profound respect. It had pleased him immensely to trace Margie's features in those of her turbaned ancestress, a noted belle half a century back. Misfortune had overtaken the family, and when Margie's father died little remained but the old homestead, whose upper rooms were profaned by lodgers now. But, though poor, there was a refinement in their way of living which had hidden its meagreness from Gwynne's unsophisticated eyes.

That was in those early days when, a crude but aspiring youth, he had found himself assigned a position in the United States Treasury. What a glorious vista had stretched itself before him at that period of his existence! How long ago seemed that time and all it had contained! He felt a good deal ashamed

of the provincial youth, with his innocent dreams of advancement, his doubtful taste in neckties, and his profound ignorance of the German. He had set himself diligently to work to change all that, and society had recognized his efforts and bestowed upon him the doubtful favors lavished upon handsome young men of pleasing address.

He smiled half contemptuously as he looked around these shabby rooms; yet he could not forget that he had passed many happy hours there, and he was not quite sure that he wanted to forget them.

Margie was a long time coming. He took an impatient step or two and stumbled over one of the obnoxious shells, which he immediately consigned to perdition. He resolved to speak to Margie about them and suggest having the pictures hung lower. There was a quick step in the hall, and Margie came in,—a fine, clear-skinned girl, with a charming figure and a sweet, ringing voice. "I kept you waiting, Floyd," she said, giving him her hand in a natural way. "I thought I should be ready, and—" She stopped suddenly, looking from his confused face to the evening-dress visible beneath his open ulster.

"I am awfully sorry," he began, stumbling over the words. "I had an engagement for this evening. I thought I mentioned it Sunday."

"No, you did not mention it." She spoke very quietly, looking at him with large limpid eyes, about which was no trick or glamour. There was something overpowering in their clearness and directness.

Gwynne turned his own away uneasily, only to encounter the same penetrating, judicial gaze from the painted eyes of her father's portrait on the opposite wall. This was even more disconcerting, and he turned again to her. "I am sorry to have you lose the concert," he began.

"I shall not lose it," she said quietly. "I should not mind so much for myself; but I should not like mamma to miss it."

"No," Gwynne hastened to say; "there is really no need. Many ladies

in the first society go to such places without an escort."

"I dare say," with a curl of the lip.

"I will take you to the hall," stammered Gwynne.

"No, thanks. I shall take Don."

Don being her brother, a stormy youth of fourteen, Gwynne found nothing to say against it. In the silence which fell upon them he happily remembered the violets, and, taking them from the mantel, held them toward her.

"Oh, thanks," she said, a gleam like laughter in her eyes. "If you are quite sure you did not mean them for—some one else."

Gwynne was not quite sure whether he was most relieved or annoyed by her mocking air. "I never give violets to any one but you, Margie," he said, taking her hand and drawing her to him. He fancied that her fingers trembled a little in his, and the laughter faded suddenly from her face, which was bent over the violets. "I—I have disappointed you a good deal, haven't I?" he said tenderly.

She gave him a long look before answering. "Disappointed me?" she repeated. "Yes, Floyd, you *have* disappointed me very, very much." Her voice broke a little, and she turned and walked down the room.

Gwynne would have liked to follow her, to be tender and penitent, but he was always a little in awe of Margie in her serious moods, and she was very serious now. So he only stood and watched her as she walked away from him with drooping head. But, to his great surprise, she turned suddenly, her face breaking into smiles. "A quarter to eight," she said, pointing to the clock. "We must go. Go to your halls of dazzling light, Floyd, and don't disturb yourself. I have forgiven you."

"And can I see you to-morrow night, early?" asked Gwynne, immensely relieved.

He took her hands and pressed them tenderly as she said, after a moment's hesitation, "Yes."

He seldom ventured on warmer demonstrations, and to-night would as soon have thought of embracing the portrait

of her stately ancestress yonder. Yet she had never looked sweeter than just at that moment of parting, with the arch tender look in her face. He said this over and over after he had reached the street.

It was still rather early to go to the Van Oppens', and somehow he was no longer so feverishly anxious to get there. He lit a cigar, and, after strolling the streets awhile, found a seat in a retired corner of the park upon which the Van Oppen residence fronted. It was dark and quiet there. The evening was mild as a spring evening. The stars shone solemnly down, and little murmurs like the whisperings of conscience stirred the shrubbery about him.

Gwynne was ill at ease. He liked to be thought well of and to think well of himself. He believed that he hated everything savoring of baseness and treachery, yet he could not beat back the importunate suggestion of his better nature that he was on the very verge of both.

What had happened to him since that not very remote time when marriage with the girl he loved had seemed to him the one thing worth striving for? By what spell had that word come to mean everything commonplace and unpleasant,—self-abnegation, sordid cares, social obscurity,—all those things for which he knew he was not prepared? He recalled the fate of friends of his, department clerks like himself, gay society fellows, who had married and dropped into the obscurity he dreaded, or worse. There was Mitchell, whose social successes he had so envied. He had married, lost his position, and put a bullet through his head, poor cowardly devil! at last. He saw the pale little widow creeping in and out of the Treasury to her work almost daily. There was Dexter, gayest and most elegant of all, upon whom Gwynne had actually formed himself: he had met him on the avenue only a day or two before, in a seedy overcoat, and with a toy-balloon on his finger, which he triumphantly exhibited as a birthday offering to his youngest boy. Gwynne shuddered at the thought. Yet he remembered having envied him at

one time—not so long ago—his bijou house and pretty wife.

A street band across the square began playing at this moment a discordant version of "Home, Sweet Home." Gwynne smiled bitterly as he recognized the tune, and, rising with a shiver, he followed the roll of the carriages to Senator Van Oppen's door.

He looked a little abstracted as he entered the drawing-room, already filled by a distinguished and brilliant company,—a trifle elderly and staid, most of them, the evening being Senator Van Oppen's own, and he being somewhat given to scientific pursuits.

Gwynne paid his respects briefly to his host and the widowed sister, Mrs. Culver, who assisted in receiving the guests, *vice* Mrs. Van Oppen, deceased. His eyes sought another figure, and found it.

Miss Van Oppen was standing in a distant corner, surrounded, as always, by the younger men and women present. She wore a dress of black velvet severely simple in cut. Her ivory-tinted face rose from a mass of snowy *crêpe*; her dark hair was brought far forward on her head in a rich mass. She carried a scarlet fan, and Gwynne's roses were in her belt.

At sight of her the abstracted look melted from Gwynne's face like frost before fire. At a leap his mind detached itself from the thoughts which had possessed it. He made his way toward her as directly as he could. Her face was half averted from him, and she was talking in her rapid, half-ironical manner.

"Speaking of marriages," she was saying as he came near, "some of you remember Dexter,—Frank Dexter? Certainly! You remember he was married, and vanished into thin air apparently. At all events, I have never seen him since, until yesterday I met him in Lafayette Square. He was—pushing a perambulator!"

There was a ripple of laughter at this. Miss Van Oppen did not laugh, but frowned herself with a serious air.

"How did *he* bear the shock?" asked one of the young men.

"Wonderfully! He has grown very stout. His boots were dreadful. He fairly beamed with parental rapture! I think he expected me to stop and admire the infant."

"And you did not?"

"I did not! But, seriously, it pained me to see how he had deteriorated. I missed Dexter very much, though it was my first season and I had not known him long. He had a positive genius for putting on one's wraps, and he led the german like an angel!"

She bent her calm, audacious face over her roses, and when she looked up Gwynne was standing before her. She gave him a quick, inquiring glance, and a little color stole into her cheek. Had he heard what she had been saying? His face was disturbed, and his voice sounded constrained, as he spoke.

"How late you are!" she said, giving him her hand with an upward sweep of her wonderful dark eyes. "Nearly all the young men are late. I don't wonder," she went on, dropping her voice into a confidential tone, unnecessary, as the group had melted at Gwynne's approach, but very pleasant. "I don't wonder. Papa's *penchant* for archæology is awfully tiresome. To-night, for instance, we are to be regaled with a paper from Professor Pecus, the gentleman who has recently seen the Trojan discoveries,—if they *are* Trojan, which some regard as doubtful. I am told papa thinks that most of the ills of humanity will vanish when a proper knowledge of the size and weight of Agamemnon's helmet has been thoroughly disseminated. Fortunately, papa is almost as fond of music as of mummies, and, as he leaves that to me, you will hear something good."

"Shall you sing?" asked Gwynne, whose pale-blue eyes had been fastened on her face with a steady fire in them as she spoke.

She shook her head slowly.

"You know I never sing for more than one or two; and one is better than two," with a low laugh. "I have a new song. You must come and hear it soon."

"Whenever you tell me to come," said Gwynne, with the same look.

She seemed a little uneasy under his gaze, and held her fan before her face an instant.

"There are celebrities here to-night," she said presently, taking it down.

"There are celebrities wherever one goes," Gwynne said, becoming conscious of his persistent gaze, and changing his manner. "I have adopted the rule of regarding every stranger I meet as a celebrity until he has proved himself otherwise."

"A very good idea!" Miss Van Oppen said, smiling. "A very safe rule to go on. Now, you would never suspect that modest-looking young man yonder of being the hero of a terrible Indian fight; but he is. Don't mention it to him if you happen to meet him; he is quite sensitive on the subject. That gorgeous little woman with the arms is Mrs. Longby, the authoress."

"And that gentleman?" inquired Gwynne, indicating a large, handsome man who was being warmly welcomed by the host. "Who is that? Another celebrity?"

"Why,"—with a curious incredulous delight dawning in her face,—*"why, that is papa's old friend, General Hillman. He was at Newport last summer when we were there. He is—"*

But her father and the gentleman in question were approaching the spot, and Miss Van Oppen stepped forward to receive him with every sign of pleasure.

Gwynne, feeling himself virtually dismissed, retired behind a large easel, from which coigne of vantage he could scrutinize the new-comer unobserved.

A handsome man, as has been said, whose unquestionably military carriage was slightly impaired by lameness. He might have been fifty years old, but not a streak of silver was to be seen in his crisp chestnut locks, and his blue eyes held all the fire of youth. He had an agreeable smile, and he seemed very much alive to Miss Van Oppen's beauty.

Meanwhile, that well-bred scramble for seats which always precedes the

reading of "a paper" had begun, and, Gwynne's corner being invaded, he found himself forced to change his position, and succeeded in finding standing-room against an open door. His spirits had suffered another change. He was not interested in the proceedings. Professor Pecus was a small moth-eaten-looking man, with a dazed expression as if just roused from a nap of several thousand years. His essay was learned, but his manner of delivery was unfortunate. The string-music was good, though too classical for Gwynne's taste, and he thought he had never heard Cavadish, the fashionable tenor, sing so out of tune. He was not rendered more comfortable by the sight of Pomroy and Gilson, and other young men of his set, who were having a good deal of quiet fun in the bay-window opposite in company with the only attractive girls (Miss Van Oppen excepted) in the room.

"Papa's old friend," he reflected savagely, "seems to be enjoying *himself* amazingly for a man of his age!"

In truth, General Hillman was very much at his ease. "Who is our handsome young friend with the superior air?" he asked, as a particularly dark look from Gwynne drew his attention.

"If you mean the young man who was talking with me when you came in," answered Miss Van Oppen composedly, "he is Mr. Gwynne."

"And *what*, may I ask, is Mr. Gwynne?"

"Why, he is just Mr. Gwynne,—Mr. Floyd Gwynne,—of the State Department."

"Ah! I understand. One of those social ornaments who devote their leisure hours to the service of their country. I have heard of the type."

"I shall not encourage you in making sarcastic speeches about Mr. Gwynne," said the young woman, smiling a little. "I am very fond of him."

"Ah! And is he aware of it?"

Miss Van Oppen raised her dark brows.

"I—hope so," she said. "Why do you ask?"

"I could not reconcile the fact with

his melancholy. A young man so richly favored ought to radiate happiness."

"Mr. Gwynne does not care for such entertainments," Miss Van Oppen said, laughing carelessly. "He is frightfully bored, no doubt."

"And I was the miscreant who drove him from your side! How he must loathe me!"

Miss Van Oppen busied herself with her roses, one of which fell from her belt, and Gwynne saw the gallant general raise it and keep it in his hand, with some remark which sent the color to the young woman's cheek.

It was all very different from what Gwynne had anticipated. He was thankful when the music was over, and people began streaming into the dining-room, Miss Van Oppen herself presently, on the general's arm.

"I hope any lingering doubts you may have entertained as to Agamemnon have been effectually dispelled," she said, smiling back at him over her shoulder.

Gwynne answered in some commonplace words,—he was never very ready,—and turned his attention to a party of elderly ladies who seemed to have been overlooked by everybody, and in their evident appreciation of his gallantry found some balm for his wounded spirit. It was not until the guests were departing that he found the opportunity for which he had waited and watched with a kind of resentful determination.

Returning from having escorted a party of ladies to their carriage, he saw Miss Van Oppen standing by her aunt. Both her father and General Hillman had disappeared from the scene. He approached with the intention of making his adieux briefly as possible, but this resolve was immediately swept aside by a glance from under those long-fringed lids.

"I have not thanked you for the beautiful roses," she said, in the familiar tone she chose with him.

"It was enough to see you wear them," Gwynne said. "They looked well—from a distance!"

She gave him a reproachful look.

"You have not been enjoying your-

self, I am afraid," she said. "Why did you not devote yourself to some of those nice girls?"

"What nice girls? Were there any nice girls here?"

Miss Van Oppen laughed softly.

"You are very stubborn! But I am sorry you had a dull time. You must not blame me. I had to be nice to papa's old friend, you know!"

"Papa's old friend seemed to be appreciative of your efforts," said Gwynne, half laughing.

She smiled back at him with perfect *insouciance*. "It was stupid this evening!" she said, dropping her voice. "We will make amends for this at the Paduasoy's ball to-morrow night. I shall put you down for as many dances as I choose," she added, with the calm audacity of acknowledged beauty.

"Write my name across the entire programme, if you wish to render me perfectly happy!"

"Now, that was like yourself, Mr. Gwynne!" she returned, with a dazzling smile.

On the whole, Gwynne went away with a lighter heart. He could even afford to smile as he saw the honorable senator and his old friend through the open door of the library making themselves merry over cigar and glass.

On reaching his desk next morning a little late, Gwynne found awaiting him several letters worded with the unpleasant candor of the impatient creditor with whom the stage of gentle insinuation and vague threat has passed. He had received others of the same description of late. He thrust these into his pocket with a scowling brow. Something must be done,—that was clear,—but not to-day; to-morrow, perhaps. What that something should be was a question with which his mind refused to grapple, all the ordinary resources of the reckless and imprudent having been exhausted. And Fate held still another barbed shaft in store for him.

While strolling along the avenue after office-hours, he perceived two mounted figures careering up the broad sunlit street at a pace which attracted every

eye. They were Miss Van Oppen and General Hillman, both splendidly mounted, and the latter looking in that position twenty years younger than he really was. This sight, and the free conjectures of a party of men who were walking just ahead of him and appeared to be thoroughly well posted as to the person and history of both, did not increase Gwynne's serenity of mind.

He was in no mood for an interview with Margie Joyce; but he went to her nevertheless, and was received as if no recollection of the previous evening lingered in her mind. She made no comments upon his abstracted manner, and was herself rather excessively animated for her. Gwynne wondered at this. How should he know that, with a woman's quickness of intuition, she had divined his mental state of unrest, and, regardless of its cause, was endeavoring, with true feminine tact and tenderness, to bring him out of himself?

Once only a tiny shaft of feminine revenge escaped her lips. The concert had been very fine, she said. It had been an evening of perfect enjoyment.

"Then," said Gwynne inanely, "you did not miss me."

She looked at him with laughter-brimming eyes.

"It is the divine mission of music," she said, "to make us forget our trials!" and then, laughing outright, she put her hand on his lightly and added, "That was very malicious of me, Floyd! Why don't you retort?"

Gwynne broke into a short laugh himself.

"It was a perfectly imbecile speech," he said. "I deserved to be punished for it."

Truth to tell, he felt that he was escaping easily. He went away at an early hour, saying nothing of any other engagement. Margie encouraged his going.

"You look tired and ill," she said innocently. "Go home, and take care of yourself."

Her sweet unconscious smile followed him, increasing his bitter consciousness of the despicable part he was playing.

He thrust himself into his dress-coat with a reckless determination to get something out of the night to offset the day's vexations. To-morrow those unpleasant letters must be answered, and heaven only knew what other experiences of a galling nature were in store for him. Meanwhile, he would eat, drink, and be merry for one night more.

The Paduasoy balls were on a magnificent scale, as were the Paduasoy themselves and everything that pertained to them. It was understood that their history presented some curious matrimonial, not to mention financial, complications; but no one in Washington permitted such knowledge to detract from their enjoyment of the Paduasoy entertainments. Nowhere were more notable people to be met with, nowhere so much splendor and beauty. The ball-room was the largest in the city. Naturally, young men of Gwynne's address were especially welcome. Consequently he found himself warmly welcomed not only by his imposing host and hostess, but even more effusively by a score of lovely girls.

Miss Van Oppen had just entered, chaperoned by her aunt. Mr. Van Oppen was not present. He was having a quiet evening with his old friend General Hillman.

Gwynne thought he had never seen her so superbly beautiful. She wore a dress of pale-yellow silk draped with much yellow lace, cut away from the bust, and quite sleeveless. Her skin, in contrast with her dark hair and eyes and vivid lips, was dazzlingly white; and the slender roundness of very early youth lingered about her graceful figure. A trifle more of flesh or color, and the effect would have been impaired; as it was, it was perfect.

When Gwynne found himself on the floor of the ball-room, he remembered the past as a baleful dream. There were no importunate creditors, no rivals with a background of wealth and distinction; above all, there were no limitations to his own freedom. There were only himself, and this beautiful dark-browed girl, with

her impassioned face smiling into his, and this gorgeous throbbing world of light and color and sound, through which they were whirling.

"You dance madly!" he whispered to her toward the close of the german. "One would think it was your last dance."

"It might be," she said, laughing recklessly, and a few seconds later she said, "Take me over to that little room yonder; I feel dizzy; but do not stop waltzing."

Gwynne whirled her dexterously toward the room indicated. They entered it, and found themselves alone. Miss Van Oppen dropped into a chair, closing her eyes, and letting her long bare arms hang listlessly at her side.

"You are ill!" Gwynne said, in alarm. "What can I do? Shall I go for Mrs. Culver?"

Miss Van Oppen's lip curled. "No, thanks! I am not ill; and if I were I should not want Aunt Virginia. I am only tired. It is my fifth season, remember, and I dare say these are the first signs of decrepitude."

Gwynne was somehow stung by the lightness of her words. He made no reply.

"Why do you not say something nice?" she asked, giving him a side-glance. "Any other man would."

"General Hillman, for instance," said Gwynne, a spark of anger or passion in his eyes, "would use his opportunities better!"

Miss Van Oppen opened her eyes fully, and looked at him.

"Yes," she said finally, drawing her fan across her palm with a measured movement. "Yes, General Hillman is by no means dull, I assure you. Young men are apt to laugh at elderly men. It is a great mistake. They often understand us better than younger men. That," with a little smile, "is their compensation."

"There are other compensations in General Hillman's case," said Gwynne.

"Such as—?"

"Silver-mines," completed Gwynne.

Miss Van Oppen smiled with perfect

candor. "Yes," she said. "That would compensate for a good deal."

"Why not say for everything?" Gwynne retorted almost savagely.

"Because," quite calmly, "I am not prepared to say that. It would not compensate for a man's being a fool or a villain, I think."

"You speak doubtfully."

The girl shrugged her graceful shoulders: "It takes so much to make one happy."

"Love in a cottage, for instance, would not come within the range of your possibilities."

She looked at him as if half inclined to resent the brusqueness of his tone, but took a different turn. "Nor yours either," she said carelessly, "unless it were a cottage at Newport or Long Branch; and then there would be the winters, you know."

She had pulled off one long glove, and was turning a ring upon her finger—a ring Gwynne had never seen before—as if absorbed in the sparks it emitted, and she began humming the waltz which still throbbed on and on in the ball-room.

"May I ask you something?" said Gwynne at last.

"A man can always *ask*," she answered half defiantly.

"I want to suppose a case. Suppose that a poor, obscure fellow had dared to love you, and suppose—only suppose, you know—that you had loved him,—of course *that* is impossible, but *suppose* it were not,—would you marry him?"

Miss Van Oppen turned the ring slowly in silence for some time. "There was a time," she said at length, without raising her eyes, "there was a time when I might have been capable of such an act of—feeling. I think I had quite a romantic turn at one time. But," shaking her head and smiling, "I am four-and-twenty now, and I know myself better. I think it possible that I might die for a man I—really cared for,—that is, if it were necessary to his happiness, and if I could have a choice of deaths,—something quick and painless. But poverty? Never! Why, I spend two

thousand dollars a year upon myself now, and I don't have a tenth part of what I consider essential, positively *essential*, to existence." She rose and shook out her skirts coquettishly. "Come," she said, touching his arm, for he stood gazing moodily downward. "Come. That is too weighty a subject for ball-room discussion. I am cold. The music has stopped, too. Help me find my long-suffering aunt."

"When shall I see you again?" he asked, detaining her with a resolution which seemed to startle her, for her face changed suddenly.

"To-morrow," she said, trying to withdraw her hand. "Any time. As usual,—that is," with a change of tone, "if nothing happens."

"What should happen?" he persisted, bringing his face down to hers.

She moved nervously from him, smiling, yet with a little tremulousness of the lips.

"What *should* happen?" he repeated. "What can happen?"

"Who knows?" she said, ceasing her effort to withdraw, and speaking slowly in a far-away-sounding voice. "Things are always happening. I might die, you know, or even worse."

He felt her hand tremble against his side, where he held it closely. A rush of feelings he did not stop to consider overcame him. He drew her back into the shade of the *portière*. She seemed to have lost power or desire to resist. He stooped, and would have kissed her lips, but she gathered herself suddenly together, and, laying her other hand against his breast, pushed him gently from her. "I am very angry," she murmured, in a tone as sweet as if she had said, "I love you."

And then a sharp voice smote upon their ears and cut them asunder,—the voice of Mrs. Culver, who, with her arms full of wraps, had entered the little room and was gazing at that portion of her niece's drapery visible with considerable anxiety. "Well, Hilda! If you haven't taken cold *now*, standing by a window after all that dancing, and not a sign of a wrap, I'll never guess again."

For once, Miss Van Oppen had nothing to say. She followed her aunt silently. But as Gwynne handed the ladies to their carriage, a quarter of an hour later, he would have sworn that her cool, soft fingers pressed his hot palm; and the lingering sweetness of the look she gave him kept him rooted to the spot long after the carriage had rolled away.

If he had been less absorbed, it would not have escaped his notice that his fellow-clerks eyed him with uncommon interest during the next day, nor would he have failed to perceive an unusual peremptoriness in the manner of his urbane *chef*; but he saw and felt nothing. To get through the day somehow and reach that hour which was awaiting him, an hour that, after what had occurred the night before, could be like none that had preceded, was his one absorbing thought. In the midst of this babel of passionate suggestions the small accusatory voice within him had but small chance of being heard, or, when it caught his ears, was silenced by a fresh tumult.

When the early winter night descended, he went to the Van Oppen residence with eager feet. The great house wore a look of unwonted reserve. Only one window in the third story was faintly lighted.

He rang the bell nervously, and was informed that Miss Van Oppen was not well enough to see any one. This commonplace occurrence assumed for him great significance.

"I reckon you kin see Mis' Culver," suggested the servant in response to his blank gaze.

But Gwynne did not wish to see Mrs. Culver. He returned to his room, and, after various vain devices to distract his mind from a crowd of importunate thoughts, shut himself into darkness and fell into unrefreshing sleep.

The next day was Sunday, and among the important items which adorned the columns of the *Morning News* were two of special interest. The one informed the public of the illness of one of "society's most brilliant luminaries;" the

other, that that distinguished hero and great capitalist, General Napoleon Hillman, would be absent for a few days from the Capital.

Every evening Gwynne inquired at the senator's door for Miss Van Oppen's health, several times accompanying the inquiry with the rarest flowers procurable. Once, when a week had passed, he sent with the flowers a brief note, conventional enough in tone, by which means he hoped to establish some slight communication between himself and the girl whose face continued to haunt him with the look it wore as it shone from its white wrappings like stars through mist.

He was in a miserable mood for social pleasures now; yet there were cards upon his dressing-table to various parties and "at-homes" not to be ignored. He feared to lose the favor of his fashionable patrons, and he feared, too, the derision of his friends Pomroy, Cavendish, and the rest.

He compelled himself to write elaborate, vague letters to his creditors, which were followed in each instance by an ominous silence, and he went two or three times to Margie Joyce.

These visits caused him unmitigated misery. The unfailing sweetness which greeted him was the cruellest torture he could have been made to endure. She talked and sang and read to him in the old way, but he found her eyes now and then fixed upon his face as if they would pierce his soul.

He studied her with a curious feeling of jealousy as she moved about, admitting all her graces of mind and person, and arguing her cause against himself. He caught himself wondering how she would look in a ball-dress such as Miss Van Oppen wore, and recoiled from the image with a positive shock, and he remembered with unaccountable pleasure in this connection that Margie never danced round dances.

On the whole, the self-abasement into which these visits to his affianced wife plunged him was more than he could bear, and he ceased going entirely.

And now another cloud which had

been darkening over him broke at last. A kind but firm letter from his *chef* informed him, in a word, that if certain charges which had been preferred against him with the department were not satisfactorily answered he would receive official notice of suspension.

For twenty-four hours after the receipt of this letter Gwynne did not leave his room. His waking hours were spent in stern, if tardy, contemplation of his affairs, and he was aghast at the result. The celerity with which a man can go down-hill struck him with the force of a discovery. A little more than one year of self-indulgence and imprudence had brought him face to face with ruin and disgrace. This phase of misery, added to his other perturbations, brought him to the lowest ebb of despair.

In all the blank darkness he could see but one glimmer of hope,—to go to his creditors like a man and beg for time. Then he pictured to himself their unsympathetic, perhaps sneering, faces, and he recoiled from the undertaking with a shudder.

He threw himself upon his bed, and lay there in a miserable, hopeless state for hours, his bloodshot eyes roaming listlessly about over the gay embellishments of his room,—the photographs of professional beauties and celebrities, and his own, of which there were many, in all manner of costumes and attitudes, fans, and knots of ribbons, and faded *boutonnieres*, and gilded favors, trophies of many a brilliant scene in which he had borne a part, and pretty knick-knacks fashioned by the fingers of Margie Joyce in the pleasant days gone by. Margie! A great throb of remorse and shame and longing shook him at the thought of her. He had not seen her for a week, which seemed years. Her sweet face seemed receding from him into that past which contained all of him that was good and strong and worthy of existence.

He began to think of Mitchell, who had found a way out of his difficulties through a pistol's mouth; and this thought grew upon him until at last he rose and took from a drawer a small

revolver and held it in his hand for some minutes. The contact of the cold metal with his fevered palm was like the touch of a dead hand. He shook from head to foot. All the blood in his strong young body rushed to his heart with a sickening thud. Life was sweet even now, and death so terrible. There must be some way out. The world was large, and he could put disgrace behind him and begin afresh somewhere. He threw the pistol from him with an inarticulate cry, and, going to the window, leaned his hot brow against it. A chilly, foggy night was closing in. The street-lamps were already lighted, and a newsboy was crying a late edition of an evening paper. Mechanically Gwynne raised the window and called the boy, who threw the desired sheet deftly into his hand, received his pennies in a ragged hat, and trudged farther.

Gwynne closed the window and opened the damp sheet with a feeling of having returned from a long journey in distant lands. For the whole day his mind had refused to receive any impression from the outside world. Almost the first thing which met his eyes was Miss Van Oppen's name. She had been very little in his thoughts that day. The loss of his position and its attending circumstances had swept her aside like a feather. Now, reading her name, it occurred to him that it was two weeks since he had seen her, and four days since he had sent his note, which remained unanswered, and he had not called during that time to make his usual inquiries after her health. The item containing her name had, therefore, a peculiar interest for him. He read it to the end, stood a moment as if dazed, and then burst into a loud laugh. It ran as follows:

"On dit that society is to be deprived of one of its most brilliant luminaries, in the person of Miss Hilda Van Oppen, whose engagement to General Napoleon Hillman has become quite recently known in private circles. This distinguished gentleman is as worthy of the prize as mortal man may hope to be, being handsome, of unexceptionable

character, and immensely wealthy, if rumor is to be trusted. Miss Van Oppen has recovered from her recent illness, and will receive her friends this evening as usual. The gallant general will also be present."

Two hours later, Gwynne, looking as elegant and debonair as ever, was ushered into Senator Van Oppen's drawing-room. The crowd on this occasion was large and more promiscuous than usual. Miss Van Oppen was the centre of a curious and admiring group. Even Gwynne was struck by the magnificence of her appearance and the radiant, half-triumphant expression with which she regarded her circle of admirers. He lost no time in approaching her. The group around her fell back as he came near.

Miss Van Oppen held out her hand at once, meeting his composed gaze with a smiling, unruffled calm.

"I suppose," he said, bowing over her hand, but without taking his eyes from her, "I may venture to congratulate you on what has happened since I saw you last?"

A little color crept into her face as she let her hand glide slowly from his. "Thank you," she said. "You are very kind. You have been very kind all along. I owe you many thanks for the flowers and the trouble you have taken to inquire."

"It was very little trouble," said Gwynne.

Even Miss Van Oppen's *aplomb* was a little disturbed. She began to open and shut her great fan; the color deepened.

At this moment a large woman clothed from head to foot in feathers, like a gigantic bird, came up with both hands gushingly outstretched. Miss Van Oppen turned away from Gwynne to this new arrival, and he, without another word, left the room and the house.

It was a cheerless night, cold, cloudy, and threatening, yet Gwynne felt no disposition to return to the shelter of his room. He found the cool touch of the mist on his throbbing temples grateful. He walked on and on, not minding

whither. Suddenly he found himself standing before a row of houses which had a vaguely familiar look. It was in one of those obscure up-town streets which had awakened one morning to find itself, by reason of municipal attention in the way of pavement and parking, suddenly become genteel, this change in its social attitude being attributed by a sordid public to the purchase of sundry lots by a distinguished Congressional magnate.

Be that as it may, it had become quite the thing all at once, and the erection of this particular row of houses had further impressed this fact upon the public eye. They were tall and narrow, they were battlemented and turreted and bay-windowed to within an inch of their lives, and they were covered with ornamental iron-work, gorgeously gilded and painted, but to the unarchitectural eye they were quite effective.

Gwynne stood looking at these houses, his heart throbbing with a reminiscence. Two years ago, when they were being built, he had taken a singular interest in their progress. He had often gone out of his way to look at them, had entered and gone from room to room, talking with the workmen and speculating upon the probable rent. He had sat down upon a nail-keg in one of the little parlors,—it was that of the corner house,—and with pencil and note-book made an estimate of the possible cost of furnishing the entire establishment. In imagination he had covered the walls with paper of tasteful patterns, and the floors with carpets of rich designs. He had decided on the best place for the piano, and wondered whether Margie would choose blue or crimson for the parlor curtains and chairs. The dining-room should be in brown and gold, and the whole should be pretty and stylish, as only Margie, with her deft fingers and nice taste, could make it.

He had continued for some time to feel a kind of proprietorship in that house,—had visited it frequently, and even remonstrated with the agent on the choice of gas-fixtures. The houses

were long since finished and inhabited. They were brightly lighted up this evening, and people were moving about inside. In one a young girl was sitting at the piano, singing. He could hear her voice distinctly. It was some foolish little song of love and parting, and it struck him so with pain that he started on a few rods, which brought him to the corner house. And here it was even worse. The bay-window was draped in blue; there were pictures on the walls, and a piano, and some blue chairs, just as he had imagined, and at that very moment a girlish figure came to the window, and a young man in a velvet smoking-cap followed her, and put his arm about her, and there they stood embraced in innocent unconcern, with the blue curtains falling about them.

Gwynne threw his cigar away with something as near a curse as he often indulged in, and hastened from the spot.

While this was going on, Margie Joyce, alone in her chamber, was battling with a stormy sea of doubts and fears. She had loved Floyd Gwynne as long as she had known him, and, as girls do when they love, no doubt exaggerated his good qualities and smiled gently on such of his faults as were apparent to her. That his attractive personality should have blinded her to some serious defects was not strange. His beauty of person, a certain winning amiability of manner, and a cleverness in taking up such pursuits as boating, bicycling, and the like, for which his perfect physique fitted him, were all attractive. She knew that he was not intellectual, and was perfectly aware of his unconscious egoism; but she knew also that he was upright in his habits, even if a bit extravagant, and she was sure of his love. So far beyond and above disloyalty was she herself that it never occurred to her to doubt her lover,—not even when he began to absent himself; not even when rumor, in the person of interested friends, coupled his name with one well known throughout the city for her beauty and daring.

Only when his mental struggles began

to tell upon him, when he became cold, abstracted, and ill at ease, did her true heart take alarm. Even then she had no thought of blame. If what she dimly suspected were true, if her love was no longer what he needed or craved, blame and reproach were worse than useless. A dead love knows no resurrection. And if, as had been whispered, his heart was full of another, she would be no bar to his happiness. She would release him at a word. If he would only speak!

She had waited and watched, hiding her own pain as she could, being a resolute and brave girl, and studying his miserable, haggard face for a clue to the mysterious change; but he had never spoken. And sometimes there had been almost a passion of love and longing in his voice and look. Then he had ceased to come near her at all.

But now came another rumor, which struck her all the more fiercely because of this there could be no doubt. The story of Gwynne's debts, and of the disgrace hanging over him, of which others knew before he himself, was placed before her eyes, enlarged and colored until it assumed hopeless proportions. Terrible as this was, it brought, too, a bright gleam of hope. This was sufficient to account for his changed demeanor, his present silence. Full of shame and condemnation as she was, her heart went out to him in pity. She waited in an agony of dread for three days for some sign, some message; but none came.

This evening, pacing the floor of her room, or sitting with her head bowed upon her hands, she came to a resolution. She would herself break this silence. At this time when he most needed her love and help she would not withhold them from him. Pride and shame might keep him from her, but they should not keep her from him.

Strong in her resolve, she went to the window just as the little clock on the mantel struck ten, opened it, and leaned out to close the shutters. The chilly air sent a little shudder through her. The silence of the street seemed un-

usual and depressing. Just before the house a street-lamp lit up a small circle close around it, and in that circle stood a solitary figure.

Seeing this, she would have closed the shutters hastily, but something in the tall, well-shaped figure, the carriage of the head, struck her as familiar, and she hesitated, and looked again. Floyd Gwynne's face—pale, eager, doubting, desperate—was looking up at her out of the yellow glare.

She started up, held her hand to her side an instant, and then turned and sped down-stairs.

Gwynne, standing there in the cold and darkness of the street, taking leave, as he believed, of love and honor and everything worth living for, saw the sombre old door flung open, and there, on the threshold, in the light of the hall-lamp, stood Margie, her sweet face smiling, both hands stretched toward him.

He saw that, and he knew that a heaven of forgiveness and patience and tender helpfulness awaited him inside that door.

With a cry he put behind him the legion of gibing devils whose voices were in his ears, whose clutch but a moment before had been upon his soul, and sprang up the steps to meet those extended hands which should be his stay and guide, small and tender as they were, unto the end.

"It is more than I deserve, Margie," he said ruefully, when all that could be told had been told then and there. "It is much more than I deserve!"

"I'm afraid it is!" said Margie, through tears and smiles; "but it can't be helped now, dear, can it?"

Years after, when these days were far back in the past, when Gwynne had grown too stout for bicycling, or boating, or the german, even if so extravagantly inclined, and when Margie had become a rosy little matron and mistress of a house very like the one which Gwynne had once coveted, and when life was jogging on with them at a quiet, pleasant pace,—years after, I say, Mr. and

Mrs. Gwynne saw Mrs. General Hillman at the opera, where even department clerks now and then take their wives.

In this time Mrs. General Hillman had conquered two continents, had flashed her diamonds in the face of sovereignty, and rendered scores of men and women unhappy by her beauty and her splendor.

"But," whispered Mrs. Gwynne in

her husband's ear, "she does not look happy. Her eyes are as hard as her diamonds; and her mouth—well, I should not like to be her husband!"

"Oh, he doesn't mind!" said Gwynne, recalling the movements of that gentleman, as he had seen him airing himself in front of Willard's that same day. "He knows how to console himself."

JULIA SCHAYER.

WINTER TWILIGHT.

NO summer sunset after-glow
Can match the soft rose of the snow
Upon the pure-browed hill:
Blue shadows fill the dells below,
Sweet airs from fields of silence flow,
And earth and sky are still.

Between the outer deeps of night
And this low vale, the lingering light
Builds of the evening mist
High walls of glory fair and far;
And in the glory shines a star
Through trembling amethyst.

O vale of snow! the world of thought,
The spirit-realm wherein are wrought
The dreams that teach us what we are,
Is brightened by a nameless light
That warms thy peaceful heart to-night
And throbs beyond the evening star.

O humankind, why will ye seek
The language of the skies to speak?
Day unto day doth utter speech
That through the silence of the stars,
Through life's mysterious prison-bars,
Down to the listening soul can reach.

ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.

MR. FREEMAN ON AMERICAN SPEECH.

TO the run of travellers who nowadays go to and fro in the earth, just as it was to their precursors, the lessons of experience are largely as if they had no existence. Allusion is here particularly intended to the eagerness with which, on their return from their wanderings, or even sooner, they are wont to precipitate themselves into print for the enlightenment of their benighted fellow-countrymen. Yet—with, of course, exceptions—why should not they be content with letters to their friends while away, or, when restored to them, with recounting at the fireside or dinner-table the novelties that have fallen under their notice? Surely, observation which has covered only a few weeks, or it may be months, can deserve no more serious mode of communication. Much that they are prone to think they have learned all about, they have, if not essentially misunderstood, at best understood but by halves. The more cautiously they speak of their impressions formed on what they have seen and heard, the better, consequently; and it certainly betokens in them somewhat of overweeningness if they publish those impressions to the world at large. The very love of truth and justice, if it were not stifled by self-sufficiency, would impose reserve on them.

I purpose to make some short comments on Mr. E. A. Freeman's contribution to the opening number of *Longman's Magazine*. Its title is, "Some Points in American Speech and Customs," but it really handles points of speech only. Alike in generals and in particulars, Mr. Freeman occasionally betrays a strange unacquaintance with facts, his acceptance of fictions in their stead resulting from the lack of a little inquiry. He lays it down, for instance, that "no American speaker or writer ever thinks it needful to adopt a British form of his own language, any more than a British speaker or writer thinks

it needful to adopt an American form." On the contrary, it may safely be maintained that all our best writers, the best as appraised both in America and abroad, aspire after a style of English equally acceptable to their own people and to the people of Great Britain. This they can do only by the careful avoidance of Americanisms; and, considering that they laudably aim to win the approval of educated English-speaking folk generally, and considering, further, the aversion of Englishmen to peculiarities of speech savoring of vulgarity or of localism, who can blame them for doing as they do? Other motives than those specified justifying their preference for catholic English are, however, to be acknowledged. When Hallam the historian wrote to Mr. Prescott, "You are wholly free from what we call Americanisms," who can doubt that Mr. Prescott felt himself complimented, any more than that Hallam meant to be complimentary?

In Mr. Freeman's opinion, "the great mass" of Americanisms are not introductions by Americans "into the existing English tongue," but "come under quite another head," and are "perfectly good English" words or phrases, which have "gone out of use in England" while they have "lived on in America." By the ruling of common sense, words and phrases that from a practical point of view are for us "perfectly good English" consist, I conceive, as against archaisms and dialectisms, of those which enjoy unimpeached living currency. Plainly, this is the view which all good writers try to act upon, and, successfully or not, Mr. Freeman himself; only, like Mr. Kingston Oliphant and others, he keeps a feeble and fantastic little theory for holiday wear, with great applause of starveling affectationists. As to Americanisms, any one who has looked otherwise than most superficially into their history must be aware that the decision concern-

ing them quoted above is utterly untenable. A vast majority of such expressions are purely of indigenous origin. At first colloquialisms, they have gradually found their way into newspapers and books. They are a hinderance to the mutual understanding of Americans and Englishmen, and they tend to the undesirable result of building up in time a new language, to the unavoidable lessening of sympathy between the two nations. While, then, an American does well in making no haste to copy the latest linguistic innovations of Englishmen, he also does well in choosing "to adopt a British form of his own language," provided it is well established, rather than a new-fangled American substitute for it. Americans, I contend, are accordingly to be applauded, if only on the ground of expediency, for thinking to be needful, as they frequently do, that which Mr. Freeman declares, and by implication commendingly, that they never think to be so.

Here, likewise, is a noticeable misrepresentation of things as they are. "The speech of either side" "of ocean" [*sic*], says Mr. Freeman, "is understood without an effort by the men of the other side." If a chance American were dropped into the heart of Somersetshire or Norfolk, or a Cockney into the wilds of Idaho, I wonder how far he would confirm this assertion. But there is no need to put an extreme case. Crossing the Atlantic from New York a few years ago, I was accosted one day by a fellow-passenger, a queer sort of proletarian, who, as he informed me, was from Baltimore. What with his gibberish, the odd senses in which he used the commonest expressions, and his distorted pronunciation, to take in the drift of his discourse tasked my efforts severely. For some time, in fact, he was almost unintelligible to me as if he had come straight from Crim Tartary or Timbuctoo; and any Englishman fresh from England would have been puzzled by him more sorely than I was. I could not but tell him, after having repeatedly requested a translation of his jargon, that his

language seemed to me very remarkable.

"That's so," was his frank reply; "for I talk American, and you talk English."

And now for another anecdote. A friend of mine from the United States, who was visiting London for the first time, went under my guidance to make some purchases. Over and over again at shops in Regent Street and the Strand he was obliged to appeal to me for explanations of what was said to him; and he afterward remarked to me that he should hardly venture to go about London alone, an interpreter being all but indispensable to him. And pretty much the same was my own feeling, until I had had several years' experience of the uncouth fashion in which thousands of Englishmen habitually mumble, mince, clip, drawl, and splutter their utterances. Many and many are the sermons and lectures that I have listened to here, after half a lifetime spent among Englishmen, without being able to catch one sentence in ten that fell from the lips of the speakers.

If Mr. Freeman were to sport as liberally with the kings and kingdoms of old as he does with sundry matters of minor import, it would be venturesome to predict for him an abiding reputation. After describing the original railway-carriage as having borne the semblance of antique coaches joined end to end, he goes on to say, "But the American 'car' was not made after any such pattern. It is strictly a 'car'; at any rate, it is quite unlike the special meaning attached to the word 'carriage.' If anything other than itself was present to the mind of the deviser of the American car, it was rather the cabin of a steamer than any earlier kind of carriage; and such an origin is suggested by the American phrase of being 'on board' a train, which, I fancy, is never heard in England." In passing,—with just a glance at the contrast of a "car" to a "meaning," a thing paralleled by the correlation of a bulldog and a conundrum,—I distinctly remember the phrase "on board" in the mouths of stage-drivers who had never seen a railway or anything belonging to

one. Without being an ancient, I can recall the days when we had only a single railway in all America; and I confidently put it to elderly persons whether the vehicles that ran on it were not of the antiquated English make, and also whether they were not called, as their reformed successors are called, "cars." In case Mr. Freeman, as just quoted, has not indulged in a sally of philology with the bottom knocked out, I hope to be set right for thinking differently.

But the question why the term "car" was substituted for "railway-carriage" is still behind. It happens to be associated in my memory with a reminiscence of the unhappy period of our rebel war. In the year 1863, at a large dinner-party at which I was present one evening, somebody propounded for solution the mystery which Mr. Freeman unriddles by recourse to his internal sense of fitness. All my fellow-guests and also my host being of ardent Southern sympathies, I held my peace during the inevitable discussion of our troubles. Considerable experience had taught me that in such company as I was then in I ran an imminent risk, in return for the disclosure of even the driest political fact, if unwelcome, of being advised, politely or bluntly, to eschew fabling. But the origin of an expression was, it seemed to me, a thing on which I might deliver myself without fear of encountering incivility. So I simply observed that I had always been told in America that the term "car" for "railway-carriage" was borrowed from the constructors of the railways there, Irish laborers, to whom in their own land the term had been familiar as the name of a species of conveyance. Upon this an obese and bland-visaged rural dean who was sitting opposite to me was pleased to lisp out in silky tones, "How notorious it is that an American is ever ready with some fraudulent fabrication of his own concocting, rather than hold his tongue!" I quietly replied, perusing my plate the while, that the presumption grounded solely on my nationality that I had trifled with the truth struck me as being hard measure.

But even this was saying too much. "I did not address you, sir," hissed the slippery vessel of consecration. Not in the least disposed to accept such an impudent evasion as an apology for insult, I rejoined, "It would have gratified me, sir, to be ignored by you entirely." And then followed some inarticulate muttering about "Yankees," which, as I did not care to ask that it should be repeated, I left unanswered.

To play the philologist to purpose asks, with other aptitudes, a habit of discrimination, which Mr. Freeman has not acquired. "I cannot find," he writes, "that 'store' was ever used in England in the American sense till it came in quite lately in the case of 'co-operative stores.'" To treat of a singular as if one were treating of a plural will not always answer. "Man of talent" long was violently denounced, though "man of talents" was reputed to be unexceptionable. If the term "co-operative store" had obtained vogue in England, which it has not done, it might be characterized as an imitation of American phraseology. The term "co-operative stores" was doubtless suggested by the old term "wine-stores," meaning a place, with its stock, where liquors are sold for the most part by wholesale, but also in many instances by retail. Moreover, the American "store," while denoting either a building of a certain kind or part of one, with or without its goods, never denotes the latter alone, the idea of which predominates in the English "wine-stores," "spirit-stores," and "co-operative stores."

And how can Mr. Freeman have failed to discover why in America maize is called "corn"? I should as soon have expected to find him at a loss why "head of the state" means, for an American, President, and for an Englishman, king or queen. Wheat, the leading cereal of England, is popularly known there as "corn," and the people of America give the same name to maize as being their cereal by eminence. The view is here disallowed as groundless which makes "corn" with us a shortening of "Indian corn."

"I guess," says Mr. Freeman, "I have always stood up for, as a perfectly good form, if only it is not always used to the exclusion of other forms. 'I reckon' is as good English as English can be," etc. Americanisms being under consideration, something more than this might have been said relevantly; and the new technicality "form" would usefully have been defined for the benefit of ordinary readers. Hosts of comments beside the mark, and worse than beside the mark, have been elicited by the verb "guess." That, as virtually one with "conjecture," "surmise," and the like, it is perfectly good English, wherever our language is spoken or written, no one of the slightest pretence to education should require to be certified. For all this, many Englishmen and Scotchmen, noticing that Americans are markedly partial to the word, and resting at that datum, have dreamed dreams about it, and have committed their dreamage to paper. Forgetful of what they have often heard from their associates, and seen in the best-written books, of whatever age, they have, in short, represented a mere mannerism as a barbarism. At the same time, no one among them has, to my knowledge, touched on a misuse of the verb "guess" which is, unquestionably, confined to America, if I may not say to the Northern States of the Union and to Canada. In New England it is, assuredly, common enough to hear the word employed for "perceive," and even for "intend," as in "I *guess* it rains," the guesser contemplating, as he speaks, a drenching downpour, and in "I *guess* I shall go to Springfield soon," to notify a settled purpose of going there.

"New York, by the way, calls itself a 'metropolis'; in what sense of the word it is not easy to guess, as it can hardly be because it is the seat of a Roman Catholic archbishopric." Not exactly consonant with the pedagoguish and pedantic information and judgment which Mr. Freeman thus imparts and intimates, is his severity where he breaks out against "that deadliest of all foes to the English tongue, and to every other

tongue,—the school-master." Who knows but he may next insist that, looking to the sex of his present august sovereign, we ought not, in becoming rigor, to speak of Great Britain as a kingdom, but as a queenom? "Metropolis," whether to designate New York or to designate London, is, to his thinking, "slang,"—an application of the epithet which matches well with Southey's "blackguard" as descriptive of John Bunyan, and which should be taken note of for the forthcoming dictionary of the Philological Society. What a grief it must be to him, when he goes to London, to find the "Metropolitan Railway" all around him! As concerns the word "provinces," let it be hoped that he is in the right, when glossed, in believing it to be "*excessively* rare in America." When glossed, I say; for, if he would not have it less rare than it is, should not he have put "exceedingly" in place of his fine-ladyish "*excessively*"? If reminded, he would probably admit that in correct English the one is, as he phrases it, "another thing *from*" the other.

From some of Mr. Freeman's judgments on the language of the day, one might conjecture that he must go but little into the outer world. Whether "fall" for "autumn" has lapsed into oblivion, he is uncertain; but the phrase "spring and fall" is among the memories of his childhood. As to myself, I have heard the phrase in a considerable number of English counties, eastern and western, and also, and particularly, in London. "Railroad" instead of "railway" is, on his authority, "now seldom used in England." In that case my ears have often deceived me. But they have not deceived me, if I may confide in several persons—men who have knocked about Great Britain a good deal—whose familiarity with the term corroborates my own impression concerning its currency. In compounds, it should be noted, "railway" is employed invariably.

Especially surprising, however, is Mr. Freeman when he declares that "certainly no one in England would, if a

man had bought houses or lands, say that he had bought 'real estate.'" An intelligent friend of mine, a Londoner, on my reading this to him, laughed profusely, as I had expected he would; and his blunt reminder, that Dryasdusts are sometimes given to dreaming, did not seem entirely amiss.

Vocables dismissed, let us pass to the way they are uttered. On "clerk" Mr. Freeman is very great, spreading it out over nearly the whole of a generous page. His scientific decision is that "the true sound is 'clairk,' like French 'clerc;' and a Scotsman would surely sound it so." Are we then to lay the accent of "committee" on the last syllable, where it analogically belongs, and where Scotchmen lay it? Those who dwell in the lowlands of the practical are wont to go, for the "true sound" of a word in a given language, to the region or to the society where that language is spoken at its best; and few Englishmen, in all likelihood, will consent to fare so far afield, in quest of an orthoepic paradise, as beyond the Tweed. "Clark," as Mr. Freeman pretty correctly says, is, in the old country, the ordinary pronunciation of "clerk;" but he adds, as if recording something quite out of the common, that he "did once hear 'clurk' in England from a London shopman." And I have heard it from such persons and from others a hundred times. To the question which I put a few days ago to a London clerk, what his fellow-assistants called themselves, the reply I received was, "*Clurks*, mostly." "*Clurks*" is, indeed, I believe, not at all unusual throughout England in the mouths of the vulgar. It is a pronunciation, as I am told by an observant school-master of long experience, which has spread with the increase of common-schools,—the pupils at them often persisting, despite admonition, in sounding words as they see them spelled. Hence, and partly owing to whimsical teachers, I imagine has arisen the custom, apparently rather growing than decreasing, of refusing to drop the *t* in "often." I have even heard the *l* in "could" and "would" from youths of some slight

education, whose wholly illiterate parents and mates always say, with the polite world, "cood" and "wood."

Certain fashions of spelling at present rarely favored except in the United States, Mr. Freeman eyes with displeasure; and here, exceptionally for an American, I go along with him. But the matter is one which he does not seem to have gone to the bottom of historically. As samples of "specially American spelling-fancies," he instances *traveler*, *color*, *honor*, *armor*, *neighbor*, and *arbor*. Now, in a work printed in 1598, which I have happened to read within the last few days, I have lighted on every one of these cacographs, together with the New-England verb *practice*. Most of them, with many of their fellows, were, soon after the opening of the seventeenth century, beginning to be laid aside; but any one conversant with Elizabethan literature in its original guise to the eye must know that it is a mistake to regard them as anything novel. Mr. Freeman's characterization of such deformities is, therefore, not sufficiently specific to answer to facts.

Again, he would find it an impracticable task to produce proofs of his statement that "half the unhistorical spellings which disfigure our printed language come from the vagaries of half-learned printers,—on which side of the ocean matters very little."

There need be no doubt as to whence the disagreeable spellings which are so prevalent among us virtually originated. With Dr. Noah Webster rests, for us as a nation, the paternity of the whole unsightly brood,—the natural outcome of a conceited and obtrusive sciolism. In a collection of essays which appeared in 1790, Dr. Webster, warning his compatriots that "to neglect the means of commanding respect abroad is treason against the character and dignity of a brave, independent people," exhorts them to "seize the present moment, and establish a *national language* as well as a national government." By way of enforcing his advice, he there also writes, "As an independent nation, our honor requires us to have a system

of our own, in language as well as government. Great Britain, whose children we are, and whose language we speak, should no longer be our standard; for the taste of her writers is already corrupted, and her language on the decline. But, if it were not so, she is at too great a distance to be our model, and to instruct us in the principles of our own tongue." Again: "Our language was spoken in purity about eighty years ago, since which time great numbers of faults have crept into practice about the theatre and court of London. . . . I presume we may safely say that our language has suffered more injurious changes in America since the British army landed on our shores, than it had suffered before in the period of three centuries." Prefacing the book here quoted, he tells us, "The following collection consists of essays and fugitiv peeces, ritten at various times, and on different occasions, az wil appeer by their dates and subjects. . . . The reeder will obzerv that the orthography of the volum iz not uniform. The reezon iz," etc. Whatever his "reezon" may have been, he ought not to have allowed a choice between "wil" and "will" within the limits of the two pages running from which these extracts are made. And why not "occasions," if "reezon"? Close by his "volum" he has, equally in accordance with the prescription of the illiterate about him, "heerd" for "heard," though, with the inconsistency which marks so largely his proposals of change, he has "been" instead of "bin" or "ben." We thus see what he would have done with our language if he could have had his will of it; and the palpable, if not avowed, object of his linguistic crusade was to rear a barrier of insuperable antipathies between America and England. The temptation at this point to enter into particulars, though urgent, must be resisted.

From his expression "unhistorical spellings," one cannot but infer that Mr. Freeman assumes the abundant presence in our language, as now written, of words wearing forms at least closely

resembling those of their remote ancestors. On the contrary, our words which, as spelled at present, substantially represent ancient usage unchanged, and remind one of their etymology otherwise than darkly, are not those that constitute the main element of our tongue. Whoever turns over our early-printed books, and compares them with manuscripts of the same date, or with faithful reproductions in print of such manuscripts, must be struck at every step with the advancement in spelling which the former exhibit over the latter. Caxton, the anonymous St. Alban's school-master, Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, Notary, Coplande, Rastell, and the rest, either were themselves men of fair learning, or, unquestionably, had the good sense to take counsel with scholars and to accept their leading. One aim of those printers was to simplify and to harmonize the dress of our words; and if, from misappreciating true traditions, they frequently went astray, at all events they introduced most thankworthy improvements on countless monstrosities in spelling, by fashioning them into something like shapeliness. We have plentiful evidence that several generations of the first English printers practically exemplified notions of orthography far more rational than those acted upon by the generality of their best-educated contemporaries. With infrequent exceptions, the learned of their days contented themselves with any chance group or groups of letters likely to be suggestive of a given word; and, rather than blame the pioneer typographers—orthographic editors, as they justly deserve to be called—for not having done more or better than they did, we ought to feel grateful to them for their well-meant efforts, and for the result of those efforts, to educe an approximation to order out of disorder which was well-nigh chaotic.

While in our time some share of the English written on both sides of the Atlantic is commendably careful, vastly more of it is sullied by blemishes attributable to impatience of revisal and self-criticism. To determine, as among

living authors of celebrity, to whom belongs, by incontestable title, the palm for slovenliness of expression, would be an undertaking at once difficult and invidious. If Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. Froude wrote rather more frequently in the way they already write scandalously often, it would be hard to say that an unquestionable claim to it might not be advanced on behalf of one or other of the four. Nor does Mr. Freeman lag far behind in the qualifications which fit him for formidable competition with them. This is not asserted at random, by any means. Of Mr. Freeman's goodly array of volumes I have gone through enough to make a respectable nucleus for a library. I have read them solely for their matter; but, from first to last, I could not help observing that he has rarely put forth more than a very few consecutive pages that are not flawed with defects of grammar and idiom, with other blots and oversights, such as many a conscientious literary craftsman would blush to have brought home to him. At length, on sitting down to the perusal of the third series of his "Historical Essays," published in 1879, I jotted down memoranda of sundry of its faults of expression which jarred on my sense of propriety involuntarily. A sparing selection, say one in ten, from among the things that I noted, is appended:

"I am, therefore, obliged to send out the essays . . . in a very different form from [that of] the articles," etc., page viii. "The adopted son spoke a different language from [that of] the adopted father." Page 196. And see the passage from page 350, quoted below.

"A sack and fire *done* in the cause of the pope." Page 10. "The horrors afterwards *done* by the Latin conquerors." Page 469.

"The local saints and martyrs of Ravenna would make a martyrology of themselves." Page 133. At the first blush, one marvels how they set about it. Further, "of themselves," as an adverbial phrase, commonly means "of

their own accord." Read "would, in themselves, make a martyrology."

Of mosaic painting we are told, "There is no form of decoration which is so truly *everlasting* as this; . . . the mosaics stay *forever*," etc. Page 142. Has the writer been to the end of eternity to come, and thence glanced backward?

"The favorite slang, 'effete.'" Page 233. Heaven only knows what the poor dissyllable has done, to be stigmatized thus. "Metropolis," in a certain acceptation, is, as we have seen, likewise "slang," as judged by Mr. Freeman. On knowing what word or sense of a word he has a bias against, we may now be tolerably sure of his epithet for it.

"Vladimir, eager for baptism, conquered Cherson, on the principle that the kingdom of heaven *was* [is] to be taken by force." Page 266.

"Meanwhile, the rival hill lived on *alike* as fortress and as sanctuary." Page 294. And so at pages 34, 37, 55, 104, 105, etc. Differing from the associative "both," "alike" should point to similarity.

"One *whom* [who] the mockers of the age said was no fitting guest." Page 294.

"It may be argued that, if he either could not *nor* [or] would not hold Athens," etc. Page 298.

"That Greece made no progress is a mere slander." Page 306. To do a thing is not one with saying that it is done.

"The valiant peasantry of old Hellas was . . . of *another* mould from [that of] the nobles and prelates of the imperial city." Page 350. "*Another* . . . from" occurs at pages 18, 255, also. But even "*another than*" would be an insufficient correction; "*another*" not denoting, what is intended above, generic disparity.

"The character of the Greek Revolution would be wholly mistaken, if it is [were] thought that the insurrection was confined to the narrow limits of the present kingdom." Page 364.

"Their relation to the empire was

wholly different to that of the Illyrian Slaves." Page 419. "Different to" is constantly found in our literature, from Queen Elizabeth's time on to this day; and no more than "averse to" does it contravene analogy. In novels, relations of travels, comedies, familiar letters, and other writings of a less formal stamp, reflecting the dialect of conversation, it is still well enough; but in first-class compositions of a serious order it ought to be, because it generally is, avoided.

The more fervent admirers of Mr. Freeman's stylistic workmanship affect to taste, in his employment of our lan-

guage, a twofold charm, which they subtly distinguish into negligent grace and graceful negligence. But should not the unfortunate creatures to whom, if those admirers are to be credited, refined æsthetic perceptions like their own have been denied, be pardoned for demanding demonstration that what they have so long held to be a demerit can be transmuted, by juggling euphemisms, into a merit? For the rest, let the champions of expressional carelessness sophize as they will, there underlies exactitude in the use of speech an ethical foundation,—fidelity to facts, and love of truth.

L. D.

CYRUS'S WIFE.

IT rained that day,—not fitfully or quietly, but with a sullen determination and doggedness. The sky was leaden, and the wind blew about the house in stormy gusts, driving before it flocks of wet, reluctant leaves from the elms and maples. From the rain-blurred window nothing could be seen but wildly-tossing boughs, flying leaves, and one old man crossing the orchard in the tall drenched grass.

"Look, Lorraine," said I, "here comes the odd little old man who behaved so strangely in church."

Lorraine left off striking aimless chords on the piano, and came and looked over my shoulder.

"What odd little old man?" she queried. "Oh, yes; it is poor old Uncle Cyrus. I was going to tell you about him. It is quite a story."

For a moment we watched the man in silence as he came toward us, his head bent against the driving storm, his arms swinging heavily at his sides.

"He is coming here," said Lorraine. "I suppose he wants some opium. You have no idea, Nell, how these country-

people use opium. It is really horrible. We will have him in here by the fire. You like odd characters, and you never knew anybody like poor Uncle Cyrus."

A moment after, the door was opened timidly, and a high-pitched, quavering voice said,—

"Har'it tole me to walk right in. Hope I don't discommode nobody?"

"Come in," said Lorraine kindly: "we are all alone."

He came in, a little, thin old man, with restless pale-gray eyes, and a way of walking as one walks in the darkness, moving his feet ahead in an uncertain way, as if expecting every moment to plunge into some horrible abyss. His skin, like cracked yellow parchment, the prominence of his bones, the strange, drawn look of his features, the glassiness of his eyes, all were signs of the confirmed opium-eater,—signs far too often seen among New-England country-people. His arms were of unusual length, and, powerfully developed by his toil, gave him the odd look of a pygmy wearing the arms of a giant.

"Doctor hain't to home," he said,

glancing about the room in a nervous, ferret-like way. "Oh, no, says you, doctor hain't to home. Come in for suthin' to ease my rheumatiz. Wanted to git a leetle opium to hush the pain a bit,—only fur a med'cin', ye know. You can't sell it to me, says you; hev to wait till doctor comes, says you. Wal, wal, I'll jest wait a spell; he won't be long, says you."

Having thus answered the questions which no one but himself had asked, the old man sank stiffly into a chair, and spread his great bony hands out to the blaze.

"Wal, wal," he cackled, "got a fire, so ye hev; cheerin' too it is, now; ax-shally it is cheerin'. Dismal spell of weather, says you; an' so 'tis, bless ye, so 'tis. I says to Octavy, ter noon, says I, We're goin' to hev a reg'lar tower o' weather now, an' no mistake. Keep up a good fire in the kitchen-stove, or we'll both be rheumaticky, says I to Octavy."

"How is Octavia?" asked Lorraine.

"Octavy?" returned the old man. "Wal, now, poor critter, she's pooty miserable, Octavy is; she is, an' no mistake. I dunno, raly, what hez ailded Octavy this summer. She's ben sort o' weakly now for a consider'ble spell back. She don't 'pear to hev no courage, someway, Octavy don't. She don't take no intruss in her garden or her bees. Worked too hard, says you, an' so I tell her; but, Lord bless ye, it don't make no sorter difference. She'll drop down some day in harness. Always was a master-hand to work, says you; an' so she was."

The fire made a sudden, elfish leap, and sent a bold red glow over the old man's withered face.

"A righteous, good woman," he said, looking steadily into the flames. "A righteous, good woman, says you; an' so she is, ef ever there was one on the Lord's earth." He was silent a moment, then added, "*Thet's so; thet is so.*"

After the doctor came home, and the old man had gone away with his opium through the rainy twilight, I heard his story, sitting with my host and hostess by the fire.

He was never over-wise, poor Cyrus,

even when he was young. His heart outweighed his brain. He was, however, an honest, fearless, hearty young fellow, and the best smith for miles around. Almost every country village has its legendary Samson, who could lift a barrel of cider and drink from the bung-hole. Whether or not Cyrus could do this is unknown; but it is certain that he could lift a keg of nails with one hand and carry it through the village.

He could sing, too,—a mighty, untrained bass,—and it was in the village choir that he first met Octavia Freeman, the daughter of a farmer who lived near the village. She sang the part called "counter" by the China Valley people. She stood beside Cyrus in the choir, and often shared with him the thin, green-covered "Cademy Collection," from which they sang "Hebron," and "Woodstock," and "Silver Street."

Octavia was what is called "a harnsome girl" in country places such as China Valley,—large and well made, with black eyes, abundant hair, and full red lips. As for poor Cyrus, all the romance and poetic fancy that existed in his slow brain centred about this girl and glorified her in his sight. He walked often to see her over the lonely river-road which led to the farm. He carried her flowers, and early red-and-yellow apples from the little orchard behind the forge. He took her to the menagerie in the summer, and to the county fair in the fall. He sat beside her at the weekly prayer-meeting, and found her place in the hymn-book, with rugged brown hands made tremulous and awkward by his love.

And Octavia? She was content that Cyrus should adore her. She was a restless, ambitious girl, who fretted at the farm-life and its hopeless and monotonous drudgery. She longed for change and freedom, and thought that to marry Cyrus Spears and be mistress of her own house was the best thing fate had offered her so far in life. Everybody called Cyrus "likely." They had even begun to come to him from Holt's Mills to have their horses and oxen shod. Yes, she was content that Cyrus should

adore her; but sometimes, while he found the hymn for her with stumbling eagerness, she would laugh at him, behind her "Academy Collection," with Maria Thayer, who sang treble beside her in the choir.

One evening—a warm, hushed evening after a burning August day—Cyrus walked out to see Octavia, and found her oddly silent and moody. She sat on the sunken door-stone, with her elbows on her knees, and her firm white chin resting in her hands. She wore a pink cotton gown, and a pair of gold eardrops, shaped like little cockle-shells, that Cyrus had given her. He thought dimly that an angel might have looked as Octavia did just then.

"Tired—dear?" he asked, stopping beside her. He made a little pause before he called her "dear." Pet names come stiffly from country tongues.

"Yes," said Octavia dully, "I be tired."

"Hed a hard day?" he ventured, sitting down unbidden beside her; "harder'n common, I mean?"

"It ain't that," replied Octavia. "I'm tired of it *all*, Cyrus,—the farm, an' the fields, an' the cattle, an' the spinnin', an' the dairy-work, an' lyin' awake nights with the rain patterin' on the shingles or the night-hawks cryin' in the wood-lot. It ain't the *work*. I'm willin' enough to *work*. It's the *same-ness* of it all that I'm so tired of."

Cyrus pulled a twig from the syringa-bush beside the door-step, and began to strip the leaves off, one by one. "Wal," he said slowly, "most work's 'bout the same, Octav'y, arter ye've *done* it oncet."

"It isn't that, either," returned the girl petulantly. "You don't know what I mean. I'm tired of *everythin'*, Cyrus!"

As she spoke, she turned her head, and Cyrus's eyes followed the direction which hers had taken. To him it was a peaceful, pleasant scene enough,—the sweep of green rising slightly from the road to meet the great red-painted barns, the corn-house with its four long legs capped by rusty tin pans to keep away the rats, the barn-yard full of lowing cattle, the empty hay-rack with Octa-

via's little sisters playing in it. The bars between the yard and the irregular meadow-lane were down, and two boys sat on the low stone wall playing something with various willow sticks. The farmer's wife leaned from the buttery window for a breath of evening air. Within the open barn-door the farmer and a neighbor chewed long straws and examined a new scythe. Before the barn a cart-horse, freed from his harness, rolled uncouthly and flourished his stiff, cumbersome old limbs. Seated on a wheelbarrow was Hiram, the "hired man," in his brown-checked shirt, homespun trousers, and battered straw hat; he sat slouching forward, with his elbows on his knees; he was whittling a bit of soft pine wood, but he was not making anything in particular, except shavings; and he was chewing a straw,—a long and yellow one.

Octavia sighed impatiently. "There!" she exclaimed. "I am so tired of seeing men chew straws!"

Cyrus dropped his syringa twig, now quite stripped of its leaves, and it fell into the grass. He had just been thinking of chewing the end of it. "I don't chew straw," he ventured.

Octavia turned and looked at him. He was not chewing straw, to be sure, but there was an air of rustic smartness about him which the girl in her present captious mood found infinitely annoying. "You don't understand me," she repeated pettishly.

"No," agreed Cyrus, "I guess I don't. I dunno, raly, what 'tis troubles ye to-night. I wish I did."

A silence fell upon them for a moment, through which came the voices from the barn:

"—Got some new-fangled notions abaout what he calls the rotation of crops. Allus was full o' notions."

"Wal, notions never'll raise wheat for him in the Harskill medder; I say what I allus held to—"

"I thought," began Cyrus timidly, "that ef things went wal this fall I might git holt of Hubbard's lot, next the forge, an' hev the suller dug afore winter, so's to begin buildin' ez soon's

the frost's outen the ground in the spring. Mebbe then—ye might hev a home of your own—this time next year,—Octavy—dear.”

For a moment the girl did not answer. Her face did not brighten, as Cyrus had hoped it would. She neither blushed nor smiled. “But then,” she said, “there is all winter, Cyrus; an’ winter on the farm is worse than the summer.” She paused a minute, then suddenly drew from her pocket a letter written in red ink and scented with musk. “I had this yesterday,” she said, “from my cousin Jinny Buck. She’s my aunt Marthy’s oldest girl,—three years older’n me; they live to Lewiston: there’s big mills there, an’ lots of girls work in ’em. They have good times together. Jinny says it’s real gay. They have dances an’ all sorts of shows, different from here. Jinny wants me to come to Lewiston an’ work in the mills along with her and Elviry. I mean to go, too, ef father’ll let me.” She folded the letter very small and creased it with her thumb and forefinger. She did not glance toward Cyrus, but added, after an instant, “An’ he’ll hev to let me.”

Poor Cyrus could think of nothing to say for a time. His slow brain was completely unbalanced by the adventurous spirit of the girl beside him. For himself, he was entirely content with his life. He never aspired to go farther from China Valley than to the county fair at North China, or to Holt’s Mills to witness a river-baptism. “It’s dretful fur, Octavy,” he said at length, “Lewistown is; I dunno, raly, jest how many miles, but it’s fur away; it’s consid’able of a journey—dear.”

Octavy looked at her lover with some contempt. “It ain’t so dretful fur,” she said. “You don’t know nothin’ about travellin’, Cyrus.”

“Thet’s so, Octavy,” the smith assented humbly. He looked a moment admiringly at his fearless sweetheart; then his eyes sought the ground, and he repeated slowly, “Thet’s so.” He appeared to be benumbed by the length and danger of the journey and by the loss of Octavia.

“I should write to you, of course, Cyrus, an’ you would write to me. The winter would go pretty quick. It would be spring afore you knew it.”

Octavia was a determined young woman, and it was not many weeks before she really left China Valley for the mill-town of Lewiston. She started one September morning, in the old yellow-bodied stage-coach, drawn by two gaunt white horses and driven by Mr. Elias Huff, red-faced and loudly cheerful. Cyrus went to the village store to give her a bunch of dahlias, yellow and claret and white, and some “Early Harvests” in a small basket.

“’Lias’ll look out for ye,” he said, looking up at her as she sat flushed and happy on the back seat of the coach. “’Lias he’ll show ye the other stage,—the one ye must change into at Medder’s Falls, ye know.”

“Yes, Cyrus,” she replied, with slight restiveness.

Her old father, who had driven her in from the farm in his wagon, now came out of the store and stood with his foot on the hub of a wheel and chewed a straw reflectively. “Be sure ’Lias don’t forgit to put your chist over onto the other stage when ye change at the Falls,” he said.

“No, father,” answered Octavia.

“Ye’ll want some dinner, ye know, at the Medder’s Falls tavern. Ye can git the landlady to see to ye. Ye’ll hev to pay two shillin’s, I cal’ate.”

“Yes, father,” with a slight flounce.

“The’ll be consid’able many people at the tavern: don’t ye hold no talk with ’em.”

“No, father.”

“Don’t git out at the wrong place, now. Jest you stick in the coach. ’Lias he’ll tell ye when to git out. Don’t ye budge till he tells ye.”

“Of course not, father. I ain’t a fool.”

The driver came from the store, threw the leather mail-bag at the front seat and swung himself up. Cyrus shook his sweetheart’s hand for the last time. The farmer took his foot from the hub. The whip was cracked,

and the cumbersome coach-jerked and rolled away in a cloud of yellow dust. Octavia craned her neck and waved the dahlias at her lover, and two blossoms fell into the sandy street, and Octavia was gone,—really gone.

Cyrus went back to his forge slowly; but that day he did not sing.

Letters from Octavia were neither long nor frequent, but she wrote sometimes. She told Cyrus about her "aunt Buck's silver-glass bell-knob" and the "parlor carpet," and sometimes she said she wished he would "set up" in Lewiston; she should "like to live there."

After all, she did better than Cyrus. Composition was hard work for him. He said a pen was "too small to get a good holt on;" and he told a confidant in the village store that he had "ruther shoe ten yoke of oxen than write one letter."

It was a long fall and a long winter to poor Cyrus. He was glad Octavia was so happy. He was glad the mills were so gay, and that she no longer found everything the same. For himself, he would have found the days wellnigh unbearable, except that he had planned a great surprise for Octavia and was very busy in preparing it. In the fall, even earlier than he had hoped, he had bought the coveted piece of land beside the forge, and had his cellar dug and the house well along before winter. It was a small house, but every part was arranged with humble, loving thought for the woman who was to be its mistress.

"I want everythin' ez handy's a thin' can be made," he said to Silas Chapman, the carpenter. "I want everythin' done to save steps an' make thin's easy. Woman's work is hard enough, make the best of it ye will."

He even sent to Portland for a door-bell with a silvery knob, such as Octavia had written about. People in China Valley did not have door-bells, and there was much talk about what Octavia's pride would bring her lover to, for nobody laid the door-bell to Cyrus.

So he worked through the short, dull days of winter, through stormy March and windy April. Spring comes

with such chill reluctance to these northern New-England towns that even on May-day one still sees snow-drifts lying along in the shadow of stone walls and in the bleak meadow-hollows. Only the new red shoots of the maples and the green and brown catkins on the alders and witch-hazels give hope of a more gracious season.

One afternoon in early May, Cyrus was sitting in the village store with a number of the choice spirits who frequented the place. He had just come from his new house, now almost finished. He had the key on his forefinger, and swung it to and fro as he sat on a nail-keg by the stove.

"What ye ben movin' into yer new house, Cy?" asked Silas Chapman.

"Not much," answered Cyrus. "I thought I might's wal move my own thin's over from Deacon Dunlap's. Long as I got my own house, no use in payin' board to the deacon's, as I know on."

"The plaster hain't raly dry, though," said Silas. "Ye want to keep the winders open an' give the wind a chance to draw through. Takes plaster consid'able of a time to dry in the spring, ye know."

"Yes," agreed Cyrus absently. He was rather interested in a game of fox and geese which Nathan Pettingil and Ben Thayer were playing on a starch-box cover, with beans and corn for the fox and geese. Presently there was a rumble without, the snap of a whip, and a loud "Whoa!"

The store-keeper, who was also the postmaster, went to the open door and caught the leather mail-bag as the driver tossed it to him. "Hain't seen nothin' o' them salt fish, I s'pose?" he asked.

"Wal, no," returned the driver. "They wasn't to the Falls. I ast for 'em. But them dried apples ye sent, Jabez Washburn tole me to tell ye—" The clumsy stage-horses started with an ungainly jerk. "See ye—when I come—back along," he finished spasmodically.

The store-keeper came scuffling back in his red-leather slippers trodden down at the heels. He threw the mail-bag

down on the counter and began to hunt for the key in his pocket. "Ye don't seem to take no great intruss in yer girl, Cy," he called out presently.

"What do ye mean?" asked Cyrus, flushing suddenly.

"She was on the stage to-night," said the store-keeper.

"Octavy Freeman was?" asked Cyrus, starting to his feet, quite regardless of the winks and grins and nudges of his friends. "Why couldn't you 'a' spoke on it sooner, Job, while you was about it?"

Job Perkins was a ponderous man, slow of speech and comprehension. "Ef I'd 'a' ben expectin' of her," he said heavily, "like as not I sh'd 'a' knowed who 'twas. But, bein' as she wasn't in my mind, an' I not expectin' to see her, why, it wasn't borne in upon me who it was till 'Lias had whipped up. She's sort o' changed, too, Octavy has. I d'know as 'twas much wonder I didn't know her either, jest at first. She looked,—why, she looked like a summer boarder, Cy; she's changed consid'able sence she's ben in the city. Then there was strangers in the stage, too,—goin' to Tewksbury's, I guess. I must ast 'Lias, when he comes back along, who they be."

Cyrus stood quite still for a moment, watching Job as he unlocked the mail-bag. "She has come home unexpected," he said, with some idea of pride; "thet's what she's done. Her father knowed nothin' of it this mornin' when he was in to get his sorrel shod. She's ben an' done it for a surprise to us all." He pondered a moment, then added, "Thet's so; thet's so," and left the store, still swinging the key of his new house upon his finger.

In the early evening Cyrus made himself smart, and started out along the river-road to see Octavia. It was a mild, damp evening, and the air was full of sweet-earthy odors. On the left, behind the screen of willows and alder-bushes, Cyrus could hear the river, swollen and angry with the spring freshets, flowing turbidly over its rocky bed. Once he stopped to cut a handful of little branches from the young willows,

covered with shy, furry shoots. As he went along he whistled softly. He was thinking how Octavia's eyes would shine when he showed her the key and made her guess what it unlocked. "She won't want to be goin' back to Lewistown again, I guess," he said to himself; and then he grew blissful over the rides they would take to North China to buy their house-furnishings. "I don't know, raly, what Octavy won't say when she comes to see that door-bell."

When the great red barns came in sight he had to stop a moment to collect himself, his slow heart had begun to beat so heavily. Before the house Octavia's two young brothers were pitching quoits, and her little sister stood watching them. As they saw him, the boys dropped their quoits and ran into the barn, and the girl fled toward the house, crying, "'Tavy! 'Tavy! here's Cyrus comin'!"

The blacksmith quickened his steps. He had hoped to surprise his sweetheart, as she had surprised him that afternoon. He was too late, however, for immediately Octavia ran from the house and came down the sandy road to meet him. She wore a pale-gray gown which was wonderful in Cyrus's eyes; there were ribbons and ends and flounces, which fluttered and twisted as she ran, and she had a little red shawl held gypsy-fashion across her black hair. She certainly was handsomer than ever. "Oh, Cyrus!" she cried, as she stopped panting beside him, "how did you know I had come?"

He took both her hands in his own hard brown ones, and kissed her frankly on the lips. There was no one to see but a mild-eyed young steer looking stolidly over the barn-yard bars. For a moment the lovers gazed at each other in silence.

"How brown he is!" thought Octavia.

"How beautiful she has grown!" thought Cyrus. Then he spoke. "I brought ye some pussy-willows—dear," he said: "you used to like 'em."

She took them absently. "Let's walk down the road a piece," she said, "as far's the meadow-bars. I—I've got

somethin' to tell you before we go into the house."

"I don't care nothin' about goin' into the house at all," replied Cyrus, "as long's I've got you. We can be more alone out here. But you're sure you're warm enough—dear, with only that little shawl? You ain't sick, Octavy, be ye?" with an anxious tone creeping into his voice. "You hain't come home so on-expected owin' to gettin' sick with workin' in the mills?"

"Oh, no," said the girl quickly; "I'm well; I'm very well, Cyrus, an' I hope," her mind falling upon her accustomed set phrase for letter-writing,—*"I hope you are the same. I—I've got somethin' to tell you, Cyrus."*

"Wal," said Cyrus, happily content, "I've got somethin' to tell you too, Octavy. You tell yours first, an' then I'll tell mine."

He took her hand: it was a cold and reluctant hand, but he was too happy to notice it, and they walked along in silence till they reached the meadow-bars.

They heard the plaintive bleat of the young lambs in the sheep-fold, and the high, continuous thrill of the frogs in the neighboring marsh. Suddenly Octavia withdrew her hand, and, stooping, picked two or three blades of brown grass and compared their lengths with great interest.

"We—you know we've ben keepin' company now 'most five years, Cyrus," she began.

"Yes," assented her lover; "thet's so."

"An', you see, we might go on an' on, Cyrus, in just the same old way. An' then the city is so different from here: it makes the village look so small an' mean. You don't know how it looks after you've ben away in the city."

Cyrus looked puzzled. He could not in the least catch the drift of what Octavia was saying. "No," he agreed, "I don't s'pose I do."

The girl began to pull her blades of grass into small pieces. "I ain't no hand to beat about the bush," she broke out suddenly. "I never was. There

was a gentleman down there to Lewiston, he had a grocery, not a bit like Perkins's store, Cyrus, but a real elegant store, with two front windows, an' his name in gold letters on the sign, you know."

The blacksmith looked at her steadily. "Go on," he said.

"Well, he was sort of keepin' company with my cousin, Jinny Buck, though he says he never had spoke a word to her about marryin', an'—well, I couldn't help it if he liked me better'n he did Jin. It wasn't my fault, as I told her. I never did nothin' to draw him toward me; of course I wouldn't. Jinny's the meanest girl! She cast it up in—"

"Stop a minute," Cyrus interrupted. "I—I guess I wouldn't mind about Jinny, if I was you, Octavy. It ain't about her I want to hear. I don't know Jinny, ye see."

Octavia turned away and looked down the long country road. There was nothing to see but the stone walls and naked elder-bushes; but, somehow, she did not want to look at her lover just then. "I s'pose I may as well tell ye first as last," she said. "He kep' a-comin' all the time, an' he would meet me at the mills every night, just to walk home with me; an' he would ask to go everywhere, an' keep buyin' things for me,—there! he did just pester me so,—an' Jinny was so hateful all the time, an' Aunt Buck went an' said I'd behaved bad to Jinny, an' must find some other place to board, an' I didn't have no-where to go, an' so—well, he's dretful masterful anyway, Jim Haskell is, an' he'd made up his mind to hev me whether or no, an'—well, I couldn't stand out agin him, an' the truth, an' the whole truth, is, we was married last Monday morning, an' it's done anyhow, an' can't be undone."

Cyrus did not say anything. He put out his left hand a little blindly, as if reaching for something. He struck the bars of the meadow, by which they had stopped, and clung to the wooden post.

"I s'pose I might 'a' written," the girl went on swiftly, without looking at him,

"but I thought I could tell you better than I could write. I never was no great hand to write, anyhow, an' I knew I was comin' right home." The woman's small soul, searching for self-excuse and comfort, made her abusive. "Everybody tormented me so," she said petulantly. "I was just drove into it, anyway; I hadn't no say about it; an' now that I've come home, father an' mother are both down on me, an' now you bear malice. I just wish I was dead!"

"Don't say thet, Octavy," broke out Cyrus at length. "Don't wish ye was dead. You—you don't know what you're sayin'."

"Well," said the girl, "I don't care: I *do*. Everybody seems to blame me. I don't know what I could have done. Everybody is so cross. I hain't ben treated a bit like a bride."

"Hain't you?" asked Cyrus, looking at her dully. "Why, thet's too bad."

It seemed to him as though that high, continuous chorus from the marsh was driving him quite mad. He could hear nothing but the frogs. His head seemed to reel and swim. He saw Octavia speaking, her lips moved, but he could not hear what she said. Suddenly the humming in his head grew more intense, then came a snap, as if something there had broken. The humming still continued, but the pitch was lower, and it was more monotonous. Cyrus thought vaguely that it was like the noise he had noticed at Holt's Mills,—first with the doors wide open, and then with them closed. Again he saw Octavia speak. "I can't hear ye," he said, in a dull, slow way. "Ye needn't whisper, Octavy; there ain't nobody to overhear. Jest say it out loud."

She did not answer him. She only stood looking at him oddly. He noticed that the young lambs had stopped their soft treble bleating, and the frogs had ceased croaking in the low, green marsh. A strange, dull, heavy silence had fallen over everything. Octavia's face, with its clear pink-and-white tints, moved in a curious way, swimming to and fro before him. Her black hair, the scarlet

shawl, the golden ornaments in her ears, all blended and became tremulous and hazy.

Was she going mad, that she danced before him in that slow, mysterious way?

When Cyrus opened his eyes, the sun—a low June sun—was shining redly into the little chamber of his own house. A woman—not Octavia—sat knitting by the window,—an old woman, with a worn, brown face, and thin gray hair screwed into a rigorous knot, a dismal gown of the material known as "mourning calico," and a string of gold beads about her withered neck. The window was open, and, just outside, an apple-tree rosy and white with bloom screened the room from the sun. On the high red bureau were bottles and cups and bowls, with plates set over them. Beside his bed on a little stand was a glass half full of lavender-water, with flies buzzing about it drowsily, drawn by the faint, sweet odor.

Cyrus looked from these to a familiar picture in a cherry frame. It was called "The Village Beauty," and represented a red-cheeked, black-haired maiden, in a tight red gown, feeding from her lips a yellow bird who perched on her unnaturally taper finger. Cyrus had bought it of a peddler, because he thought the girl looked like Octavia.

His eyes wandered on languidly, and fell at last upon the patchwork quilt of yellow "rising suns" upon a green ground-work; and then he came to notice his own hands, large and broad as ever, but how pale they were, and how the great knuckles stood out! Then he stirred a little, and wondered where Octavia was, and why the apple-tree had bloomed in April, and so fell asleep, and woke, and slept again, and crept back to life reluctantly, as many a poor soul has done before and since. And in the watches of one long June night, when the neighbor who nursed him slept in the other room, when the wind stirred gently in the apple-tree boughs, and the moths fluttered about the candle on the floor, and the heavy beetles knocked against

the ceiling, there came to Cyrus, tossing on his bed, a vision of Octavia, the woman that he loved. She sat beside him and held his hand, or moved about the room and ministered to him tenderly, — a gentle spirit, far kinder and more lovely than the living counterpart had ever been.

And from that night the vision never left him. Even when he was well, and lit the fire in his forge once more, — when his arm grew strong, and his hand as skilful as before, — he still clung to the idea that Octavia was his wife, that she lived in the small house beside the forge, and tended the flowers in the little garden, and watched the bees in their hives under the apple-trees. The kindly neighbors all helped him in little ways, but in all that was done he saw only the hand of his wife.

At first some upright souls would try to convince him that his wife was but the shadowy creation of his own crazed brain; but he only shook his head pityingly. "Hain't ye never seen her when ye was to the house?" he would ask. "Wal, now, thet's cur'ous. She must 'a' ben out to the hives, I guess; she's a master-hand at watchin' the bees.

Or mebbe she was in the forge; she oftentimes comes out there with her knittin'-work an' sets a spell with me. You'll see her next time ye come, I guess."

On Sunday one may see him coming reverently into church, and standing aside when the square old-fashioned pew is reached, to allow his shadowy wife to go in before him. He sits at a little distance from the head of the pew, and shares his hymn-book with a woman invisible to all eyes but his own.

Nobody laughs at him; even the children only wonder at him. His madness has a curious method in it. He prattles of his wife's gray hair and failing steps. He knows nothing of the real Octavia, dead and buried twenty years ago. He lives content and cheerful in a world of his own creating. Why grieve for him? and why pity him? Is he not blessed above his fellows?

And yet the village folks, whose busy lives, poor hearts, are heavy with actual cares and sorrows, sigh as they turn aside to look at him, and call him "Poor old Uncle Cyrus."

ELEANOR PUTNAM.

AT THE END.

BECAUSE the shadows deepened heavily,
Because the end of all seemed near, forsooth,
Her gracious spirit, ever quick to ruth,
Had pity on her bond-slave, even on me.
She came in with the twilight, noiselessly:
Fair as a rose, immaculate as truth,
She leaned above my wrecked and wasted youth:
I felt her presence, more than I could see.

"God keep you, my poor friend," I heard her say,
And then she kissed my dry hot lips and eyes.
Kiss *thou* the next kiss, quiet Death, I pray,
Be instant on this hour, and so surprise
My spirit while *her* presence seems to stay:
Take *thou* the heart, with the heart's Paradise.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

THE CLIMATE CURE.

IS there a climate cure for consumption? The census-takers of the world tell us that from one-seventh to one-third of its population die of that disease; and it is of no little importance to know if the afflicted one should abandon the comforts and sympathy of home for the doubtful benefits of the health-resort, with its dispiriting society and its frequent funerals. No less than a dozen of our States and Territories are celebrated as sanitariums for pulmonary troubles; but how many of the reports on which this reputation is founded are advertisements, and how many are impartial and trustworthy statements, it is difficult to say. The physicians of those regions proclaim the salutary qualities of the climate; but the doctor can hardly be considered unprejudiced authority. The managers of railways and hotels tell the same story; but the importation of invalids is a matter of business with them. The guide-books repeat the claim; but guide-books are made to sell, and only travellers buy them. The first settlers are loud in praise of the invigorating climate; but they have real estate to dispose of, and the sick man's money is as good as any other. Still louder are the few who went away from home with signs of pulmonary disease, and who, having become robust again, parade as living arguments in favor of a change of climate. Meanwhile, the thousands who have died are lying silent in their graves, unable to add their testimony, and the hundreds who are dying are unwilling to admit that gloomy fact, or are averse to discussing a subject which cannot be otherwise than painful to them; or they are so busy with their last wills and testaments that they have no time to commit their experiences to paper for the instruction of the public. Never was evidence more one-sided than that upon the climate cure; and its unreliability is aggravated by the fact that

the testimony of the principal witness, the invalid himself, is all but valueless. The consumptive is proverbially blind to his own condition, and, imagining restoration where the impartial observer sees nothing but dissolution, blesses the climate for the change.

The figures of the statistician are usually supposed to be a reliable source of information; but there are those who say that anything can be proved by statistics, if they are adroitly culled and manipulated. Again, death comes so slowly by consumption, and the invalid, like the stricken deer, so often drags himself elsewhere to die, that the honest statistics of this disease are not so valuable as those of yellow fever, lightning-stroke, or other causes of sudden dissolution, in which there is not time to separate cause and effect by a change of residence. Moreover, most of our boasted sanitariums for chest-troubles are in new and comparatively unsettled countries, in which the population have not yet had time to settle down into normal conditions of birth, growth, death, and disease, whether hereditary or acquired. The friends of the Rocky Mountain region claim that the presence of consumption in their mortality-lists is due solely to the influx of invalids who are in a dying condition on their arrival, and beyond all possible hopes of recovery; but it should also be remembered that the resident population of this frontier is made up of robust pioneers and adventurers, of the toughest physical material, upon which, whether in Connecticut or in Colorado, consumption could make no impression. In a century from now, when the descendants of these hardy people shall be debilitated by the extremes of luxury and poverty and enfeebled by the poisoned air of counting-house and factory, the census will perhaps tell a different story.

As for that general information which is rehearsed by the traveller in his book

and by the newspaper correspondent in his letters, beware of it.

Travellers' tales are proverbially uncertain, and especially so when they have gone through the several degrees of inflation which characterize our reports from the health-resorts of the Great West and the New South. First, there is that moderate exaggeration which is expected of every writer on such topics, and which will add interest to his writings and make them more easily vendible. Every journalist knows that a higher premium is offered for the startling than for the commonplace, and, within certain limits of probability, he acts accordingly. It was once the writer's fortune—and good fortune it was—to be acquainted with one of those Cæsar-like individuals who write articles for the magazines, and it was once his privilege to read one of these papers which was ready for print, and which described a journey with which he was familiar. To his horror, he discovered that the magazinist, who was in ordinary life a perfect paragon of truthfulness, had so intermingled fiction with the verity upon which his paper was based that the commonplace, under his pen, fairly bristled with startling effects. "Is there any good reason why it might not have been as I have described it?" was the calm reply to the criticism which his article evoked. Modern literary enterprise, whether displayed in the anecdotes which illustrate a preacher's sermon, or in the embellishments to a traveller's tale, seems to hesitate only at the obviously untrue; and sometimes very lofty superstructures of fiction are reared upon slight foundations of fact.

A most interesting case of consumption held at bay was that of the journalist who established himself at "Camp Lou" in the Adirondacks, and subsequently described the beneficial results in a magazine article which was very widely read. While we have no right to doubt a syllable of what he said, still his must have been a remarkable emancipation from the effects of a journalistic life if he did not describe himself as a little weaker than he really

was upon entering the woods, and a trifle stronger than the reality upon emerging therefrom. At any rate, he certainly knew that the experiences of a consumptive who followed the natural course from health to death would not be in demand among publishers.

Even if the visitor to the health-resort be honestly and truthfully disposed, he finds little means to gratify his predilection for solid facts. Aside from those who are financially interested in the development of their new country, and who overestimate its advantages as a matter of business, there is upon our frontiers a large class of jokers who lie for the fun of the thing, and know no richer amusement than to "josh a tender-foot," as they call their favorite pastime of playing the Munchausen to credulous new arrivals, who accept the most marvellous stories as gospel truth and note them down on their tablets for future use in lecture or narrative. Such newcomers hear the most astonishing accounts of the growth of cities, transparent atmospheres, fights with grizzly bears, discoveries of gold, and restorations to health. To them a cow's cranium in the street becomes a buffalo's skull; a scar received in a bar-room brawl is the mark of a tomahawk; and the man with the rosy cheeks and the shape of a beer-barrel is the restored invalid who came there as a skeleton with only one lung. Bless that universal character with only one lung! How many travellers he has interested! how many sick people have felt new life as they gazed upon him! how many pages of guide-books have glowed with descriptions of him! Every health-region has at least one of these restorations, as invariably as there is at least one elephant to every circus: even the typical Chinaman of Colorado, corresponding to the Ah Sin of California, is named Wun Lung. Though a thousand health-seekers die, and one live, that one, if judiciously used, is sufficient to give a country a reputation as a sanitarium. He is cherished as the one ewe-lamb of the community, and is pointed out to every doubting Thomas as living

and unanswerable proof of the healthful properties of the climate. Very often the only thing remarkable in his case is the fact that he is not dead yet; but the same may be said of thousands of consumptives who remain at home and linger for many years before dying. An invalid who does not die immediately upon his arrival at a health-resort will be sure to find himself a contributor to the advertising capital of the place.

Being questioned on this subject, the one-lunged individual enters into the spirit of the occasion, proudly admits the charge, and, unaware of the physiological fact that wasted lungs do not grow again, any more than amputated legs or extracted eyes, swears that his pulmonary apparatus is now in better condition than ever before. What shall be said of such a man and his statement? The wisest thing to say is, in plain Saxon, that he lies; for, while miraculous cures are scarce in this age, liars are as abundant as ever. Indeed, if one do but reflect calmly on this matter, he will be surprised to find how very little plain truth there is afloat in the world. The convert who rises in the prayer-meeting to describe his previous milk-and-water wickedness as a "life dragged through the deepest mire of iniquity" is only equalled by the convalescent who exaggerates a slight bleeding at the throat, a pleurisy-pain, or a continued cough into the loss of a lung. While any philosophical discussion of the reasons why all men are liars would be foreign to the nature of this article, it may be briefly said that love of notoriety is a prime cause; there are so many who would rather be conspicuous as reformed villains or restored invalids than go altogether unnoticed. Some men, also, lie from the praiseworthy intention to say something interesting to their hearers; and unvarnished truth, as a rule, is *not* stranger than fiction. Others lie from motives of vanity, as the fellow who, exhibiting the chest of an athlete, declares that he was as flat as a slab and in the last stages of consumption until he sent to London and got a bottle of Arabian Milk, which bulged him out to

his present proportions. In this case, falsehood is necessary to justify the self-display.

The settlers of those frontier countries where our sanitariums lie are peculiarly loyal to their new homes, and will suffer no word to be said against them. The people of New England do not think it unpatriotic to admit that their country is subject to chilling winds and rheumatic weather; but a like indiscretion on the part of the pioneer would be sufficient ground for the revival of the Vigilance Committee. All of them—man, woman, and child—are boomers of their adopted region, and there are doubtless some of the rising generation who would be surprised to learn that the sun ever shines on the Atlantic coast. It is almost a fashion among them to say that they cannot live anywhere else; but when reminded that they have never died anywhere else, they consider the observation impertinent. As in the patent-medicine almanacs, so in the lexicon of the health-resort, sequence and consequence are one and the same. Should a visitor, having recovered his health, hint the possibility that his cure was independent of climate, he would be looked upon as a monster of ingratitude. And yet legions of invalids stay at home and recover. Who has not had friends who, after the fever, cough, emaciation, and other symptoms of a decline, have regained their former vigor without a change of climate? A man in Boston is brought to death's door by a frightful hemorrhage of the lungs. He stays quietly in the city, and afterward enjoys the best health of all his life. Yet he would be considered a fool to attribute his restoration to the climate of Boston. There are a number of instances on record in which people have gone from New York to Colorado and have gained flesh. Probably an equal number could be found in the removals from the latter to the former State, if there was an equal emigration in that direction; but it is doubtful if such statistics would be cherished by the New-Yorkers as worthy of remark.

Many a physician's reputation and

patent-medicine-man's fortune and sanitarium's fame have been built up on a gullible people's readiness to believe that *post hoc* equals *propter hoc*. Meanwhile, we ignore our one great curative agent, the recuperative effort with which nature is eternally striving to restore vitality, baffle disease, and counteract the effect of the drugs with which the invalid is fed. It is said that man is born to die. No; he is born to live, and he recovers health a hundred times before he dies once. But, instead of giving credit where it is due, he thanks some lucky doctor for saving his life, or signs a testimonial in favor of some nostrum, or gives the papers an account of his wonderful prayer-cure, or in some other way defrauds beneficent nature.

Down in some parts of benighted Delaware the inhabitants with one accord are afflicted with a kind of malarial disorder which, without any waste of words, they call "the bilious." Some betake themselves to one remedy, and some to another; but a favorite resort is to "conjure" it away. A young man, for example, goes into the woods, bores three holes in a tree, places three pebbles in each hole, makes three revolutions on his heel, says, "Go away, Bilious!" three times, and, lo! he feels better immediately, and is completely well in a few days. Ridiculous, of course, but not more so than most reports of cures in which the desired effect follows more or less closely upon a supposed cause. The truth is, that no one can know positively that he has been helped by any physician, medicine, or climate, for the simple reason that he can never know what would have been his condition if he had not tried such expedient. There are a thousand-and-one secret springs of life whose action he cannot follow. On the other hand, it is easy to number with precision a host of those who have not been cured by any treatment: the head-stones in the grave-yard tell the tale.

Invalids contribute greatly to the fame of the climate cure by beginning a new life with their change of residence. They exchange an unhealthy life for a

healthy one, a laborious life for an easy one, the office for the field and forest, and care for freedom. What wonder that the health improves? It would be a deadly climate in which improvement did not ensue. A change of residence from Murray Hill to Yellowstone Park would doubtless prove beneficial in most cases of headache and corns; but it is not the climate that works the cure. A thousand-mile journey is not necessary in order to alter one's regimen of living, and, be he never so deep in the city, the country, with its field and forest, is but a morning's walk away. The chronicler of "Camp Lou" abandoned the vitiated atmosphere of a newspaper den, with its concomitant evils of irregular hours, night-work, and incessant strain, for the careless existence of a lounge in the Adirondacks. He was surprised at gaining strength by the process, and heralded his discovery as the "Wilderness Cure." Call it what you will, it is always in substance the same. The great healer, nature, takes to her hospital and her heart the broken-down invalid, so long a rebel to her ways, and nurses him back to a new lease of life.

In consumption, as in other ailments, there are fluctuations in the disease. Sometimes the patient is better, and sometimes worse, until death comes. Hence it almost always happens that a season of improvement follows his arrival at the health-resort, and this is seized upon as proof that the climate is beneficial, if not absolutely curative. If he steadily declines for a year, and has perhaps but six months longer to live, he is urged not to condemn the country on so short an experience, but to give it five or ten years of trial. But, however gladly he would do so, he is prevented by circumstances beyond his control from following this advice, which resembles that of the medicine-proprietor who begs his patrons not to get discouraged if the first two or three dozen bottles do no apparent good, but to keep right on. When he dies, as he generally does, there is the convenient formula that he did not come early enough to

the sanitarium,—a formula which, it may be observed, can be made to apply to any one not born there, and which, with a little license, might even be used to reproach a native's ancestors for a generation or two back. At just how early a date the invalid should try the climate cure, has not yet been determined. Its champions are non-committal, agreeing only in the obvious fact that if a man dies he came too late, while if he recovers he arrived in time. This is not unlike the old recipe for testing mushrooms: eat them, and if they agree with you they are the vegetables desired; but if they kill you they are the poisonous toadstools.

"He brought the disease with him," is another favorite formula of the health-resort, and it is sometimes applied under circumstances ludicrously inappropriate. "Pa," said a California boy to his father, "that Connecticut chap who was boarding over at Hurley's Ranch is dead."—"Is he?" replied the parent. "Well, he brought the disease with him. What did he die of, anyway?"—"Horse threw him and broke his neck."

The invalid at the sanitarium will be astonished to find that all unpleasant weather, though it be eleven months out of the year, is classified as "exceptional," while the beautiful days, though they be but one in a month, are pronounced the regular order. Without any unkind mention of names, it is safe to say that there are some health-resorts in the United States in which "exceptional" weather is as abundant as irregular verbs in the Greek language. How do such places get their fame? By the persistent misrepresentation of those who are interested in immigration,—a misrepresentation which is finally engrafted into the habits of speech of the people at large, so that even the ladies in the drawing-room retail false returns of the necrology and meteorology of the country. Even though this be done in innocence and ignorance and with the kind desire to say something pleasant, still it is a serious thing to mislead a person who is *in extremis* and who is searching for honest information.

Granting that there is a climate cure, where shall we find it? Advice on that subject will be plenteous enough. Every friend will tell of some one who went somewhere and got better. That is nothing. People have stayed at home in Maine and Massachusetts and done as much. Some advisers are so irrational as to say that any change is beneficial; but this can only be true of one locality,—the unhealthiest spot in the world, wherever that may be. Ah, the mistaken kindness of those dear friends who feel that they have left a duty unfulfilled if they do not ransack their memories for some remedy or resort to urge upon the invalid! If he goes to Mexico, they assure him that Manitoba is just the place for him; if he takes one medicine, they ask him why he does not try some other; and in a thousand ways they vex the little comfort and quiet which is possible to his waning days, and then are almost offended if he does not follow their counsel to the exclusion of all others. In the fulness of their health they may know no more of consumption than a sailor knows of theology, while the sick man is strangely lacking in intelligence if, with his vital interest in the matter, he has not learned all that books and experience can teach him; but, *n'importe*, none are too ignorant to give advice.

Florida, whose proper name is Euthanasia, is a place where people go to die a comfortable death. Santa Barbara is becoming noted for the prosperity of its undertakers. Around Los Angeles there are emaciated lawyers keeping bee-ranches in the cañons, and hectic preachers hoeing watermelons on the plains; but the best that can be said of them is that they are not dead yet. The rains and clouds on Lake Tahoe are as damp and chilly as such meteorological conditions ever are. Colorado, where the wind blows hot from the plains and cold from the mountains, is perhaps the most frequented resort of to-day; yet the result has been such that when we read in the obituary notices of our Eastern friends the words, "Died in Colorado,"

it is equivalent to, "Died of consumption." Almost every sleeping-car which crosses the Plains during certain seasons of the year is turned into a hospital by invalids, to the great inconvenience of the healthy passengers, who are heard to repeat fervent vows that if they ever get sick they will have the sense to stay at home. In the streets and in the hotels of Denver the consumptives are known, somewhat prematurely and irreverently, as "dead men." At Ogden, Utah, where the overland trains meet and a change of cars is necessary, the death of consumptives during the transfer is not an unusual occurrence.

If the sick man elects Minnesota, he is discouraged on his way thither by meeting troops of afflicted natives of that State, who, on their part, have chosen Florida and the Bermudas. Since the railways have entered New Mexico there has been a rush in that direction by those who would try the vaunted soft air and sunny skies of that Territory; but, arriving upon those plains, they find that the driving storms of November follow so closely upon the blistering heat of October that the wandering tarantula has scarcely time to hie away to his hole. In general, it is with these health-resorts as with mining districts,—the one latest announced catches the stampede, for the very simple reason that there has not yet been time to disprove its claims upon the public favor. And, as there is no truer proverb than that which speaks of the enchantment bestowed by distance, the greater the remoteness and inaccessibility of a reputed sanitarium the greater is the faith of the people in its healing properties. The old Spanish adventurers sought the fountain of life in the forests of the New World; the modern American invalid is equally confident that its waters bubble for him somewhere in Egypt or the Sandwich Islands.

Possibly they do. Possibly, also, an investment in the lottery or a speculation in Wall Street may bring wealth; but we do not on this remote possibility advise our friends to make these ven-

tures. The consumptive cannot too soon disabuse his mind of the fanciful idea that in some distant locality the veins of earth run with some peculiar ichor, or her atmosphere is charged with some life-giving force, to which he is a stranger at home. Air and water are made up of pretty much the same constituents all the world over. Bad weather as well as good is found everywhere. They have fogs in California, blizzards in Minnesota, sudden changes of temperature in Colorado, and chill wintry rains on the tropical islands. I once knew a champion of a health-resort to be so beset and cornered by illustrations of the unhealthfulness of his climate that he was obliged to retreat behind the apologetic remark, "Well, after you once get acclimated, this is no worse than some other places."

A life of hunting and fishing is often prescribed for the patient who is too feeble to lift a rifle; but the milder pursuits of the botanist or mineralogist are healthier and safer. In the excitement of the chase he is liable to find his strength suddenly fail him in the depths of the forest, or the sun may prostrate him or the storm overtake him when he least expects it; and if he be a zealous fisherman he is sure sooner or later to take an unpremeditated bath, from which chill and congestion may ensue. Besides, it is hardly consistent for the man who makes so much ado about his own precious life to amuse himself by taking the lives of other animals, which are perhaps of equal importance in the grand scheme of nature.

The city folks in the East are particularly fond of advising their dying acquaintance to go out West and "rough it;" but rough treatment, whatever may be its uses as a preventive of disease, is a failure as a cure. As well advise the shorn lamb to seek the untempered blast. At home the sick man is called into the house when the sun goes down, lest he may catch a breath of the night air, and at the same time his foolish well-wishers counsel him to go somewhere else and sleep out all night,—it will do him good. At home he is warned to avoid the

slightest summer sprinkle, and in the same breath he is recommended to rough it in the Rocky Mountains, where he will be obliged to sleep in wet blankets and stand beside a dreary camp-fire with his boots full of water for days at a stretch. He could accomplish as much good at home by letting himself down into the cistern for an afternoon.

The act of roughing it is not the Arcadian picnic that the fancy paints it. The process does not belie its name. Roughing it means to get lost from your party in an unknown country; it means hardship, privation, and exposure such as only the strongest can bear, illness without care and death without ceremony, summer heat by day and winter's cold by night with adequate protection from neither, a bed so thin that the invalid's protuberant bones feel every stone beneath, a diet of potatoes soaked in grease, bread half done, and coffee tasting of the tin, served by a cook who erst was stable-boy, and the company of coarse men, whose gross words are particularly offensive to one whose soul has been purified by pain. The invalid can easily rough it at home by joining partnership with the first tramp who comes along.

As long as comfort is not sacrificed in the exchange, no one doubts that the pine-clad mountains are better than the malarial swamps, the country with its clover-blossoms better than the city with its sewer-gas and decaying pavements, the open air better than the close office, and a bracing atmosphere better than one which debilitates; but beyond this a change of climate is of doubtful efficacy to the consumptive. As every section of our country has its mountains, fields, and pure air, any journey to distant lands is really unnecessary. If the invalid has plenty of money, prefers motion to rest and excitement to calm, has no fears of sudden prostration or death by the way, is bound by no home attachments, and finds one boarding-house as good as another, there is no sufficient reason why he should not amuse himself, during the short time that amusement is possible to him, by

testing the merits of one sanitarium after another and congratulating himself on some imaginary improvement in his condition. It is one of the recompenses of his misfortune that his heart grows strong as his lungs get weak, and, like the ostrich, he blinds his sight with the sands of confidence, even while the pitiless pursuer is hard upon him. This effectually disproves the popular theory that a plucky determination to live will baffle any disease.

But if sympathy is a necessity to the patient's nature, let him stay at home. No amount of ozone in the atmosphere will atone for the unfamiliar faces of a strange land. A hygienic hotel is like a battle-field: the sympathies of the attendants are scattered too widely over the multitude to be felt by any one individual, unless by a lavish system of fees he can secure the consolations of a paid mourner. Should he be poor in this world's goods and rich in dependent relations, it is doubtful if he has a moral right to take the bread from the future widow and orphans in order to incur the heavy expenditure of the health-resort, where, at the best, he may continue the semblance of living for a brief period longer. This may seem cruel doctrine to the devoted wife, children, or parents, who would willingly be cast penniless upon the world for the sake of securing a respite, however short, for their loved one; but it is recommended for the unselfish consideration of the impecunious invalid himself, for whom this article is written. Fresh air, wholesome food, and healthy habits of life are better remedies for consumption than any atmosphere of the antipodes, and few are so poor as not to have these at command. Then, if die they must, let them depart free from the regretful thought that a journey to the south of France would have saved them.

And die they must, as a general thing. In the making of human beings, as in the building of chaises,—

I tell you what,

There is always somewhere a weakest spot,

and few are so evenly constructed in all

their organs as to perish by a general collapse, like the one-hoss shay, or, in other words, to die of old age. Suppose that weakest spot to be the lungs. If, with these in a sound condition, the body has not vitality enough to escape disease, there is scant hope that, with those organs in an impaired state, enough strength can be built up to throw off the evil. Though the invalid take all the advice and medicine that friends and doctors give, though he go South for warm weather and North for cold, and seek first the interior and then the sea-coast, though he live high on the tops of mountains or deep down in caverns, though he drink beer, milk, and blood, and eat and abstain in the most erratic manner prescribed by the hygienist, still the inevitable summons finds him out.

And why should he complain? Has he not, as a good Christian, prayed, "From sudden death, good Lord, deliver us"? and should he murmur when a year or two of preparation is given him?

Has he not said, "Thy will be done"? and is it respectful and proper for him to race from one sanitarium to another throughout two continents in a vain attempt to frustrate that will upon its first manifestation? The consumptive has his compensations. From the first cautionary hint of his physicians to the last consciousness of life, he loses hope so slowly that he is spared that terrible shock which accompanies the announcement of death to one who, stricken down in his vigor, is told that he has but a few hours to live. So gradual is his divorce from active life that almost inappreciably he finds the gates of the busy world, with all its pleasures, gayeties, hopes, plans, and ambitions, closed to him as inexorably as were the doors of Paradise to the Peri. He has become a thing of the past. His name is stricken from the rolls of business and from the lists of society. Why should he wish to begin the work and worry all over again?

FRANK D. Y. CARPENTER.

CLOCK-WORK.

"MY! no!" said Mrs. Poysett, laughing at the very idea: "we ain't afraid to stay in the house one night 'thout men-folks. Be we, Lindy?"

"I guess not," said black-eyed Linda cheerily, washing her hands as a preliminary to putting the bread in the pans.

"Frank says, when John wrote him to come and stay over a day in Boston, 'You'll be afraid, mother, with all Lindy's presents in the house.' And he was real put out at first because I wouldn't have some of the neighbors come in to sleep."

"Well, I don't blame you, ef you feel's ef you *could* sleep,—on'y two

women-folks," said the caller, sharp-featured Miss Haines, with prominent elbows and emphatically-clean calico. "It 'ud on'y amount to makin' up a bed for nuthin'."

"Yes," Mrs. Poysett went on, accompanying the slicing of apples for pies with the regular swing of her rocking-chair, while she now and then placed a particularly thin and inviting piece of the fruit in her mouth, "that's what I thought. Ten—'leven—Lindy, when you go into the other room, I wish you'd strike that clock round. It strikes one too many."

"Yes'm," said brisk Linda; and then, trying to extricate the recipe for composition cake from inevitable dreams

about her wedding-day, she forgot the clock—and made an incident for this story.

"Your presents air handsome, Lindy; there's no mistake about that," said the visitor, turning the conversation skilfully to the quarter toward which the town interest was just then tending.

"Yes," answered Linda, blushing a little. She had grown used to blushing of late. "People have been very kind to me."

"No more'n you deserve," said Miss Haines oracularly, and with an emphasis that left no room for denial. "Folks say to me, 'John Willey's been pretty stiddy to go out West and make a home, 'n' then come back 'n' marry the girl he's been with ever sence they was child'en.' But I say to 'em, 'No credit to him. No more'n he'd orter done. Lindy's pure gold, and he's got the sense to see it.'" And she finished her eulogy on the door-step, perhaps to avoid having the matter disputed, while Linda went back to her cooking-table, laughing, and still gratefully rosy over the sense that everybody in general was far too good to her. It was a case of the smooth running of deep waters. She and John Willey had been prosaically faithful to each other for years before he asked her promise to marry him. Eighteen months ago he had gone West to set up in business as a carriage-builder, and now, having prospered, was coming East for his wife. Within two days' journey of home he had written to ask Frank, Linda's brother, to meet him in Boston for a day's sight-seeing and an evening at the theatre. Perhaps you would say that the ideal lover should have hastened to his lady on the wings of the wind or with all the power of steam; but Linda thought differently.

"It was just like him—wasn't it, mother?"—she said that very morning, after Miss Haines had gone, "to think Frank would be the better for a change. I'd rather have him go to Boston for a good time than see John one day sooner. And I'm sure nobody could speak stronger than that; could they, mother?"

"I don't know what I shall do without you, Lindy," said the mother, rather irrelevantly, putting down the knife to wipe away a furtive tear with her apron. "I'm sure I don't know."

Linda was at her side in an instant, with a tear of her own, and the two women kissed, laughed, and went on with their work, as they had done a hundred times within the last fortnight. For Mrs. Poysett had the equable temperament that sometimes accompanies rotundity of form and a double chin, and Linda, besides being sensible, could not keep miserable very long at a time. Thus you perceive that circumstances were rendering it as easy as possible for them to weather the gale of coming separation.

Meanwhile, everybody in the town-ship was not rotund and possessed of double chins, not all the houses were keepers of new and shining wedding-gifts, and, strange to say, not everybody was happy. Pete Haydon, who lived down in Tan Lane, was poor and savagely discouraged. He made shoes ordinarily, but that winter there were no shoes to be had. His was a fine and practised hand; he could do all sorts of jobs, from cleaning a watch to building a chimney, but nobody saw fit to have making or mending done. There had been only four or five pieces of work since fall for Tinker Pete, for none of which could he in conscience ask more than fifteen cents. His wife fell sick, the children's clothes were too shabby for school, and just then some one tapped him on the arm and tempted him.

One morning a stranger strolled into town and stopped at Pete's little shop to ask his way. He was travelling to Southfield, so he said.

"Where had he been?"

"Oh, anywhere," airily and jauntily; "travelling about the country. Might take up with work somewhere, if I found any worth doing."

"Hard times," said Pete, looking moodily at the little red stove. "What's your trade?"

"I've been a sailor," said the man, filling his pipe,—a process Pete watched

greedily, for his own tobacco-box was empty. "Twenty years before the mast. I should have been a captain before this time,—but there's jealousies. So I got sick of it. I call myself a landsman now."

"You don't have the look of a sailor," said Pete, his eyes travelling from the shabby fur cap and the dark face with rather narrow bold black eyes down over the shabby suit of brown.

The man gave a slight start and glanced at him keenly: "You don't think so? Well, I've been on land some time now. Salt water's easy to shake off. What might your name be?"

"Haydon,—Pete Haydon."

"And mine's Job Whettles. Queer name, ain't it? Don't believe there's another like it in the country. Good-day, mate. If I'm round this way again I'll look in on you."

And he did.

One day, as Pete was soldering a milk-pail for Mrs. Burge, this time whistling a little, having work to whistle over, the man came in without warning of rap or voice.

"Thought you's twenty-five mile away afore this," said Pete, plying his iron. "Take a seat."

"Things don't please me much over that way," said the fellow pompously, again beginning to cut his tobacco, perhaps as a cover to his furtive glances. "I may stay round here a spell. Perhaps I'll do a bit of work on somebody's farm."

"Can't get it," said Pete briefly, viewing his completed job with approval. "Ain't no farm-work to be had just now."

"Well, doing chores, I mean,—light work. I'm not particular how little I do for my board," with a coarse laugh.

"Folks do their own work round here," said Pete. "Some of 'em have got money enough to pay, but they're able-bodied, as it happens, and don't want a hired man round in the winter."

"Seems a pity—don't it?—that things can't be equally divided, so that you and I could have our share," said the stran-

ger, puffing industriously at his pipe, but not forgetting to watch the tinker. "I should like to help myself to somebody's pile; now, shouldn't you? Honestly enough, of course, man. You needn't jump. I mean, suppose the young fellow that owns the big farm over there—Poysett?—should say, 'Whettles, take half my bank-stock. I don't need it all; do you think I should say 'no'?"

Of course the tinker laughed at the fanciful notion. He was a sunny-tempered fellow; it hardly needed a very bright thing to provoke his mirth.

Where Whettles stayed at night was a mystery. Sometimes Pete suspected he might have slept in a barn, he turned up so tousled in the morning; often he guessed that Toppan, the saloon-keeper, had given him a lodging, from the fumes that lingered about his shabby person. He had money at times, for again and again he treated Pete to a cheering glass of whiskey. Pete was not used to frequenting the saloon; he did not in the least approve of it; but it happened that about this time this evil bird of prey sought his company more persistently than did any more respectable person. And Whettles was a sociable fellow: he could tell more stories in half an hour than any six of the honest people Pete knew taken together. He was, so Pete concluded, nobody's enemy but his own. It would take more time than you are willing to give, and a deeper knowledge of mental intricacies than I possess, to detail the process through which Pete was brought to the point of promising to creep into the Poysett farm-house and rifle the old desk that stood between the sitting-room windows. The grocer's bill was growing longer, his wife was paler, and she worried him by entreaties to let Whettles alone and forsake Toppan's: the aggregate of such straws is not small.

The opportunity came, fitting the mood as exactly as if the mood had made it. Frank Poysett was going to Boston to meet John Willey; the "women-folks" would be alone.

"You take Poysett's," said Whettles;

"you know the lay of the land there; and the same night I'll try Turner's, over on the hill. We'll meet somewhere about one, down there under the big elm, and divide. After that I'll make tracks across lots and take a train somewhere; nobody'll think of you."

Tinker Pete was equally sure of nobody's suspecting him. He had always been honest,—this he thought with a pang,—and, being a simple-minded sort of fellow, he never calculated the effect in other people's eyes of having been seen with Whettles.

"But s'pose my courage gives out," he said uncertainly. "I don't know's I can do it, after all. It's easy enough to get in, but what if somebody should see me? It might end in what's worse."

"Man alive!" said Whettles impatiently. "Afraid at your time of life? Well, here's what I'll do. They go to bed early; you can have it over by midnight. Now, I'll come back that way, and if you're there and afraid to stir, I'll go in and do it myself. But, mind, I don't expect you're going to back out. If I have to do all the work I get all the pay."

"Oh, I mean to do it fast enough," said Pete doggedly. "Things can't be much worse off than they are now."

"And if I ain't there by twelve, you'll know somethin's happened and I can't come; so you'll have to go on your own hook. But be sure you're at the big tree by one."

Whettles, like many another skilful tactician, did not tell his catspaw all his plans. He had no intention of doing what might be done for him. It was only politic to assure Pete of helping him out should his courage fail, for fear, under too great dread, that he might break away from the plan altogether. Whettles, who had as little right to this name as to many another article he had possessed at various times, was as truly an arrant coward as a villain. All his ill deeds, and they were numerous, had been done, as far as he could manage it, at the expense of somebody else. If the robbery at Turner's seemed feasible without too much danger, he would keep his

word; if not, there was at hand the excuse of having been watched or prevented, and Pete could be coaxed or threatened into sharing what spoil he had from the Poysetts'.

That night Mrs. Poysett and Linda had an early tea, and, having done the in-door work, sat down for one of the quiet talks that had grown so precious because they were so soon to cease. The journey to Illinois was so long, and Linda's beginning a new life such a serious matter, that it seemed the two would never have done talking it all over. Henry, the nearest neighbor's boy, had shut up the barn long ago, the milk was strained, and the pails were washed.

"I've laid out a dozen o' them coarse crash towels for your dishes, Lindy," said Mrs. Poysett. "Yes, I know you've got a lot o' new ones; but you can't have too many o' such things. There ain't any such thing as bein' extravagant about keepin' your dishes clean and shiny. Your grandmother Poysett used to say she believed I'd like a clean towel to every cup. Lindy, how glad I am that you ain't got to live with a mother-in-law!" A husky sigh of relief was here Mrs. Poysett's tribute to the memory of the woman who had made the first ten years of her own married life a discipline.

"To think John and Frank will be here to-morrow night at seven!" said Linda dreamily. "We'll have quince for supper, won't we, mother?"

"Yes; and I guess we'd better be abed just as early as we can get there. You be fastenin' up, and I'll wind the clock." Mrs. Poysett did that in the dark, for Linda had taken the lamp into the kitchen. "Eight! Well, I declare!" said the good lady, as the clock struck after she had groped her way up-stairs. "And it's right, too; for Lindy put it round this mornin'. Seems to me it took you a good while," she went on, as Linda came in with the lamp. "I don't b'lieve but what you went through some extra fastenin'-up, now we're alone."

"Not a bit, mother," said Linda, with a smile cut short by a yawn. "I stopped to put the cat out."

"I always think of what your father said," mused the old lady. "It was after the Hampstead murder. We never 'd had our doors fastened in the world till then; and as soon as news of that come, everybody was scared to death, and your father put a button on the back door. And the first night he turned it, he laid awhile a-thinkin', and then says he, 'If there's only a wooden button between me and death, I guess I'll trust in the Lord and not the button.' So he went down-stairs and turned it back again. What a lot of hair you have got, Lindy, and how quick you braid it!"

When Pete crept up to the house at ten, the women had been soundly asleep for two hours. He tried the kitchen window; it had no fastening, and went up noiselessly. He stepped in and stood trembling. The clock in the next room ticked with appalling loudness. His knees smote together, but it required as much courage now to flee as to remain. Perhaps for ten minutes—perhaps hours, judging by his own exaggerated reckoning—he stood in fear; and then, as the clock ticked on steadily as if it had no reference to him, his heart-beats grew fainter and his courage crawled back.

He crept toward the sitting-room door on his hands and knees. There stood the old desk, with its high spindle-legs, half of it in exaggerated shadow and half thrown into light by a shaft from the moon. Probably the key was in the lock. He had seen it there himself a dozen times,—had seen Frank bring in a fat roll of bills after selling his oxen, toss them in there and put down the cover without turning the key. There had been no robberies in Belburn, and so people trusted more in human nature and less in steel and wood. But the sitting-room was so light! He should never dare go in there; the very thought of having his shadow thrown on the wall, distorted like those of the tables and chairs, gave him another sickening spasm of fear. What if there were only women in the house? Suppose one appeared? where should he hide himself? He was not a thief by

nature or training. He would crouch down in a corner and wait for Whettles. He had been there ages, when the clock gave warning; ages longer, and with an alarming preliminary whir it struck twelve. He started up with an after-impulse of gratitude that he had not shrieked. When had the hour before struck? It seemed incredible that he could have slept, but it must have been so, or, what was more probable, he had been too absorbed to hear it. It was time for Whettles. He crept back to the kitchen window and waited in the cold draught of air. Minutes passed, each seeming ten. He began to grow angry. Did the fellow mean to play him false and not come at all? As anger rose, his courage to do the deed ebbed. I do not believe conscience asserted itself very strongly. Life was harder than it had been even one day before, and there was no flour in the house now. He was still bitterly at odds with life, but the after-effects of the whiskey Whettles had given him were nervousness and irresolution. The clock gave warning for another hour. False, friendly old clock, if he could have seen your face he would have known it lacked ten minutes of midnight then; instead, he believed it would strike one. Too late for Whettles. Perhaps he was now at the old elm: he would hurry there and bring him back to do his share of the work. He closed the window behind him and hurried off to the rendezvous. There was no one there. At that moment the relief of having been prevented from sin overbalanced every other feeling. Something must have happened to Whettles; perhaps he had been caught; perhaps he would say that his accomplice was waiting for him under the elm! He started on a swift run for home, to find his wife watching for him in the moonlight.

She was too thankful at finding him sober to worry at the lateness of his coming. Being a woman of tact, she did not question, but went to sleep, while Pete lay till daybreak in a cold bath of fear, expecting a rap and summons to jail at every tapping of bough or snapping of frost-bitten nail.

Whettles had lingered about Turner's, a great house over the hill, in the hope that the guests—for there was a party that night—would take their leave. But no; the house was lighted from chambers to parlor, and sleighs came instead of going away. He walked up and down in the orchard, cursing himself to keep warm. Later and later, and the singing and dancing of shadows on the curtains did not cease. He would hurry over to the Poysetts' and see if the catspaw had done his work there. He stole up to the designated window, as Pete had done. No one was there. He listened, and whistled softly. The clock struck one. He had no idea it was so late. Pete must be waiting for him at the elm. And so he too hurried away.

But there was only a mammoth lace-work of shadow under the elm. Where was Pete? The master-villain, himself puzzled, reflected a moment. Perhaps the fellow had the money and was hiding it at home. Lucky thought! He would go to the house and call him up, in spite of disturbing wife and children. Then see if he would refuse to share! He took the road, and, passing Toppan's saloon, noticed a dim light in the bar-room. It was rather unusual that it should be there so late, but he had known it to happen before. He had just about money enough for a dram. He tapped, and then tried the door: it was unfastened, and he went in lightly. A man in a great-coat rose from his seat by the stove and swiftly, dexterously pinioned him. Toppan himself, always on the winning side, was there to help, and Whettles was arrested for his last crime.

Mrs. Poysett and Linda were afoot early the next morning, putting the house in holiday trim.

"I declare if 'tain't an hour earlier 'n I thought," said Mrs. Poysett as she came down into the sitting-room, where the little air-tight was already doing its

ardent best. "Lindy, you didn't strike that clock round yesterday, after all."

"No, mother; I forgot it," laughed Linda. "I should forget my head, nowadays, if 'twasn't fastened on."

"I'll tell you what it is," said the mother, beginning to spread the breakfast-table, "I'm just about out o' patience with that clock, strikin' the hours away afore they get here. It seems real malicious, tryin' to hurry you off. Now, perhaps it's only half a day's job or so; let's send for Tinker Pete and have him come up and fix it."

So the chore-boy was despatched for Pete. He came like a culprit, uncertain whether the message was feigned to cover suspicion of him or not. But no one could look into Mrs. Poysett's clear eyes for a moment, or hear Linda's laugh, with even a lingering fear that either had anything to conceal. When they described the clock's malady, I am inclined to think Pete was as near being faint with surprise as ever man was in his life, and I think he touched the worn old clock-case reverently, thanking it for keeping his deeds honest, however he had sinned in thought. He stayed to dinner, and Mrs. Poysett put up a pail of goodies for the children. On his way home he heard the news: Whettles had been arrested and taken away on an early train. Again he walked in fear and trembling; his hair grew used to standing on end in those days. He expected an interview with Nemesis concerning his intended crime, but, whether justly or unjustly, Nemesis stayed away.

The wedding? It was a very quiet one, and the happy pair went away next morning, followed by blessings and old shoes. Frank had had such an extravagantly good time in Boston that he felt he could only counterbalance it by plunging into work deeper than ever. So he began cutting the timber in the old wood-lot, and hired Tinker Pete to chop there every day till spring.

ALICE DEERING.

THE AWAKENING.

A SPIRIT from the south through drifted glens
 And o'er the naked woods and wilds has flown;
 Slipped from their leashes in the mountain-dens,
 With deep and hollow voice the streams rush down,
 Searching the level fields and sunken fens,
 And round soft, sodden banks and hillocks bare
 Whirling in turbid circles everywhere.

The spongy soil sinks weltering to the foot,
 And still thin, dusky streaks of crusted snow
 In cold shades linger on the hemlock's root;
 But all the open lawns and meadows glow
 With faint warm flame of many a tender shoot;
 The hazel stems are bright with burnished green,
 And russet-hooded buds spring up between.

The plains are full of mingled mist and light;
 Cloud-shadows cross the hills with sudden showers;
 The dawn in frosty calm breaks cold and white,
 Ripening to golden bloom at noonday hours;
 Shrill winds and winter flurries blur the night,
 And in the glimpses of the rifted skies
 The young moon's slender crescent gleams and dies.

CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

RICHARD WAGNER AND HIS WORK.

IT seems to me, looking back, that the name of Richard Wagner began to assume tremendous import in my mind about seventeen or eighteen years ago. One scene connected with his name takes me back to 1865. I remember an afternoon in the Cirque Napoléon, in Paris, when the storm, which had come to be regarded as almost a complementary part of any piece of Wagner's which might have been selected for performance, was particularly fierce. It was a heavy lowering Sunday afternoon in the spring of the year, and the enormous Cirque was packed almost to suffocation with the adherents and supporters of Pas-

deloup, the orchestral leader to whom the contemporary Parisian largely owes whatever good taste he may have in music. Toward the end of the afternoon came the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin," and the "Wedding March." Imagine the great crowded circus, the banks of human beings rising one above the other until near the roof; in the centre of the building, upon a raised platform, the orchestra, with Pasdeloup's short rounded figure well in view. The sultry air seems to grow heavier, and there is latent electricity in the house; it is almost too dark for the musicians to see their notes, when the

leader taps upon his desk, and that whirlwind of pregnant sound, the introduction to the third act of "*Lohengrin*," is begun. The distant thunder is rumbling over the boulevards outside, and mighty Paris is still awaiting the coming storm. Wagner's music is of that rare sort which compels attention. The audience listens intently, but at the same time uneasily. The introduction comes to an end, and, without giving an opportunity for applause or disapproval, the absolute melody of the "*Wedding March*," for which even the most rabid anti-Wagnerites—men to whom the name of Wagner is synonymous with chaotic tunelessness, music without form, and void, with "darkness on the face" thereof—have nothing but admiration, is taken up.

With its last strains the storm inside the building bursts forth. From one side come frantic yells of "*Encore!*" "*Bis!*" "*Bravo!*" and a chorus of inarticulate shouts, supposed by the initiated to express approval; upon the other, stentorian objections from men who put heart, soul, and body into shouting, "*Non!*" "*Non!*" "*Ce n'est pas de la musique!*" "*À bas l'Allemand!*" "*Assez de ce tapage!*" There seems to be no animosity between the two factions,—simply an irresistible impulse to yell one's own opinion of this excerpt from Wagner's "*Lohengrin*;" and it would have been the same no matter what the Wagnerian selection for the afternoon might have been. The uproar continued for minutes instead of seconds. Padeloup, purple with rage and excitement, dances up and down before his music-desk, shaking his *bâton*. He is accustomed to a similar ebullition every Sunday afternoon, but this surpasses anything that has gone before. At last, by dint of vigorous pounding upon the bass-drum, he attracts attention sufficiently to himself to make the audience understand that he has something to say, and the storm abates, for this fiery little man, who persists in giving the Parisians doses of his friend Wagner's music, is liked by the workman who pays his fifteen sous

for a place on the last and highest bench as well as by the well-dressed persons in the best seats. Shouts of "*Speeches! speeches!*" come from all parts of the house, the French having borrowed that word from across the Channel. Padeloup advances, and says, "Gentlemen, is this Parisian criticism? We shall now go on with the concert." The audience laughs, and listens in quiet to the closing symphony, while the strangers and foreigners present ponder upon this curious exhibition of an adult nature with the passions of a child, of a people who for an idea will either build barricades or laugh, knowing no mean. Was this incident a portentous sign of race-hatred between French and German, or a mere bit of "art criticism," as Padeloup implied? As we mount to the *Impériale* of an omnibus,—for the storm has cleared away,—a man of no account, a weak vessel, remarks that he hates that German fellow's music, because the audience always make so infernal a row over it, and the noise makes his head ache.

I.

WHEN, on the morning of the 14th of February, it was announced that Richard Wagner was dead, perhaps those persons to whom his music has been more than all music exaggerated to themselves the importance of the loss to educated men. The consensus of opinion regarding the character, the significance, the true import, of this loss, would be—what? One of my acquaintances remarked that upon receiving the news he felt as if he had been told of his own father's death, though he had never seen Wagner. The remark seemed to me to voice a common sentiment. Perhaps I, as a humble believer in the paramount value of his work, magnify the interest with which his death was received. But I cannot be far wrong in assuming that no one of cultivated tastes, whether unacquainted with Wagner's art, owing—as Mr. Warner has wittily remarked of himself—to a constitutional and cultivated ignorance of music, or whether, as a specialist and

purist, opposed to Wagner's methods upon dogmatic grounds, no one, I repeat, can have failed to realize that the world of art had suffered an irreparable loss. And in thinking over the true character and import and significance of this loss, it occurs to me to jot down certain bits of information, of gossip, of thought, concerning (1) the man, (2) his music, (3) his dramas, (4) the sensible result of his life-work, and (5) his place among art-workers of the past and present.

II.

THE man Wagner does not seem to have been an amiable, easy-going gentleman. Hueffer remarks, in his monograph on Wagner, that the combative side of Wagner's power, which prevents him from discerning the pure gold in a mass of alloy, is too closely interwoven with the whole bias of his nature not to be forgiven by his friends. The bird's-eye view from the heights of genius must needs ignore many of those minute differences and considerations with which mortals of smaller stature are obliged to reckon. Creative genius is inseparable from a strongly individual cast of mind, and therefore little apt to appreciate tendencies not strictly akin to its own. If we are inclined to frown upon the man who abuses Meyerbeer for theatric noise and Mendelssohn for sentimentality,—who puts on a pair of gloves when conducting a piece of Mendelssohn's, in order that he may not have to touch the score with his bare hands,—who goes two hours late, and dressed in an old coat, to a supper given in his honor, in order to discourage further attentions,—who appropriates his disciple's wife because, as he once said in palliation of the offence, he could not do his work without her,—who could make a "communication to my friends" so unpleasant to the world at large that it raised up hosts of enemies,—who could boldly proclaim himself the master of an art, and proceed to formulate its laws,—who could attack, without distinction or mercy, all classes of society, musical conductors and authors, Jews and critics, and, most severely of all, the popular

weaklings who, in his opinion, "made a milch-cow of the divine goddess,"—if we are inclined to be severe upon a man guilty of all these sins and a great many more, some account must be taken of the training-school through which this genius passed. It must be remembered that the child William Richard Wagner, born at Leipsic on the 22d of May, 1813, was destined to fight his way through life. His step-father wanted to make a painter of him; but he could not draw: so he was allowed to study music after a fashion of his own, avoiding the rudiments of technical knowledge with the aversion which sometimes marks genius, but more frequently is the accompaniment of perverse indolence.

His early bent appears to have been toward dramatic composition, for he tells us of his first tragedy,—a sort of compound of "Hamlet" and "King Lear." "The design," he says, "was grand in the extreme. Forty-two persons died in the course of the piece, and want of living characters compelled me to let most of them reappear as ghosts in the last act." He was eleven years old at this time. Beethoven's symphonies decided him in favor of music. He says, in his fragmentary autobiography,—

"It was at the beginning of the fourth decade of our century that, as a boy of seventeen, I made my first real entry into life, to feel, with all the strength of a peculiarly receptive nature, all the wonderful impressions it conveyed. I was never a marvel of musical precocity; at a very early age a taste for poetry had struggled with a taste for music for the mastery in my mind. It was only the knowledge of Beethoven's symphonies, gained when I was a boy of fifteen, that first decided me finally and passionately in favor of music,—though it had always (especially through Weber's 'Freischütz') had the strongest effect upon me. In my boyhood, which was passed in Dresden, I had seen the revered composer of this incomparable work [Weber was then a Kapellmeister in the city], and had even met him at our house; and the touching picture of his spiritual, shadowy figure, joined with the power-

ful, vivid effect of his composition as I had heard it on the stage, had left upon my mind an impression too deep to be forgotten. Beethoven's symphonies, to which, though entirely without any special musical study, I devoted myself with passionate enthusiasm, finally gave music in my eyes a fairly supernatural power (*eine ganz dämonische Macht*), which, it seemed to me, I could not measure by any ordinary outward standard."

He was now on the road to fame; but the road was to be a rough one. For several years he struggled along as musical director in small German and Russian theatres,—in Magdeburg, Königsberg, and, finally, Riga, where, besides his daily drudgery, he found time to finish two acts of "Rienzi." From there he wrote to Scribe, the librettist *par excellence* of Europe, and asked him to provide him with an opera-book. Fortunately for the world, Scribe never even answered the letter, to which act of incivility we owe, perhaps, the masterly poems or poetic arrangements of the "Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," and the "Nibelungen" tetralogy, to mention no more. Rebuff followed rebuff. Moreover, his domestic relations were unfortunate: he had married in 1837 an actress, who could not understand him or his work. In the autumn of 1839 he left Riga and set out for Paris, going from Riga to London in a sailing-vessel. He came near starving to death in Paris, doing the hardest of musical drudgery, arranging trashy music for the piano or the *cornet-à-piston* for a living. It was while living in Meudon, a few miles out of Paris, that he wrote the "Flying Dutchman,"—a reminiscence of his voyage, and a work instinct with the weird spirit of the Northern seas. While Wagner was living on crusts in Meudon, pouring out his soul in the score of the "Flying Dutchman," with no notion of ever seeing it put upon the stage, Meyerbeer was at the height of his fame; the musical world was ringing with the "Huguenots," and Wagner was starving. The Paris Conservatoire tries

his "Faust" overture, and lays it aside as a polyphonic puzzle of hopeless intricacy.

Then, after thirteen years of darkness, comes a gleam of light. The Dresden Opera-House accepts the score of "Rienzi," sent there by Wagner as a desperate resort; it succeeds, and Wagner finds a place as director of the Dresden Opera-House. While at Dresden, "Tannhäuser," the "Meistersinger," and "Lohengrin" take form. In 1849, political pamphlets bring Wagner to grief; he is obliged to relinquish the *bâton* for the pen, and in the safety of Switzerland he fulminates against his myriad critics, who caused the German press to teem with abuse of this audacious innovator. In 1855 he went to London, upon the invitation of the Philharmonic Society, to conduct its concerts, and failed to please. One incident, especially, raised a strong feeling against him. Mendelssohn had become a veritable idol in London; but he was a Jew, a rival composer, a supporter of principles which Wagner despised, and, worse than all, he was successful. On one occasion, before conducting a work of Mendelssohn, Wagner ostentatiously paused and drew on a pair of gloves, intimating that he could not condescend to touch the score without shielding his hand from the debasing contact. When he left London, in 1856, there was no love lost between him and the English. More bitter still was his experience with Paris, where "Tannhäuser" was hooted off the boards of the Grand Opera-House in 1861, a clique of his enemies combining to drown the music with shouts and cat-calls. Wagner took his revenge for this, as he thought, in a vacuous attempt at wit based upon the fall of Paris ten years later.

In 1862 Louis II. ascended the throne of Bavaria, and in him Wagner found a patron never weary of doing him honor. Wagner has been accounted fortunate in meeting with so powerful a patron, and doubtless he was. At the same time, posterity will consider the debt of gratitude as due from King Louis to Wagner, for the king will go down in history as Wagner's friend and patron.

Since 1862, Wagner has been before the public so constantly that it is scarcely worth while retracing his career. He received a pension from King Louis which rendered him independent; he had a villa built for him at Baireuth, and a theatre in which his notions were carried out; and he, moreover, received an adulation from a part of the musical world sufficient to turn the head of any man.

Wagner has often been described, as thick-set, short of stature, with a head too big for his body, and irregular, strongly-marked features. The prominent nose, powerful jaw, and massive brow give character to the face as portrayed in countless pictures. His capacity for work was always tremendous. In Riga, when twenty-six years old, he could conduct his little theatre-orchestra in the evening and go home to sit up all night over "Rienzi." This faculty for work never left him. I remember reading somewhere an account of how in 1859 he worked at the translation of "Tannhäuser" for the Paris Opera. The music had to be fitted with French words. A young French enthusiast undertook the task. For hours at a time Wagner would stride up and down the room, shouting and singing and swearing, suggesting a word here and a word there, a change here and a change there. If, after eight or ten hours' work of this kind at fever-heat, the scribe ventured to hint that rest and refreshment were necessary, Wagner would pause in astonishment, and say, "Oh, yes; send out for some crackers, and we'll eat them as we work." This went on until the young man's brain fairly reeled. He could hold the pen no longer, nor understand the words; he could only realize that this Teutonic demon was still striding back and forth, shouting out his incomprehensible jargon of French and German. During the last few years, the influence of Wagner's second wife, the daughter of Liszt and the divorced wife of Bülow, has had a softening effect upon him, and the man of genius has been less noticeable than formerly by extraordinary behavior and ungracious speeches.

III.

WAGNER'S theories concerning the function of music have been spoken of as seemingly borrowed from Gluck. In the dedication of "Alceste" to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Gluck writes, "*Je chercherai à réduire la musique à sa véritable fonction, celle de seconder la poésie pour fortifier l'expression des sentiments et l'intérêt des situations, sans interrompre l'action et la refroidir par des ornements superflus.*" (I shall try to reduce music to its true place,—that of supporting poetry by intensifying the expression of sentiments and the interest of situations, without interrupting the piece or allowing the interest to flag through the use of superfluous ornamentation.) Gluck was evidently willing enough to go the right way, but lacked the power. Wagner carried out the suggestion. He found the operatic world given up either to meaningless works of the Italian school, in which words and dramatic situation neutralize the music, or works of the Meyerbeer school, in which a musician of real genius sacrificed himself to the exigencies of dramatic rules and a certain traditional sequence in the order of the "pieces,"—solo, duet, and *ensemble*,—then considered essential. It will be remembered, perhaps, that one of the offences which wrecked "Tannhäuser" at the Paris Opera in 1861 was the fact that the ballet was placed in the first act instead of the second! Meyerbeer tried no such rash innovations.

Wagner found music, poetry, dramatic action, and scenic illustration, which were all combined in the theatre of the Greeks, unnaturally divided and suffering from the division. In the opera, so called, music had usurped everything and become degraded in its isolation; the poet was asked to supply nothing but a scaffolding of meaningless words upon which to hang the arias and recitatives which served to show the beauty or range of a singer's voice. The best works of this school were, and are, weak affairs in every way: there was paucity of idea and monotony of form even in

the elaborate cadenzas which covered and frequently ended by swamping the original idea,—no serious loss. Wagner changed all this, striving to fit poetry of intrinsic beauty to music akin to it in character and meaning. It has been charged that after he thoroughly emancipated himself from the influence of Meyerbeer and Weber he allowed melody to go by the board, and contented himself in all works after "Lohengrin" with melodic suggestions, which may convey much comfort and pleasure to the initiated, but mean nothing to all others. This absurd charge, that Wagner's scores present no melodies, is so generally abandoned nowadays that it may be passed over in silence. No one with ears to hear and a brain to understand can have heard much of Wagner's music without wondering that such a charge was ever made. In the whole range of music, ancient or modern, there is perhaps no more perfect specimen of melody than Walther's Prize-song in the "Meistersinger." Again, he has been charged with noisy scoring,—with concentrating the power of twenty brass bands into one for the purpose of impressing or deafening his hearers. He needed large orchestras, because the idea he wished to express was complex, many-sided; his orchestral color is the most gorgeous and varied yet known, and he needed many instruments to obtain this. By his marvellous division of the orchestra he quadrupled its effect. His use of a particular strain, consisting sometimes of but a few notes, as a leading motive to indicate certain personages or incidents of the drama, his peculiar orchestral coloring, his abandonment of the set aria and recitative of Italian opera, his attempt to raise dramatic action and scenic display to the level of high art,—all these innovations have received from modern composers that sincerest of flattery,—imitation. Wagner's influence upon the later work of Verdi, especially noticeable in "Aida," upon that of Boito, Ambroise Thomas, Bizet, Gounod, Saint-Saëns, Brahms, and Massenet, is uncontested and incontestable.

IV.

As a dramatist Wagner's position is more in dispute than his position as a musician. Many things about his dramas, chiefly in the later ones, are inconsistent with our ideas of good taste, or even decency. Certain scenes in "Siegfried" and "Parsifal" are cited as outside the borders of dramatic license. It may be that the man was so impregnated with the mediæval spirit—not an over-squeamish spirit—that he failed to realize the effect of these scenes upon the present generation. The dramatic poems which he has constructed upon the legends that offered proper material are literary works of no mean order, and would probably have been more widely recognized as such had not the music which accompanies them monopolized attention. There were good dramas before Wagner; there were no good music-dramas in the sense that he understood the matter. Wagner's stage-directions are always of the minutest kind, all showing that skill and knowledge of scenic effect which so favorably distinguish him from other German dramatists. Some honest German critics stand amazed at this unwonted display of taste and elegance, which to them savors of French *raffinement* and other dangerous and evil things. But Wagner's scenic effects are throughout made subservient to the economy of the drama. The very choice of his subjects made possible and proper the use of scenic devices which if applied to the modern drama would be ridiculous.

V.

WHAT manner of musician was this man Wagner? To no question that I know of are more diverse and opposite answers given than to this. A big volume would be necessary even to sketch the statements and solutions offered concerning this problem. Was he a good musician? Was his work profitable to the world? Should he rank below, beside, or above the greatest of the world's musicians? As men have for many years devoted their lives to the service and honor of this genius whom they

called "master," so opponents have given their time and knowledge to denying to him or his works transcendent merit in any direction. Whole libraries have been written for and against the judgment which places Wagner above all musicians that have yet lived. Hauslick, the famous Viennese critic, may be said to have made his reputation in his efforts to destroy Wagner's. In France, Albert Wolff, the brilliant writer of the *Figaro*, has for years made Wagner the especial target for more or less witty sallies. His remarks last summer upon "Parsifal" sum up so neatly the objections to Wagner's later and most characteristic work that I have preserved them:

"If M. Buffon could come back among us for a moment, he would add to his natural history a study of the Wagner patron, of which there are several species. First we have the 'simple patron' (*Protector simplex*),—rare species. The simple patron is usually an intelligent biped, who in his art-judgment does not wish to be narrow: he sees clearly the difference between the inspired work of the arch-musician Richard Wagner and his mathematical combinations of the last ten years. But in order to live in peace with the other patrons he is mute, and listens without murmur to the never-ending recitatives and feels repaid by the few really fine passages. Next we have the 'double patron' (*Protector duplex*), who knows little about art, but follows the flock to impress the people with the idea that he is a part of the new movement; he goes to Baireuth to be able to say at his club that he has been there. The incestuous love upon which Wagner built his 'Walkyrie' fills him with ecstasy; he looks upon such little aberrations as scientific progress, of which the nineteenth century should be as proud as of electricity. Raoul sighing out the immortal duo with Valentine seems pitiful to him. Meyerbeer has had his day, and Rossini was nothing but an amiable old goose. Beethoven may get a few good words from him, but only because now and then Wagner consents to conduct a Beetho-

ven symphony, when the 'double patron' cries out, 'It's the first time that I ever understood Beethoven. Long live Wagner!' Lastly, we have the 'triple patron,' known as the 'savage patron,' who breaks his beer-glass over the head of the man who dares to say that there ever was a musician before Richard Wagner. The sight of a Mozart score has the same effect upon this lunatic that the red rag has upon a mad bull: he becomes wild and falls foaming upon 'Don Juan.'

"Some months ago I explained the story of 'Parsifal,' a tale of the Middle Ages, originally from Spain, which, after passing through French literature with Guyot de Provins, found its way into the work of the German troubadour, Wolfram von Eschenbach. It is the everlasting story of the good young man who, to save the princess, must go through no end of trials. From time to time the great musician is heard in this Christmas pantomime, and the close of the first act, when the Knights of the Grail celebrate Good Friday with angel choruses and chimes of bells, must have a marvellous effect. Certainly I am not going to deny to Wagner his great genius as a symphonic writer. But have not these rare moments of pure and great joy cost too much pain and weary trouble? I remember that one day, at the celebration of six years ago, when the god Wotan—that insufferable bore of Scandinavian mythology—appeared in each act to tell us a story about nothing in particular, lasting from a quarter to half an hour, the great and fanatic Liszt himself allowed his inspired head to rest upon his neighbor's shoulder and rolled forth a series of snores in G minor, which chimed in beautifully with the hoarse death-rattle of the sorcerer, Fafner, who, disguised as a dragon, was undergoing the last torments.

"It is a singular thing that this musical art of Baireuth always finds expression in some new orchestral toy. For the tetralogy Wagner invented a brass instrument something between a trombone and a steam-boiler. That was to give the grunts of the dragon with

realistic effect. When, on the first night of 'Siegfried,' this atrocity was heard under the stage, the patrons grew delirious. As the dragon is a legendary animal, not of our day, we know nothing certain about his voice. Wagner undertook to say that the steam-boiler had hit the right note, and all the patrons exclaimed, 'Isn't it marvellous how well the man of genius imitates the dragon's roar!' Again, for 'Parsifal' we have the bell-piano, which at this moment is working to the delight of the excited patrons. Another remarkable fact is that Wagner, who has announced himself as the great realist of the opera, sticks to the supernatural: the birds, the dragons, the swans, the bears, all have something to say.

"May the patrons bake, therefore, in the sun of Baireuth, and let us go on and applaud in our concerts whatever there may be fine and human in this work of Richard Wagner. We are satisfied with our high opinion of his genius of other days. Leave the rest to the patrons, who find bliss in ignorance, and who would in good faith applaud 'Yankee Doodle' if Wagner had it sung by the god Wotan or the virtuous Parsifal. Whenever there shall appear in Germany another musician like Mozart or a dramatic composer like Weber, the Baireuth Theatre will disappear, having had its day, unless M. Louis Figuier takes his scientific repertory over there. Before an audience of patrons this last might have some success; there's no telling of what those people are capable."

Upon the other side of the question there is still more to say. Those who contend that Wagner was the greatest musical creator who has yet lived may say that no man has cut so deep a mark in the history of the art as he. In science Darwin has made a similar impress. For some years past, for the present, and probably for many years to come, the first question asked concerning a musician or a writer upon music has been, is, and will be, "Wagnerite or anti-Wagnerite?" The answer classes the man. Schopenhauer, in his essay on the

"Metaphysics of Music," says, "True genius discovers in the single phenomenon its idea. He understands the half-spoken words of nature, and himself pronounces clearly her stammered utterance. He impresses the type of beauty vainly attempted by her in thousandfold formations on his hard marble, and places it before nature, saying, 'See here what it was thy desire to express.'" Schopenhauer's theory finds an illustration in Wagner's work. He heard the music in the "rustle of leaves and ripple of rain," as Swinburne has it, in the roar of the tempest or the murmur of the summer wind through the forest. It can be said that there is no melody in nature; some birds' notes may contain suggestions, but, taking a broad view of the matter, there is no melody in nature, to the common ear. But Wagner heard its melodies, and wrote them in common sounds, so to speak; he translated the music of nature into the vulgar tongue understood by us all. The music of nature may be written in keys out of our little sound-world. Science tells us that there are whole octaves of sounds so low upon the one hand and so high upon the other as to be indistinguishable as music to our ears. Here is a man who, perhaps, heard this music of nature, written in notes of which we know nothing, and transposed it for us. It is significant of Wagner's music that, while he is a musician for musicians, as Collins was a poet for poets, he is also the musician of the masses. In what beer-cellar in Germany are his strains not heard? And is his advance toward popular favor not constant and rapid?

The time was, not so long ago, when Wagner's theories and music were spoken of in high art circles as something improper, if not positively sinful. The orthodox school shrank back from his works as from a contagious disease. But Wagner conquered step by step, until his antagonists found themselves in the position of the Austrian general who, having been beaten again and again by the first Napoleon, declared that this man's manner of making war was utterly

improper and illegitimate, because it violated outrageously all the time-honored rules. Wagner has won his position against powerful opposition and in defiance of rules. What is the secret of his unprecedented success? The Baireuth pilgrims need not be told. They heard at Baireuth no fugues or elaborate tricks of contrapuntal style. But there was the language of the elements, the voice of nature, the murmur of the waves, the rustle, the hum, the twitter of the forest, the awful grandeur of the rocks, the raging storm, the leaping flames, the transports of love, the sigh and wail of grief and despair, the clanging tread of Titan heroes, the furious ride of the Walkyries, the serene grandeur of the gods. All

this was there. It was felt as well as heard.

Lastly, the debasement of other composers is not contemplated by even the so-called fanatic Wagnerites, among whom I should be only too glad to be classed. Admiration for Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Mendelssohn, and Schumann can coexist in the same brain with fanatic admiration for Wagner. A cry of horror is sometimes raised because it is hinted that Wagner's disciples may venture to place him beside or above Beethoven. Even should this be the case, as it unquestionably is, why this horror and alarm? It is not that they love Beethoven the less, but that they love Wagner the more.

PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUBLIC TOPICS.

Means of Escape from Fire.

THE Milwaukee Hotel fire, and other similar catastrophes which made lurid the dawn of the New Year, have called public attention to the invention and application of various methods for securing the safety of people caught in burning buildings; but almost every method is attended with serious obstacles. Permanent "escapes" of all kinds may easily become "entrances" as well, and the unfortunate hotel-guest be exposed to other dangers—that of burglary, for instance—by the very means provided for his protection. Besides, men and women, rendered frantic by imminent peril, are mostly incapable of exercising that coolness and deliberation on which the effective employment of every such contrivance depends.

"Eternal vigilance" on the part of landlords and employes would seem the only safeguard; but even that cannot

always be depended upon, and other agencies are required to supplement it.

The fire-departments in our larger cities are in many respects almost perfect. The speed with which the engines are driven to the scene of danger, the coolness, courage, and discipline of men and horses, and the efficacy of the machines for extinguishing flames, could scarcely be improved upon; but the efforts made seem rather for the protection of property than of life. A description of what the writer once witnessed in a provincial German city may be interesting and instructive, therefore, in indicating a new line of drill for the professional firemen.

In the year 1869 the writer was the guest of the officers of a cavalry regiment during the autumn manoeuvres of the Prussian army, and, having shared the exposure and privations (!) of the commissariat during the campaign, was also invited to the banquet with which it concluded, in the old Westphalian

city of Dortmund. On leaving the table, in company with a military friend, he strolled into the public square, which was crowded with people.

At the first glance, on turning the corner, it seemed that a fire was the occasion of the assemblage, whose attention was fixed upon a house on the opposite side, four or five stories in height, without counting the several attic stories in the roof. Helmeted heads appeared amid the throng, and sharp words of command and response were heard.

"*Mein Gott!*" suddenly exclaimed the lieutenant; "look there!"

A human figure appeared on a sill of the fourth story, and the next moment leaped into the air. It had hardly vanished behind the intervening heads of the populace when another showed itself at the same window, and made the same frightful leap, and another, and another.

"*Ach!* I had forgotten!" said Herr V——: "it is the review and exercise of the fire-brigade. Keep the mill a-going. See that fellow come down!"

Greatly relieved, but by no means entirely satisfied of the harmlessness of the sport,—for men came tumbling one after the other from window and roof,—the writer forced his way to a nearer view. Eight strong-armed men stood holding a stout canvas extended at the base of the building. Again a man stepped upon the sill, forty feet above. He stood erect, with his arms close to his side, and his feet together. With a short jump he cleared the sill, and fell rigidly vertical, until—just before he touched the canvas—he threw his feet forward, and was caught in a sitting posture, without having sustained injury or apparent shock. Every leaper conformed strictly to the same system, and, one after the other, all the members of the corps went through the exercise, followed by two or three ambitious amateurs, who did not come off so well. One, who opened out his arms and legs, was hurt slightly; and another, who failed at the proper moment to assume the sitting posture, came near piercing the canvas, and was thrown out of it,

over the heads of those holding the sides,—luckily without more than a bruise, however.

This act was followed by others. A canvas tube was let down from the same window, long enough to extend out beyond the sidewalk, where the end was held up, and a number of persons came coasting down the inside of it, exciting shouts of laughter in those who tracked their course by the bulging cloth or witnessed their being pulled out at the orifice at the bottom.

Another valuable exercise was applied to a neighboring edifice, as tall as the first, at the upper casement of which a person appeared, gesticulating wildly. Instantly a command was given by an officer, and two men, bearing light ladders having hooks at one end, ran quickly to the spot. The hooks of one ladder were raised to a window of the first story and allowed to fall against the lower panes, where they caught the sash. The leader then ascended, secured the hooks more firmly, and threw open the casement. His comrade reached up to him the second ladder. Standing upon the sill, he raised this to the story above, to which he had scarcely mounted ere the other, following, had detached the first and passed it up. In this way, with only two ladders, both firemen reached the fifth story in a few seconds. Number two had a cord around his waist, by means of which a rope was quickly pulled up, and by it again the canvas tube, through which several persons reached the ground. The firemen came down, reversing the process of their ascent, and—in subsequent experiments—hand over hand down the rope, or by leaping into the outstretched sail. At this distance of time the writer cannot recall all the curious details of this unique drill, but he remembers that it was marred by no accident, and it left the impression of being worthy of imitation.

Better than any method of escape, however, would be the construction of fire-proof buildings.

Many years ago, the writer, coming one morning to breakfast at the *Café*

Doney, at Florence, learned that a baker's shop situated on the ground-floor of the Palazzo Borghese had been burned during the preceding night. He can recall at this moment his thrill of horror at the intelligence, for *al primo piano*, immediately over the oven, dwelt the charmingest of American sopranis, whose bright eyes had—well, never mind!

Ten minutes later, breathless, and with a beating heart, he knocked at the young lady's door. Her maid looked through the espion.

"*Per carità, Teresa! Come sta la signorina?*"

"*Ma, signore!* she is asleep at this hour."

"But the fire?"

"What fire? Ah, signore! I'm afraid—" and she shook her head suspiciously at him. "Now go, or you will arouse my mistress!"

He went, looked in at the baker-shop completely gutted by the fire, which had not, however, even for an instant disturbed the sweet dreams of the sleeping angel overhead.

Another time, in the same city, he paid an early visit to a friend with whom he had sat up late the night before. He entered the anteroom without knocking. It was full of smoke. The edges of a great hole in the carpet, eight feet in diameter, were yet afire. In the centre was a pile of gray ashes. He hurried to awaken the occupant of the adjoining bedroom. The smoke entered with him.

"Helloo! What the devil? By Jove! I shall have to pay for another carpet. Please open the window, old fellow, and pull the bell."

It was the second time in one month that W—— had, on going to bed, thrown a lighted cigar into the wooden box filled with sawdust,—the spittoon, in point of fact,—and on both occasions it had burned to ashes, setting fire to the carpet. Had the same thing occurred in America, the house would have been set on fire as well.

Of course the brick-arched ceilings, and the floors laid in concrete, or marble mosaics, of Florentine apartments are

sufficient to explain their immunity; but Hiram Powers, who had known of many such partial conflagrations, was wont to say that the same result would be attained if sheets of zinc or iron were placed over the joists and under the wood flooring. "Prevent the draught coming through, and it cannot ignite. Try to burn a plank flat on the ground," said he, "and you will see." J. R. T.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

Recreation and Society.

Nobody doubts the truth of Mr. Herbert Spencer's parting charge against us, that we work too hard. We are all waking up to the fact that such ideas of recreation as we have hitherto held need revising. "Change works" is not "play," the proverb to the contrary notwithstanding; and therefore the clubs and literary societies and lecture-courses and "missions" which make up so much of our social life do not answer the whole purpose of recreation. We need to be reminded that the *a* in amusement is privative, and that *not musement* (or thinking) is what we require.

No one who thinks on the subject at all questions that the best form of recreation is to be found in society. The mistake lies in fancying that society is to be found in a club, or a clique, or an association. A number of people meeting for the promotion of an end, whether literary, æsthetic, philanthropic, or even social, are not society. They are a business association, though their object be ever so trivial, and the spirit of earnestness, of exclusiveness, the sense of duty, however slight, which inevitably exist to a certain degree in such an association, deprive it, in just that degree, alike of its recreative and of its social character. Society is composed of people of both sexes, of various ages, of different interests, and, to a certain degree, of various ranks. A congregation of birds of a feather, however brilliant their plumage, is not society.

This substitution of a false for a true

idea of recreation is largely due to the increasing luxury and complexity of life. Social recreation requires a certain simplicity of life; it also requires leisure, to which also simplicity is essential. But these are the conditions of which we are the most destitute. Leisure was our early morning sacrifice to the demon of work, and simplicity has gone up as the evening incense to the same insatiate power. And with all our work our wealth is no more increased than is that of the miser who hoards his gold for its own sake, for we do but turn it into its equivalent in dress and ornament and equipage, instead of buying with it the leisure to enjoy and the culture which heightens the capacity of enjoyment. Well-employed leisure is, indeed, a source of wealth, though money may not be, for leisure gives us the opportunity to cultivate valuable acquaintances, who are a veritable acquisition. If the ornaments of a house are the guests who frequent it,—and none of us will quarrel with Emerson in saying so,—that house is meanly adorned which is magnificently furnished and yet seldom opens its doors in hospitality.

And while recreation in its best form adds to our substantial wealth, it does not require the sacrifice of much money. Taste, simplicity, elegance of mind, are its true promoters. Madame Le Brun tells of the Greek supper which she gave to a select few of her friends, at which all the dishes, the decoration of the room, the attendants' costumes, and her own dress, were in strictly classical style. The entertainment was a perfect success, and created a sensation not in Paris alone, but all over Europe. It was reported to have cost twenty thousand francs: the report grew as it spread, until in Rome the story went that it cost forty thousand, in Vienna the figures were raised to sixty, and at St. Petersburg to eighty thousand francs. As a matter of fact, it cost just *fifteen* francs in money: the rest it owed to the exquisite taste and rare economy of the hostess, and to her tact in the choice of *convives* to carry out her happy inspiration.

Not many women have the social genius of Madame Le Brun, and we find, alas! that money ill supplies its place. Happily, the qualities which compose this kind of genius are cultivable,—simplicity, unselfishness, economy, tact, refinement, cheerfulness, wit. Not one of these is absolutely beyond the power of any woman.

L. S. H.

ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Another Chapter of Authenticated Ghost-Stories.

IN a recent issue of your magazine, you gave to your readers, under the heading "Some Authenticated Ghost-Stories," an account of certain inexplicable appearances,—inexplicable, that is to say, except on the hypothesis that disembodied spirits do sometimes revisit the scene of their earthly trials or triumphs. It has happened to me in the course of the past few years to become acquainted with the facts in three remarkable instances of supernatural interference with mundane affairs, and, if the appetite of your readers for mysteries is like Oliver Twist's for soup, I shall take pleasure in administering to it with a quota from the West.

In Linn County, of the State of Iowa, there lived about forty years ago a well-to-do farmer, whom we will call Mr. G——. He was a Pennsylvanian by birth, but had married and reared a large family in Ohio, and when he emigrated to Iowa about 1834 the only child remaining at home was a daughter born to the farmer and his wife late in life, and just entering her teens when they moved to what was then the "Far West." At the time of the occurrence I am about to relate, this daughter, who was my informant, was about eighteen years of age. One evening in early summer the men and maids had gathered to milk the cows. The farmer stood near by, feeding the pigs, and his daughter was helping the maids. Contrary to the usual custom, the cows had not been driven into their yard, but stood outside and near the public road, which was not,

however, in those early times much frequented. It was a peaceful pastoral scene upon which the declining sun threw his last beams, the mild-eyed cows chewing their cuds patiently, while red-cheeked Phyllis and stalwart Corydon relieved them of their milky treasure. But suddenly a noise, as of a heavy wagon furiously driven, broke upon the stillness, coming nearer and nearer, until the clattering of the horses' hoofs and the rattling of the wheels could be distinctly heard. Mr. G—— called out to the milkers, "You had better get out of the road; I expect a runaway is coming;" and with that all withdrew to one side, though as yet nothing was to be seen. But there was no cessation of the noise, which approached with increasing velocity and was by this time almost abreast of the startled hearers. And now the dumb creatures began to show signs of unmistakable terror: the cows flung their heads high and with piteous bellowing rushed off into the surrounding woods, while the pigs tore around their enclosure, squealing in a most distracted manner. Only the human creatures stood their ground, with staring eyes which saw nothing, and blanching cheeks that told their fear of this invisible presence. Having arrived at that part of the road opposite the fence, the noise turned, passed through a "stake-and-rider" fence, every rail of which seemed to fall, adding to the horrible confusion, though to the eye all remained secure, traversed the cow-yard, struck against the fence which constituted the pig-pen, passing, in so doing, within a few feet of Mr. G——, who staggered back and fell to the ground, and then, as if its mission were accomplished, it turned off abruptly, ran through another fence, and, striking into an unused wood-road, gradually died away. Meantime, attracted by the noise, Mrs. G—— came out of the house, calling, "What is the matter? whose team is running away?" When some one answered that they had seen nothing, she grew pale, and exclaimed, "Which one of us does it mean?" It was her known belief that her family always received some warn-

ing of approaching death, though neither husband nor daughter shared in the superstition. As soon as she learned that the manifestation seemed directed especially against Mr. G——, she at once made up her mind that it was he who would be called for. Nor did her fears mislead her, as in ten days from that time the farmer, who was assisting in digging a well on his place, was overwhelmed by the earth caving in, and died from the injuries received.

The second case differs from the one already described, in that it was an actual appearance, though nothing afterward happened to any of the witnesses which could lead them to regard it as a warning sent to them. It too occurred in the daytime in Iowa, and before several witnesses, none of whom were in the least expecting any spiritual manifestation. It was in the afternoon of a pleasant day in July that a farmer in Benton County was harvesting his oats, assisted by his two eldest daughters—twins, aged sixteen—and a hired man. The farmer himself had gone to the house on an errand, the young girls and the man remaining at their work. The road lay perhaps a hundred yards from the field where the harvesters were, crossing, a short distance from the farm, a small hill. Presently there appeared on the brow of the hill a pedestrian, the sight of whom, in this sparsely-settled country, was enough to make these on-lookers view his approach with interest, which presently received a stronger stimulus from a singularity in the appearance of the stranger. This was a figure directly behind him, but taller. As it drew nearer, it presented to the astonished eyes of the harvesters the form of a dark skeleton-like creature, which, following closely in the wake of the stranger, kept step with him and imitated his every movement. Once when the apparently unconscious man raised his hand to wipe the perspiration from his forehead, the creature behind, as if the same will governed both, repeated the motion, while at intervals it would crane its long neck forward and peer into

the face of the man, as if assuring itself of the identity of its victim or chuckling at having him secure. And so this strangely-assorted couple moved along the quiet country road, while the spectators stared aghast, recognizing the fact that they were having a glimpse of something mysterious and terrible, but unable to understand what it meant, or why there should have opened to them this one page alone in a perhaps bloody history, for none of the three ever heard or saw more of this pedestrian and his uncanny attendant, who passed quietly from sight as they had come. At the house, which was still farther from the road, the inmates had remarked the stranger, and had noticed that there was something behind him, but were too far to distinguish anything more, and had concluded that it was probably some sort of machinery which he was carrying on his back; but the young girls, one of whom told me the story, and the man, knew that it was something resembling a human form, or, rather, an attenuated caricature of one.

In both these cases there was little or no possibility of deception, either in the material surroundings or in that morbid mental condition which conjures "spirits from the vasty deep." The number and variety of the witnesses in both cases would do away entirely with the argument of oral or ocular delusion. But the third circumstance which I will now relate is rather of the nature of a psychological puzzle, and may, of course, be susceptible of explanation by those who have made a study of that strange, unconscious influence which one mind has over another. My authority for what follows was a niece of the lady who is the principal actor. The lady in question had received as a legacy from a dying relative a handsome massive brace-

let of unique design, but had had it in her possession only a short time when it disappeared. After diligent search and many unavailing efforts to ascertain how and by whom it had been stolen,—for to that conclusion she was soon forced,—she at last reluctantly abandoned all hope of ever recovering it, and, as the years passed on, forgot it, so far as a woman can ever forget the loss of a piece of jewelry which, besides its intrinsic worth, possessed the value of tender associations. One day, some nine or ten years after her loss, she was taking an afternoon nap, and dreamed that a lady whom she had long known appeared to her in evident distress, and said, "I want to tell you something;" but on the sleeper asking, "Well, what is it?" only repeated, "I want to tell you something." This dream occurred three times, making, naturally, no little impression on the lady. On awaking, she rose, and, leaving her bedroom, passed into an adjoining sitting-room. There her eye fell on some newspapers lying on a chair which stood by an open window, and, with the instinct of an orderly housekeeper, she went to the chair and began gathering up the papers. Underneath them lay a package, which, being opened, was found to contain the long-lost bracelet, and with it a slip of paper bearing these words in an unfamiliar writing: "Be sure thy sin will find thee out." I venture to say that no psychological reasoning that could be offered would alter this lady's instantaneous conviction that the woman of her dream was the thief who, penitent at last, had restored her ill-gotten treasure. This last incident, I have omitted to say, comes from Ohio, and, like the others, is vouched for by unimpeachable witnesses.

A. S. D.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson. 1834-1872." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

IF Carlyle and Emerson had never met or never corresponded, their names must still have been closely associated as those of co-workers and fellow-teachers, laboring in the same spirit and promulgating the same doctrine. Their differences of opinion and their dissimilarities in intellect and temperament, and consequently in methods and impulses, could not obscure the identity of their mission, which was to arouse men from formal and conventional habits of thought, impel them to independence and sincerity of speech, wean them from the domination of theory and of belittling conceptions of the universe and of life, reawaken their sense of a primal law and of unseen realities, and stimulate them to earnestness of purpose and nobleness of aim and endeavor. It was, however, all but impossible, in a century like ours, that there should be no intercourse between these two men of spiritual kin, however widely separated in space. Yet it is not a little striking, in view of the comparatively scanty means of communication, that the intercourse should have begun at so early a period and been opened by a personal meeting. Naturally, it was the unknown younger who sought out the dimly-known elder, and put himself in the attitude, if not of a disciple, of a cordial and appreciative admirer; while the recognition on the other side was even more complete, and the feeling to which it gave birth more single and intense. The relation thus established could not fail to endure and become cemented. It was unaffected by the rarity of subsequent meetings, the absorptions of strenuous work, the distractions of wider claims or closer associations, the rivalry of earlier or later friendships. It withstood the strain of utterly conflicting views and sentiments on burning questions. It remained unshaken when calamity brought its sorrows and age its languors. When at last direct communication ceased, it was as if words and sight were no longer necessary; "they were secure," we are told, "in each other's affection;" each had, doubtless, a sense of the living presence of the other.

The letters before us give that clear reflex of the writers' thoughts, of their minds and characters, which it would be vain to look for in the correspondence of men not absolutely sincere, direct, devoid of petty egotisms, confident of each other's insight and comprehension, and masters of the art of expression. Frankness of mutual criticism does not provoke argument, explanations, or appeals for reconsideration. It is not improbable, indeed, that many readers will be disappointed in not finding here any continuous discussion of the subjects in which the writers were most interested or of the points on which they differed. Many of the letters deal largely with matters of business, details relating to the republication in America of "Sartor Resartus" and other works of Carlyle, and of Emerson's "Essays" in England. Nor can it be said that they contain many things that are important and new either as biographical data, as revelations of character, or as incidental commentary on manners or events. Yet their interest is incontestable and unbroken. They have the qualities of the best conversation, of talk that is rapid, discursive, and pointed without study or effort, familiar without triviality, sympathetic and affectionate without effusiveness. The phraseology, the tone, the individuality that makes itself felt in every utterance, compel our attention, however slight the theme or the remark. Above all, we follow step by step the growth of an intimacy, built on no accidental foundations, between two natures, each lofty and lonely, incapable of compromises, not given to swearing eternal friendships, more difficult and fastidious in regard to close companionships than the most exclusive of fashionables.

There can be no question which of the voices that respond to each other in this duet is the stronger, deeper, richer, of greater compass and power of expression. Emerson's is an organ that cannot be excelled in purity of *timbre*, but it seems thin in the comparison, deficient in flexibility, and without the penetrating power in which Carlyle's has indeed no equal. One seems to perceive, too, that Emerson is not unapprehensive of the danger that his slender and delicate strains will be overwhelmed by a volume of sound which,

despite its transcendent qualities, he will too often find harsh and discordant. Then, again, though infinitely more patient and equable than Carlyle, he is not really more tolerant, while he is far less broad, less receptive, and more rigidly, though more mildly, dissentient. In the mutual criticisms which they interchange, Emerson's often touch only the form and are significant of his own limitations. His first letter, treating chiefly of "Sartor Resartus," is filled with objections to the style, such as the shallowest of critics would now have at least the sense to refrain from emitting. "I look for the hour with impatience when the vehicle will be worthy of the spirit,—when the word will be as simple, and so as resistless, as the thought." So little did he, though the first to welcome the new and strange phenomenon, really comprehend its nature! Three years later he writes of "The French Revolution," "I insist, of course, that it might be more simple, less Gothically efflorescent. . . . Clarendon surely drew sharp outlines for me in Falkland, Hampden, and the rest, without defiance or sky-vaulting." And although, in the "English Traits," he speaks exquisitely of Carlyle's "streaming humor which floated everything he looked upon," it is clear that to the last he was never able to abandon himself to the sway and surge of this circumambient flood, but had to struggle with it, finding it an admirable but uncongenial element. On the other hand, the cordial exuberant praise with which each fresh volume of Emerson's is greeted by his correspondent—praise that embodies a piercing recognition of every fine quality as well as of the total value and perennial worth of the performance—is tempered only by pleas that go to essentials, and such as all but the veriest Transcendentalist, if any still survives, would admit to be sound. "I have to object still (what you will call objecting against the Law of Nature) that we find you a Speaker indeed, but as it were a *Soliloquizer* on the eternal mountain-tops only, in vast solitudes where men and their affairs lie all hushed in a very dim remoteness, and only *the man* and the stars and the earth are visible. . . . Well, we can afford one man for that too. . . . The sentences are very *brief*, and did not, in my *sheet-reading*, always entirely cohere for me. Pure genuine Saxon; strong and simple; of a clearness, of a beauty—But they did not sometimes rightly stick to their foregoers

and their followers; the paragraph not as a beaten *ingot*, but as a beautiful square *bag of duck-shot* held together by canvas." Later, the objections, though not withdrawn, are no longer insisted on. "These voices of yours which I likened to unembodied souls, and censure sometimes for having no body,—how *can* they have a body? They are light-rays darting upwards in the East; they will yet *make* much and much to have a body!" And in one of the last letters, referring to "Society and Solitude," the style is pronounced "inimitable, best—Emersonian throughout; such brevity, simplicity, softness, homely grace; with such a penetrating meaning, *soft* enough, but irresistible, going down to the depths and up to the heights, as *silent electricity* goes." There is, in fact, no criticism on Emerson extant so just, complete, and decisive as what might be culled from Carlyle's letters to him.

The contrast between the two men comes out, naturally, with peculiar emphasis in a dialogue where we listen to each in turn. The broader, warmer, more affluent nature is also the humbler, more dependent, and more grateful one, and though habitually moody and aggressive, while the other is always serene and conciliatory, is far more approachable, open, and responsive. Emerson, with all his mildness and cheerfulness, was essentially solitary; Carlyle, with all his gloominess and bitterness, was pre-eminently social. The former, one might say, had no real need of human fellowship; the latter had an unappeasable hunger for it. Hence, in part, the incomparable superiority of Carlyle's letters, in which we find not alone "the thoughts that breathe," but "the words that burn." Hence, too, the very fact that the correspondence was permanently maintained, revived after shorter or longer intervals, saved from extinction except in the course of nature. To Carlyle alone was it a necessity. Of active friendliness on all occasions there was no lack on either side; but on one only was there a constant craving for spoken sympathy,—a sense of loss and vacancy when communication languished or ceased. "It was a morning," we read in one passage that resembles many, "not like any other which lay round it, a morning to be marked white, that one, about a week ago, when your Letter came to me; a word from you yet again, after so long a silence! On the whole, I perceive you will not utterly give up answering me, but will rouse yourself now

and then to a word of human brotherhood on my behalf, so long as we both continue in this Planet. And I declare, the Heavens will reward you; and as to me, I will be thankful for what I get, and submissive to delays and all things: all things are good compared with flat *want* in that respect. It remains true, and will remain, what I have often told you, that properly there is no voice in this world which is completely human to me, which fully understands all I say, and with clear sympathy and sense answers to me, but your voice only." In another passage to the same effect there are some sentences which, coming from such a source, must, one would say, have melted and subdued the least impressionable and most self-contained of natures. "My manifold sins against you, involuntary all of them I may well say, are often enough present to my sad thoughts; and a kind of remorse is mixed with the other sorrow,—as if I could have *helped* growing to be, by aid of time and destiny, the grim Ishmaelite I am, and so shocking your serenity by my ferocities! I admit you were like an angel to me, and absorbed in the beautifullest manner all thunder-clouds into the depths of your immeasurable æther;—and it is indubitable I love you very well, and have long done, and mean to do. . . . Deep as is my dissent from your Gymnosophist view of Heaven and Earth, I find an agreement that swallows up all conceivable dissents." On the whole, one may say that Carlyle is seen at his best, Emerson not at his best, in these volumes. The lesser light pales under the glow of the greater.

"Figures of the Past. From the Leaves of Old Journals." By Josiah Quincy. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

MR. QUINCY'S reminiscences of the elder Adams and of John Randolph contain more freshness and spirit than anything else we have found in the book before us. The old Quincy meeting-house, with its long benches, where the men sat on one side of the broad aisle and the women on the other, the hole high up in the wall where the bell-ringer was visible at his work, and the President's pew, where Mr. Adams could be seen at every service with Mrs. Adams in her rich silks and laces, made a picture which was clearly graven on the writer's youthful mind and remembered more distinctly than experiences of his later days. "I well remember the modest dinners at the President's," Mr.

Quincy writes, "to which I brought a school-boy's appetite. The pudding, generally composed of boiled corn-meal, always constituted the first course. This was the custom of the time,—it being thought desirable to take the edge off one's hunger before reaching the joint." Of talks with Mr. Adams there are many, in which the old gentleman gives his religious and political opinions with unhesitating decision, having survived his animosities and many of his prejudices. Washington, he is inclined to think, was less of a statesman than he had been supposed to be; to Jefferson's hatred of Hamilton he imputes most of his sins. "I forgive all my enemies, and hope they may find mercy in heaven," Mr. Adams adds piously. Speaking of himself, he said, "They say I am vain. Thank God I am so! Vanity is the cordial drop which makes the bitter cup of life go down."

Mr. Quincy's journey to Washington in 1826 is given in sufficient detail to afford ample contrast to any similar enterprise of to-day. But those slow and dignified tours, which allowed time for some brief stay in every principal city and opportunity for social intercourse with the leading men of the place, had their compensation. Mr. Quincy found Philadelphia hospitality of the most lavish and generous description, and could hardly believe "when I saw the jolly face of my host (Mr. Nathaniel Amory) that we were so far from the land of our fathers." "On Sunday," he writes, "I . . . heard some discussion of a singular ecclesiastical privilege which then existed in Philadelphia. This was the right to *obstruct the streets by chains during the hours of divine service.*"

Arrived in Washington, the young man gains an easy and pleasant introduction to the society of the place, which he describes with enthusiasm and ardor, finding the women brilliant, beautiful, and seductive, and the men great in state-craft and eloquence. John Randolph was the most interesting figure of the group, and Quincy transcribes several conversations with the senator, who describes himself as an "old and very infirm man." When asked who was the greatest orator he ever heard, "The greatest orator I ever heard," said Randolph, "was a woman. She was a mother, and her rostrum was the auction-block." He then imitated with "thrilling pathos" the woman's appeal, which had greatly moved him. Mr. Randolph, indeed, though defending

slavery as a "necessity imposed on the South," freed his slaves at his death, and provided for their support in a free State.

A sort of pedantry and mannerism is apt to mar American biography, robbing it of life-like touches, and Mr. Quincy's book rarely breaks through this with the nature and freedom which give real charm and worth to memoirs. But the journals are pleasant, readable, and instructive, and much might be quoted to advantage concerning which we have been silent. Lafayette's visit to America is glowingly revived, and the "*In te quoque, Lafayette!*" of the valedictorian at Commencement when he turned to address the visitor of the day calls up a brilliant and picturesque circumstance.

"New Arabian Nights." By Robert Louis Stevenson. (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

If Mr. Stevenson's recital of Prince Florizel's adventures during his inquisitive nightly promenades were less striking and brilliant, the name he has appended to his stories might challenge criticism. As it is, he has actually given us "New Arabian Nights," piquant, novel, and exciting, which open up a wide expanse to the imagination and put the reader from the first into an attitude of naïve expectation. "The Suicide Club" is a clever invention, and the idea of a group of men sitting about a table watching the signal of some one's death at the turn of a particular card, weighs upon the very pulses of the blood. "You can see," said Mr. Malthus to the new members of the society, "how it combines the excitement of a gaming-table, a duel, and a Roman amphitheatre. . . . You will understand how vapid are all amusements to a man who has acquired a taste for this one." When this philosopher has presently the fatal ace of spades dealt to him, and knows that his turn has come, he experiences a palpable shock which communicates a peculiar thrill of horror to the reader. Morally, it is not a mere useless *tour de force* on the part of a clever writer to show the practical working out of the poison-bearing theory that men have lost their faith in the invisible, and, finding nothing worth their efforts in external things, since "we know that life is only a stage to play the fool on as long as the part amuses us," feel it easier to die than to live. There are lighter and pleasanter phases of life offered, and "A Lodging for the Night," and the "Sire de Maletroit's Door," are

very prettily and happily executed. Mr. Stevenson's distinct cleverness, the lightness of tone he always preserves,—never hammering in his brilliant strokes, nor insisting on the obvious,—make him one of the most readable authors of the day.

"Dust." By Julian Hawthorne. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

THERE is in Mr. Julian Hawthorne's style a vigorous stir, a certain brilliance, an occasional originality, and a glittering wastefulness which seem to show him capable of better things than he has yet produced. But his singular infelicity in the selection of subjects and characters not only deprives them of the sympathy which the reader would gladly give, but makes the author himself apparently out of sympathy with his own creations. He has laid strenuous hold of his idea, but the idea in return has never surrendered itself to him, and, let him grasp it tenaciously as he may, he cannot make it wholly his own.

We cannot, for instance, comprehend his choice of the date 1816 for the novel now before us. In action and motive the characters are modern; no historical interest attaches to the story, and by depriving the actors of life in our own day one very essential element of interest is lost.

The good knights are dust,

Their swords are rust,

Their souls are with the saints, we trust,

is our profound sentiment concerning even the heroes of chivalry; and as for the every-day men and women of the year 1816, we candidly object to their resurrection, along with stage-coaches, solitary horsemen, highwaymen, and other paraphernalia of old-fashioned novels. In *Perdita* Mr. Hawthorne has come near making a success, had he chosen a more suitable environment. The character is well drawn: a beautiful creature full of charm, resource, wit, changeable as the wave, reserved yet bold, rational yet deeply tender, she has every quality to elicit the admiration which is her due, and that she still leaves the reader cold is the fault of the Pygmalion who created her but could not warm her into life. Mr. Julian Hawthorne lacks, we fear, the *ideal* faculty of the novelist, who feels with blissful dreaminess the power and charm of his own work. Experiencing this need without analyzing it, he runs after pageant and show, brilliant tumult and splendor of description, and the effect gained is the evident result of painful effort.

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